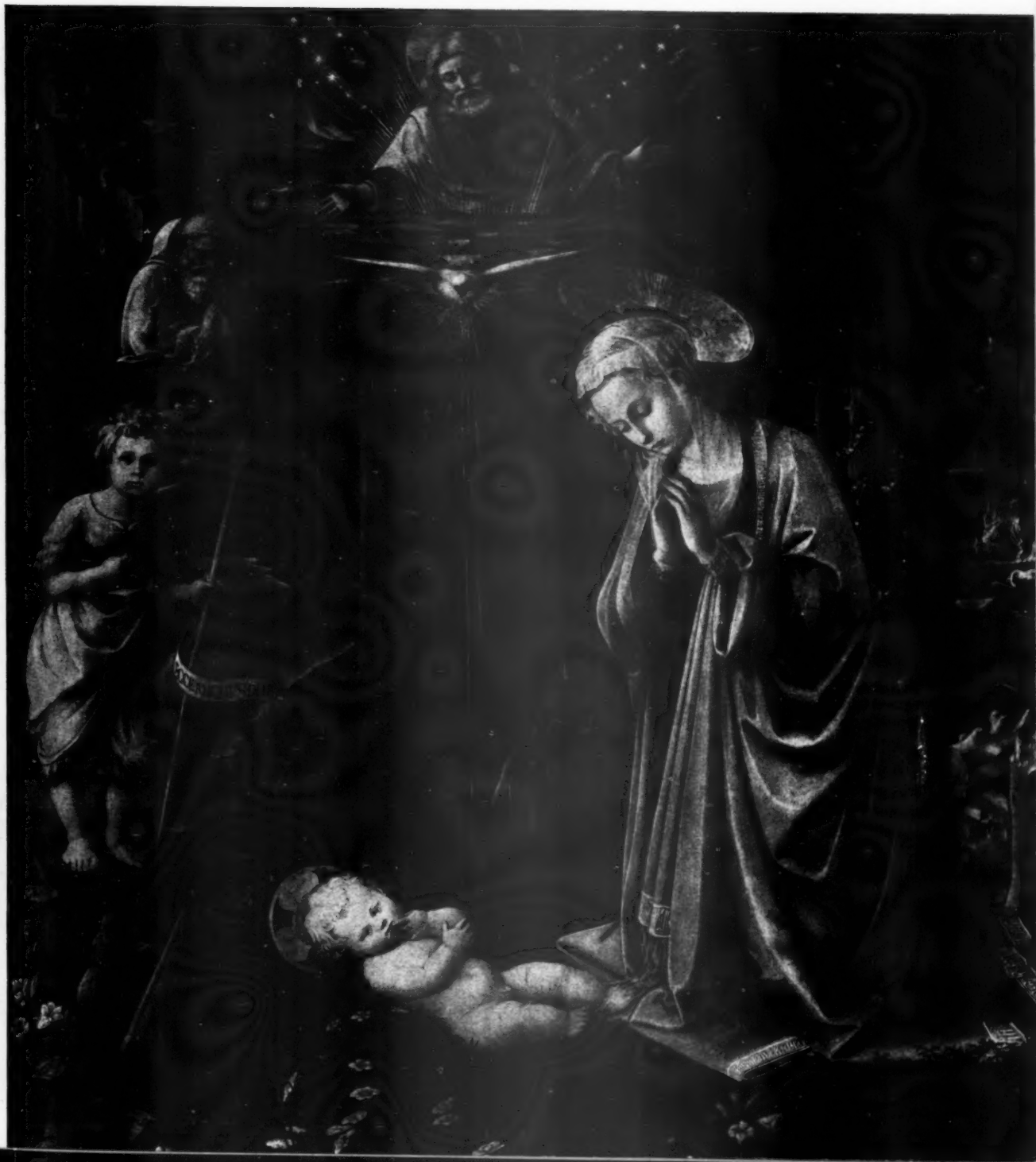


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LETTERS



The Herald Tribune

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Your correspondent, Mr. Dent, affects to be worried about the direction in which THE SIGN is drifting. I think one may hope, and with considerable confidence, that it is not in Mr. Dent's direction because that gentleman's letter seemed to me to have a certain overtone of "party-line" propaganda. His defense of the phony liberalism of the *Herald Tribune* and hot resentment of criticism of the late President Roosevelt are characteristic of the reactions of fellow travelers.

The liberalism of the *Herald Tribune* seems to express itself in featuring the public statements of the Oznamas, Shiplers, and other bigots whenever they are moved to attack the Church. For months its editorial policy was designed to appease the ruthless rulers in the Kremlin, a mistake that the *Daily News*, at least, never made. Neither has an editorial writer in the *News* told his exasperated readers that the word *apostrophe* was the only one in our language that could express his thought when he wished to comment on some didos of the Russians at Lake Success.

It is too much to expect that the blind worshippers of the late F.D.R. will ever be able to look at his career objectively but to the rest of us it appears clearer every day that Roosevelt did not have a sufficiently long spoon when he supped with Josef Stalin. The betrayal of China at Yalta, as exposed by William C. Bullitt in a recent article in *Life* magazine, is a black page in our foreign relations and one that no Christian can view without a feeling of deep shame.

T. J. SHEEHY

Bloomfield, N. J.

Racial Tolerance

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

My congratulations and admiration for showing true Catholic Action in presenting an article on racial tolerance; for though you may have lost one or two subscribers, I am sure you won the respect and admiration of the Catholic public, general public, and all small minorities. You are carrying on in the spirit of "go teach ye all nations." Your spirit is what makes the Catholic Church universal, for in its great tolerance and understanding it is impartial to all and embraces all races, colors, and political dogmas. It is only through such a society that we can re-educate those who have fallen away from the basic point that will allow the "human being" to continue to

exist. The three theological virtues are faith, hope, and charity; of these the greatest is charity. Until we can learn to practice it in a true sense we will always be as the Pharisees, nothing but hypocrites. Christ did not limit His love to any man or people. True He was a Jew, but His thinking was too broadminded for man at that time, and it is now, because He had perfect charity. I think your magazine deserves commendation for daring to present such an article.

CPL. JOSEPH REID

Fort Monmouth, N. J.

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

God is responsible for having colored the human skin various shades of black, yellow, white, etc.; but it is certainly not He who has colored the human mind with the prejudices to which a few of your readers have given voice with relation to the story, "Color Scheme," which appeared in your September issue.

My deepest admiration and all good wishes for THE SIGN and its outstandingly Catholic editors.

(MRS.) MARTHA PALMS WILLIAMS
Bloomfield Hills, Mich.

"Color Scheme"

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I read and admired the story you ran on the Negro question in your September issue. I think it was called "Color Scheme," and though it fell down at the end—the climax being injected by that old *deus ex machina* coincidence—the story did carry a salutary impact. Salutary, because judging from the letters in your October issue, not only pots but alleged Catholics have been guilty of calling the kettle black. The problem is neither simple nor elemental, unfortunately. One wonders, after the recent school incident at St. Louis when Catholic Whites tried to bar Catholic Negroes from their schools, what kind of example the true Church is setting the heretics, let alone nonbelievers.

At least, your story touching this topic is a wholesome step. Books like Father Vann's glowing *The Heart of Man* help too. If some of your readers were shocked at your honest intestinal fortitude, I hope that you won't retreat from or abandon your editorial stand on racial justice. Sometimes the shock treatment is prescribed for mental illness. . . . And Our Lord was sentenced primarily for stirring up the multitude.

E. H.

"Too Many People"

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Not only is your Mission Supplement most inspiring, but the article, "Too Many People," is very pertinent and lucid. Perhaps you saw a cartoon in the *Herald Tribune* which dealt with the very same topic—intimating that birth control rather than U.S. relief is the solution for Europe's starving masses. The analysis of the "views magazine"—*Time* is excellent.

It may interest you to know that each month my own copy and those of several neighbors are sent abroad. Mine usually

(Continued on Page 78)

THE + SIGN



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—Father Lynch in the *Syracuse Catholic Sun*.

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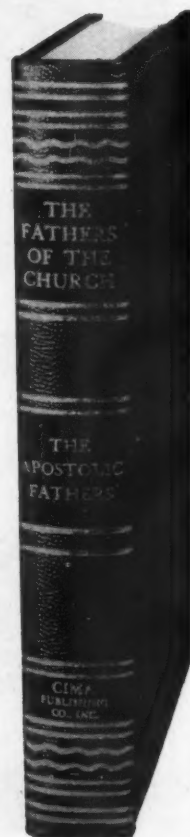
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THE

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NATIONAL CATHOLIC
MAGAZINE

Monastery Place, Union City, N. J.

DECEMBER 1947

Vol. 27

No. 5



ARTICLES

The American Scene

- The High Cost of Peace John C. O'Brien 17
Give Them Light William A. Taylor 51

The World Scene

- Men With a Mission Gerard Sloyan 11
England's Irishman Helen Walker Homan 33
"...and Many, Many Telephones" H. Leonard Valway 43

Various

- Why I Became a Catholic (Part II) Gretta Palmer 22
Happy Match Birthday Art Bromirski 50
A Birth to Remember Norbert Herman, C.P. 59

SHORT STORIES

- What About Alice? John J. MacDonald 14
Bella Fleace Gave a Party Evelyn Waugh 26
Come to Me This Night Russell Gordon Carter 40
The Tenderness Robert Cormier 54

EDITORIALS

- De Gaulle, Dictator? Ralph Gorman, C.P. 6
Current Fact and Comment 7

THE PASSIONISTS IN CHINA

- China Vignettes Bonaventure Griffiths, C.P. 32

ENTERTAINMENT

- Sports Don Dunphy 20
Stage and Screen Jerry Cotter 46
Radio Dorothy Klock 49

READING GUIDE

- Books 64
Fiction in Focus John S. Kennedy 73
Christmas and Children's Books Anne Thaxter Eaton 75

FEATURES

- Letters 2
Christmas Rush Walter Farrell, O.P. 16
Sign Post 35
People 38
Prayer to St. Agnes (Poem) Sr. Helen Dolores, C.S.J. 56
'Twill Please Again 57
Letter to a Bride (Poem) Jessica Powers 60
Woman to Woman Katherine Burton 61
Ireland Faces Winter (A Sign Picture Story) 62

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EDITOR'S PAGE

De Gaulle, Dictator?

THE French people have given evidence that they are tired of a government incapable of governing, of a government in a perpetual state of crisis, even at a time when strength and unity are essential. They are sick of the ceaseless irritation of Communist maneuverings and are afraid of the Communist threat to their liberty and independence.

The French expressed their state of mind in the recent municipal elections when 40 per cent voted for candidates of General Charles de Gaulle's Reunion of the French People.

Is this reaction? Is this a case of rushing into Fascism in order to avoid Communism?

We are not mind readers, nor are we confidants of De Gaulle, but we submit that there is no evidence of Fascism in his words or writings or actions. The smear campaign against the General and his R. P. F. originated with the French Communists and has spread from them to many respectable organs of opinion here and abroad.

We know of no reason for doubting the sincerity of General de Gaulle's words when he declared in a statement issued on October 27, immediately after the elections:

"In this situation there is no other duty and no other democratic solution than to have recourse to the country. That is the legitimate source—which is to say, the vote of the people whence the indispensable authority of the powers of the Republic must be urgently drawn."

And what reason is there to believe that the General had his tongue in his cheek when in the same statement he advocated "instituting an electoral regime that would be directly founded on the majority in order to furnish the future Parliament with a coherent majority."

Or is there danger of dictatorship because some of De Gaulle's support comes from the Right, a

small portion of it from the extreme Right?

But the elections that gave De Gaulle such a popular vote of confidence took place in big cities where the large majority of the people are workers, ordinary, run-of-the-mill Frenchmen, not industrialists, or capitalists, or landlords. The men who voted for him are the men who fled with him to fight abroad for France, the men who organized resistance to the German invader in the underground forces during the occupation, the men who fought and bled and were imprisoned in the battle against the Nazi tyranny. Having escaped the Nazis, they have no desire to submit their necks to the Communist yoke, and they are calling on the man who did most to deliver them from one tyranny to protect them from another.

THE "reaction" in the De Gaulle movement is chiefly a reaction to the Communist threat.

How far that reaction will go depends more on how far the Communists go than on the program or policies of De Gaulle's Reunion of the French People. The French Communists know that their power has passed its peak and is in decline. Egged on by Moscow, they may precipitate a showdown before all opportunity is lost, and in that case there will be civil war.

If things come to such a pass in France it would be a dire calamity if public opinion in the Western democracies were to picture the struggle as a clash between Communism and Fascism. Such an outcome would mark a victory for Communist propaganda almost equal to the Soviet success in convincing most Americans during World War II that the Russians were our sincere and democratic allies.

Fraser Ralph Gorman, C.P.



EDITORIALS IN PICTURES AND IN PRINT



Harris & Riving

The President is seen at the mike calling a special session of Congress. He insisted, and we think all agree, that the Marshall Plan and food prices cannot wait till January.



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Whether there be war or the breathing space between wars, whether there be loneliness or sickness or destitution, no matter the ill with which life would impoverish us, it can never bedim the unending wonder of Christmas. Only he who knows no faith is really poor on Christmas Eve, with no coin to spend in his bartering for happiness. And even he is not untouched by the reflected glory of the Christmas wonder, should he so much as pause but once in the midst of tinsel merriment and holiday cheer to ponder the why of it all.

A Wonder that Never Ends

For Christmas is no mere anniversary day of independence signed. It is no mere thank-you day for benefits received. It has nothing to do with any father of a country or armistice between nations. It has to do with God. With God who was rich and became poor for our sakes. With God who was ill content to leave His own creation spoiled and unrepaired. With God who still so loved the world that even He could think of no better way of showing it than by giving His only begotten Son.

And so on Christmas Day the Son of God became the Son of Mary and dwelt amongst us. He was born in a stable because there was no room in the inn. He was wrapped in swaddling clothes and was laid in a manger. His coming was heralded by angels and greeted by a foster father, a few shepherds, and a few sheep. A star shone over the place where He lay, and wise men followed it from afar. Triumphal song broke out over the pasture lands, and the angelic serenade filled the countryside: "Glory to God in the highest and peace on earth to men of good will." And there in the stable the Infant God stretched out two tiny hands and begged for love.

That is the wonder of Christmas. It is the wonder of God's boundless love for men. Any man who has God's love is rich, though he be stripped of all things else. And any man who has lost that love is always poor.

And so when "Merry Christmas" once again fills the air, what is really being said is: "God's love be in your heart, God's glory be on your lips, God's peace be in your life." And this is the wish of the Editors and Staff of THE SIGN to all our readers and loyal supporters: a Merry, Merry Christmas, each and all.

WE'VE been hearing a lot of advice to the effect that we must have a bipartisan approach to this problem and that. But Senator Vandenberg coined a much better word when he said

Congress's Chance for Greatness

that the country's attitude toward the present world crisis should be unpartisan. Bipartisan means political parties must work together. Unpartisan means that Republicans and Democrats forget for once that they are Republicans and Democrats and realize only that they are Americans living in a Christian culture. If there is one duty incumbent on the present Congress it is that very



Dorothy Malone displays the various types of food that was collected for the "Friendship Train." If Europe is to avoid starvation this winter, more of these trains will be needed.



This handsome little three year old is Ronald Grey, barred from a baby contest in Caspar, Wyo., because of his color. Vets booed this prejudice and so should the rest of us.

thing: to put November 1948 out of their minds and knuckle down to the problem of stopping this disastrous inflation.

It makes little difference now which party is to blame for what. The fact of the matter is that it is folly to talk about emergency aid to Europe or to discuss the Marshall Plan when no one knows how much the appropriation dollar of today will have shrunk in value by the time it becomes the production and consumption dollar of tomorrow. Already a vast segment of our own nation is having a discouraging time of it in trying to cover living expenses from current income. A recent *Fortune* survey shows that 67 out of every 100 factory workers, 62 out of every 100 white-collar workers, and surprisingly, 50 out of every 100 farmers (who as a group are doing far more comfortably than any other group) are finding it harder to make both ends meet than they did even six months ago.

There is certainly no need to belabor the obvious. The demoralizing fact of inflation is all too evident. But there is a need to belabor what should be obvious, that politics must be buried. This session was called for a definite purpose, and any politicians not big enough to rise to the level of statesmanship demanded by the times must be curbed by the leaders of their parties.

To underline the point it might not be amiss to recall a page from history. On May 19, 1919, another Democratic President summoned in special session another Republican-controlled Congress in a year preceding a presidential election. The issues before that Congress were similar to the ones before this one: soaring prices, appropriations for administration of government policies, and foreign policy. But politicians remained only politicians. Before the session was over not only was nothing done about high prices (which kept gaily climbing until they tumbled in 1921, throwing men out of work, shutting down industries, and leaving some 600,000 overexpanded farmers bankrupt), but what was worse, all of President Wilson's foreign policy was wrecked. The Versailles Treaty was repudiated and American participation in the League of Nations was rejected. And as a consequence, the whole world lost World War I.

The present Administration's foreign policy must be implemented. How depends on Congress. The President has outlined his program. The sixteen-nation report is in, the Krug report, the Economic Advisers' report, and the Harriman report are in. The citizens of this nation are depending upon their representatives in special session assembled to tackle and solve the problems of inflation first and European aid second in an unpartisan spirit. May the Prince of Peace give them light!

Of all the meetings and conferences that took place during the war and since, not one has been followed with more anxious eyes than the present one between the foreign ministers in London. For now as never before is it patent that Russia

Who Vetoes Peace on Earth?

simply has done all she can to frustrate all peace plans, that she simply hasn't wanted a peace settlement with Germany. The whole world dreads a repetition of the Moscow meeting of the Council of Foreign Ministers last April, when no agreements were reached on a German treaty. For the whole world knows that if this meeting breaks up, the world is indeed broken into two camps.

For two years now we have striven in vain for an Austrian and a German settlement. Unless there is a sudden Soviet about-face, without many intolerable strings attached, like demanding participation in the management of the Ruhr's industries, it looks as though the striving in vain will go on for another two years. It is high time to call a halt to that. The peoples of Austria and Germany simply cannot wait that long for a settlement. The people of America simply cannot continue that long in shouldering occupation costs. If this

London conference is a failure, then a peace conference of all nations who participated in the German war must be summoned. As former Secretary of State Byrnes put it recently, "The Soviets being really opposed to a peace conference and being in favor of delay, will simply veto the calling of a conference. . . . We should do everything in our power to induce the Soviet Government to go along. . . . If they refuse to do so, then the other Allied nations should go ahead without them. This would not be making a separate peace. It would simply be saying that no one nation can veto peace on earth."

THE way some columnists write about atomic warfare nowadays you would think that dropping an atom bomb was of no more moral significance than firing a blunderbuss. At

the rate we are going, our age may yet be remembered as the age which did very well at producing upholstered furniture, frozen foods, indirect lighting,

Human Dignity and the Stratton Bill

and hundreds of other luxuries but was guilty of the worst cheapening of human life ever recorded in history. Russia is certainly doing her share to achieve some kind of a record along those lines. She subsists on a system of slave labor which converts 16 per cent of her adult male population into a grand-scale chain gang. And the purges which follow her acquisition of satellite countries dragooned into her orbits are so taken for granted that they don't even merit a place on the newspaper's front page any more. The trial of a Julius Maniu or of a Nicola Petkov might make the headlines, but the announcement of some routine execution of a batch of military men accused of "treasonable" behavior during the war is apt to be hidden away in a tiny block on an inside page. A sustained state of indignation is more than even the sturdiest frame can stand, so it is not surprising that, after a while, people get used to seeing human life cheapened and finally reach a stage where they think nothing of it.

For the ten or twelve million slave laborers in Russia we can do little to help them gain a status worthy of their human dignity. But there is another group of unfortunates numbering more than three-quarters of a million, whose lot casts them in a miserable setup far away from their own homes—homes, very often, to which they cannot return because their native lands have fallen under Red domination. These are the displaced persons still crowded into refugee camps in western Europe. For them we have not done all that decency suggests we should do.

Since 1945 we have admitted only 18,000 of these homeless people into our country. The shabbiness of this record will be immediately evident when one considers that, since April of this year, Great Britain has welcomed 30,000 to her shores. The officials in charge of the British program announced recently that to date only five persons out of all these thousands have been rejected for misbehavior; the group has been absorbed by British industry, and the trade unions, which originally opposed the movement, have withdrawn their opposition. In fact the Ministry of Labor reports that employers are making bids for more DP workers, and the British plan calls for continued admissions of 1200 a week.

Obviously, a country so hard hit by war as Britain is not launching so hospitable a program from purely altruistic motives. The DP's have talents, productive capacity, and brains to bring into the country of their adoption, and the industrial and cultural life of Britain is finding a real asset.

On April first of this year, Representative Stratton of Illinois introduced into Congress a bill which aimed at giving some of these displaced persons a harbor of refuge in the United States. The bill called for the admission of 400,000 DP's over a course of four years. A publicity campaign set in motion almost immediately by the Citizens Committee on Displaced Persons pointed out that the bill gave the United



International

The Holy Father greets the members of the Rota. To those who always suspect that money buys annulments, be it noted that of the 335 granted in ten years, 185 were free.



Acme

The Allied Commander of the Trieste Free State is General Ridgely Gaither, formerly of the 88th Division. Constant border trouble will make Gaither's job difficult.



Acme

Members of the House of Representatives and Social Democrats, Mr. and Mrs. Kato are symbols of the new Japan. MacArthur has done a fine job of teaching Japs democracy.



International

Stanisław Mikolajczyk, Polish peasant leader, fled to London to escape being "killed like a sheep." His enforced exile points to Red technique of removing all opposition



Acme

This attractive couple is Arthur Brandel and his wife, Mary Lester, correspondents expelled from Yugoslavia. Tito wants no news to slip from under the Iron Curtain.



Harrie & Bieing

Sir John Boyd-Orr, Director of UN Food and Agriculture, suggests that nations co-operate in developing agriculture. Most important weapon against Communism today is food.

States a chance to fulfill one of our proudest boasts—the boast we made when we stationed a Lady of Liberty in our New York Harbor and put upon her lips that generous invitation: "Send these, the homeless, the tempest-tossed, to me." The Catholic press urged the passage of the bill as a genuine manifestation of charity for the homeless of Christ. (Cf. "The Immigration Law Must Be Amended" in *THE SIGN* for May, 1947.) But Congress adjourned without doing anything about the immigration laws.

Now that the legislatures are back in session, it is to be hoped that the Stratton Bill will get the attention it deserves. The DP's have human dignity which we can help to save; they have valuable talents which can help us to save others; these two facts should be argument enough for prompt Congressional approval of the Stratton Bill.

THERE have been times, and they were not so long ago, when a man who doubted the wisdom of our close co-operation with Soviet Russia would be accused of sabotaging the war effort. A cautious soul who suspected that Joseph Stalin might be something less than a kindly and benevolent world savior was guilty of sacrilege.

Let's Have Vigilance But Not Hysteria

To suggest in those days, (and they lasted for some time after the surrender of Germany) that Communism and democracy couldn't walk hand in hand as they set about the work of changing a war-wrecked world into one big garden strewn with roses was tantamount to branding oneself a benighted reactionary. And the surest way of turning a law-abiding citizen into a social outcast was to label him a Fascist.

As is the way with anything so fickle, and at times so irresponsible, as public opinion, the pendulum has now swung in another direction. Now, under the provocation of Russia's obstructionist policy in the business of peacemaking, it is fashionable to cast undisguised scorn upon Communism and everything connected with Communists. Loyalty tests and investigations into un-American activities could very easily degenerate into witch-hunts without losing a great deal of popular support.

Vigilance against the Communist threat has always been necessary—even when it was unpopular to talk about the need of vigilance. But now we are in danger of allowing vigilance to turn into hysteria. If that happens, Communism will be the gainer. For much wholesome progressivism will receive a setback through the smear tactics of its opponents or the overcautious mentality of people who take it for granted that whatever happens to be included in the party line is unredeemably bad.

We cannot afford to overlook the fact that Communists are fighting for many things worth fighting for. Just because Communists pose as champions of the Negro in his battle against race discrimination, it doesn't follow that everyone who opposes such discrimination or favors the FEPC is either a fellow traveler or a babe in the woods who has fallen for the party line. Just because the ultraliberal Progressive Citizens of America are alarmed about the plight of slum-dwellers and are campaigning for the enactment of the Taft-Ellender-Wagner housing bill, it doesn't follow that Mr. Taft has suddenly become a dangerous proponent of totalitarian tendencies in government. We can remember that during the days when *THE SIGN* was favoring the continuation of OPA some of our correspondents maintained that these columns read like something from the *Daily Worker*. Just because leftists favored OPA, everyone favoring OPA was therefore either a leftist or an innocent abroad.

It is a bad tactic to allow Communists to get the reputation for being the only ones objective enough to face the sores on the body of American democracy. And it will be an even worse tactic if anyone who presumes to point out a sore is immediately dubbed a Communist.

THE † SIGN

THE Twentieth Ward in Paris is not the silk-stocking constituency of that city. Often enough, not the cotton or wool-stocking either. But for many there are shoes—and hence a shoemaker. *CORDONNIER*, a sign announces from its place before an unimposing frame shop, one of three at the extremity of the graveled square. "IF NOT HERE, SEE SUPER-INTENDENT."

Two strangers enter. The cobbler is a young man, thirty-one or two at the most, and with a ready smile. Awl and shoe-covered last are laid aside as introductions are made all around. One of the visitors cannot avoid gaping a bit as he grips the calloused hand, but it goes unnoticed.

"Here, come in the back. You'll find the chairs strictly on the functional side, but if the company's good, one doesn't mind. Smoke?"

The cobbler sits on the edge of his iron bed but is given little chance to launch fairly on a conversation of any sort, for the shop's bell tinkles, almost in anticipation, it seems, of a heavy footstep. "Hi, Pierrot! Where are you?" comes a shout from the front. The shouter appears in the curtained doorway, fulfilling all the promise of his leather lungs. Tall and curly-haired, by no means spare, he is a whirlwind of blue denim and grease.

"Oh, 'scuse it. Your friends, Pierrot?"

Further handshaking. Then a dialogue in which the visitors are accounted for little. The recent arrival has been in few drawing rooms.

"Just thought I'd stop by and give you the time of day. Had a delivery in the neighborhood. Say, I've got someone lined up for you. You know Jean Adelhard in the brewery? Big fellow? I got him to Mass the other night, and now he wants to receive Communion. Poor guy, I told him he'd better get baptized first. He's pretty sure he hasn't been."

The talk goes on to such varied topics as fair prices in leather, the truckmen's union, and "the work." At one point the cobbler curbs the zeal of the voluble day laborer with a reflective sentence or two.

"You're right, Pierrot." This from the visitor. A brief silence ensues. "But then, you're always right."

Loud adieu and more handshaking, and then this very image of the apostles—down to the last imprudence—is gone.

"A fine boy," the host explains. "I received him into the Church eighteen months ago, one of the first. He was a rip-roaring Communist then, even if his Marxist activity was muscular rather than dialectic. I shall not soon forget his first Communion day. The glow is still there. You saw it."

Yes, they had seen it. A number of people have been seeing a number of things in old Paris these past few years. Nothing sensational, of course. You could probably question five thousand citizens at random and get no better answer than

Like Paul, the tentmaker, these

apostles are laborers—cobblers, deckhands,

coal heavers—but, above all, zealous priests

Men with a Mission

by GERARD SLOYAN
(with P. Moir)



Shop talk with one
Paris cobbler includes
more than boots and shoes

ILLUSTRATED BY DOM LUPO

Ephesus would have provided concerning an itinerant preaching Jew who did a bit of weaving. But Diana is very dead, for all of that.

In the *banlieues* of Paris, the sections that skirt the more respectable portions of the city, Communism is very much alive. The people think it is their only hope. They are sure of it. In 1943 a few priests set out to rob them of that last hope by taking quite literally the papal injunction to "go to the workingman, especially when he is poor; and in general, go to the poor." Christ's catalogue of miracles in testimony

to His mission rang in their ears, "the blind see, the deaf hear, the lepers are made clean . . ." as they began to effect the last and greatest miracle of all by preaching the gospel to the poor.

The first priest to make the attempt arrived equipped with a single valise. He lived with a family who remembered that there were still Christians. Stony silences and glares of animosity were his lot for the most part, but early enlistment in the ranks of the *Francs-Tireurs Partisans* (guerrilla insurrectionists) brought an end to that. He lost both soutane and every

stitch the valise contained at the barricades of the liberation and gained there all he could have hoped to gain and more. When the rifles had ceased to bark, the living approached him in the interests of the dead. They were militant Communists, but they had not completely forgotten. "You must say Mass here, right on the barricade, for our dead." Facing these terrorists at an altar of sacking, he spoke the words of preparation for the Sacrifice, *Orate, Fratres*; and some prayed.

It was not too hard after that. Permission came from ecclesiastical authority to dress in the work clothes of the district. Leave was also given to toil in factory and shop and, the initial barriers gone, assimilation grew progressively easier. The tremendous gap that had existed between people and priests was disappearing. The mediators were of the people now, knowing their daily privations and heartaches at first hand. They had no method, no technique. Only the love of Christ and the hand labor of Paul.

There were marked similarities in this apostolate to the infant days of the Church: the means of subsistence of her ministers, the celebration of the Mysteries on altars that had been bureaus and planking shortly before, and especially the consciousness of Holy Baptism as a character deputing the Christian to worship. Reception into the Church was made a solemn thing, invariably administered in the parish church by these extra-parochial shepherds whose cassocks covered frayed trousers of dungarees.

"Lisette," the secretary of the Communist youth organization is asked, "What do you ask of the Church of God?"

"Faith."

"What does faith bring you to?"

"Life everlasting."

CHRISTIANS and non-Christians who gather around the font of salvation have heard Lisette's response outside the bounds of liturgy. "I wish to become a Catholic because I believe in God, because Christianity is the natural fulfillment of all my Communist longings, because in the Church universal is all that is beautiful."

Lisette has abandoned one religion for another, bringing with her a wealth of energy and leadership. She has not trodden the path alone, but has had her feet firmly set in place by shepherds who know every rock and stone on the way to the sheepfold.

The movement is by no means formless, nor confined to a group of priestly zealots whose efforts are entirely self-directed. It is the work of some twelve or fifteen priests of Paris and the near-by provinces, collectively mandated by the Cardinal Archbishop of Paris under the title of *La Mission de Paris*.

They are aided in their apostolic work by a group of married and single layfolk who do not, strictly speaking, belong to

the Mission. At their head is Abbé Jacques Hollande, tall, blond, forty-six year-old former youth chaplain and pastor of the city of Paris. The founder of the Mission was Abbé Henri Godin, who died on January 17, 1944, the very day that witnessed the authorization of the Mission by His Eminence Cardinal Suhard. And the task that these apostles have set for themselves? Nothing less than the rechristianization of the capital of France.

It is quite impossible for the American reader to conceive the origin and purpose of the Mission unless he grasps two facts: the depth to which the practice of the Faith has fallen in traditionally Catholic France, and the Christian renewal more recently flourishing there, of which the Mission is but a single concrete expression. Only an attempt to understand this twofold reality will save the American observer from bewilderment, confusion, and even serious misunderstanding.

Some idea of the importance of the work of the Mission can be gleaned from the actual condition of Catholicism in Paris and its environs. Official figures report that only 10 per cent of the people practice the Catholic Faith, and few familiar with the situation would be so sanguine as to say that this estimate stands



In some of the poorer sections of Paris, Catholicism is almost dead

for regular sacramental practice or even Mass attendance. Only two out of three children receive Holy Baptism in the city of Paris; for thousands of them, the saving waters dry as soon as they have been poured. They do not attend Catholic schools, these Parisian youngsters. Catechetical instructions are for the few, and the child's first Holy Communion is frequently enough his last.

The parishes of the city are often gigantic in size, populations of from fifty to eighty thousand souls being by no means uncommon. A provincial diocese may count two hundred priests for as many thousand people, whereas three or four priests in Paris will be charged with sometimes half that number. In all larger French cities the churches have their pious tens, but the Communists and other leftist parties, their tens of thousands, and neither a holy priestly reserve nor traditional Sunday Vespers looks like a strong contender for closing the gap.

PROGRESSIVE separation of the Church from the working classes in France deserves an analysis that would run to volumes, instead of the sketchy treatment of a few lines. Enough to say here that the deterioration of parochial life, the decimation of the clergy, anticlericalism, and entrenched clericalism, are some of the factors in the tragedy of a France that has known no real peace since before the Revolution. The answer to the complete schism between the temporal and eternal orders must be supplied by a Church that is determined to reconstruct socially as well as provide the services of religion. Men who are too hungry to pray still have the strength to hate those who do no more than counsel prayer.

The zealous founder of the *Mission de Paris* was Abbé Henri Godin. He was a son of the people, born at Audeux, near Besançon in 1906. That they nicknamed him the "saint" in the minor seminary of Courte-fontaine is indicative of something. His health was not up to the study routine, and at twenty he had to drop out; for the next six years he worked as a drug clerk. Two pilgrimages to Lourdes in 1925 brought him Our Lady's mercy, and within a year he gained admittance to the Montciel seminary, enriched by experiences that would influence all his remaining days. His diary entries during those years of study are illuminating:

"What I want is an active ministry, not two hours a day. I don't want the priesthood to provide me an easier life than I should have led if I had not chosen it."

In the seminary he was haunted by the memory of his former companions and their rudderless path in life. He met one once while on a visit to his home. "You are not the same," the shopkeeper said, friendly but distant. "You aren't one of us any more."

Need it to be so? Henri Godin spent his priesthood securing that it should not. His soul never lost its spirit of unquiet at the distinction between the "we" and the "they." At ordination he begged God's Mother for an assignment among the poor, and received it at the Parish of St. Vincent de Paul at Clinchy. He was a godsend to the cells of Young Christian Workers in the district. "Just made for us," they said.

Abbé Godin was sent to Lille, shortly after becoming a priest of the Saint-Claude diocese, (he had been ordained a Carmelite), for special study of the Jociste methods and way of life. Once launched on his ministry, he gathered together militant Catholics and prospective leaders in shop, factory, and office, wherever he could detain them long enough to fire them with his spirit. He rested when he found the time, ate when he thought of it, and spent large portions of his evenings writing the spiritual books that have since proved a boon to thousands of workers. He lived among the people and, in accord with his ambition, was truly one of them.

With a colleague who was, like himself, chaplain to numerous groups of specialized Catholic Actionists in Paris, Abbé Godin one day submitted a lengthy report to Cardinal Suhard on the religious and economic conditions of the laboring classes in the archdiocese. It is reported that the Cardinal spent an entire night in reading the contents of this revealing document (subsequently amplified into a book, bomb like in its effect, entitled *France, Mission Country?*), and that he summoned Abbé Godin early the next morning, instructing him to form immediately a nucleus of priestworkers for the new apostolate hinted at in its pages. These first members of the Paris Mission gathered in retreat at the seminary of the *Mission de France* in Lisieux from mid-December, 1943, to mid-January, 1944.

The close of the retreat was marked by the offering of Holy Mass at midnight on January 15, 1944, during which the Mission priests pronounced the following vow to *Notre Dame de Paris*:

Before the Virgin Mary, according to the judgment of the group and while I am attached to the Mission, I bind myself by vow to consecrate my whole life to the christianization of the working class of Paris.

TWO days later tragedy struck their number, in the accidental death of Abbé Godin. A defectively wired foot warmer was the prosaic instrument chosen by God to bring home to Himself this saintly man who seemed made for a hero's death. His passing was evidently the sacrifice required to insure the success of the work, the foretoken of divine approval. The priests of the Mission had lost a leader, but had gained an advocate.

Life for these men has been hard for the four years past, simply because it is hard for the people whose lot they share. The fifteen priests comprise a distinct body in the midst of the parochial clergy. They work out of seven centers which are almost invariably located in tenements, living in pairs wherever possible. Welded by a bond of charity and common purpose, they receive ample leadership from the good-natured and calm, though daring,

Abbé Hollande, whose prudence directs their efforts. Most of them take employment as manual laborers in factories or shops, dressing as laymen but making no secret of their priesthood. Utter disbelief and astonishment is a familiar first reaction on the part of the workers, then suspicion and distrust while they look for concealed motives. When the motives prove to be none other than sincere interest and affection, the priests are accepted as friends and, before long, confidants.

The working day of a Missioner is long and tiring. Père Loew, a Dominican engaged in a similar apostolate at Marseilles found, for example, that the heavy sacks of wheat were too much for him as a dockhand, and so turned to coal heaving as a dirtier but less exhausting job. On the Paris Mission, eight or ten hours of factory labor or work at a trade will be followed

► **Assassination:** The extreme form of censorship.—BERNARD SHAW

► **Oratory:** The art of making deep noises from the chest sound like important messages from the brain.

► **Widower:** The only man whose wife is an angel.

by visits to the workers' homes until nearly midnight. There is evening Mass or Mass before daybreak, and then another day's toil, in unremitting succession. It frequently happens that personal contacts with the workers prove fruitful enough to render the priests' continuance at manual labor impracticable, so busy do they become at the office proper to their vocation. This is quite as the Church would have it, since the manual labor is simply a means to priestly ends.

The priests of the Paris Mission are fighting against poverty by living it. They are learning at first hand the toll taken on the human spirit by noise, filth, and dark, windowless rooms. The sidewalk café does for church and offices. At its tables they discover why the little girls of the neighborhood are destined for lives of prostitution. They dare not approach the Curé for catechetical instructions (because they are ashamed), nor to go near the schools to learn to read (because the teachers do not like lice). The priests discover an ethical code whose chief maxims have to do with self-protection and survival. They are trying to substitute for it the law of charity, and are proving first that it is not madness, by giving of themselves entirely and then awaiting the verdict.

A lifeless ritualism has done much to smother religious life in Europe. On the Paris Mission, and throughout France, the Church's liturgy is becoming increasingly a vehicle of supernatural life. In the

epistle and gospel Christ really says something to the brewer and the cloth cutter now, for they have thrashed out the texts over the kitchen table until midnight. The priest's homily has new meaning in their ears. Sacrifice is no longer a stereotyped word used to describe the Mass. The people have learned how to unite their hardships and sacrifices with Christ's at Offertory time, as they stand around what once was a bureau in the rear of what was once a cobbler's shop and pray the *Offerimus Tibi*. The locale will revert to type at daybreak, but a change has occurred in them that will perdure.

THE Mission life is not for all priests. Because of the combined requirements of physical endurance and a seasoned supernatural prudence, the age range between thirty and the early forties seems most suitable. Optimism rooted in prayer is another requirement. Only victories are recounted in these lines; the apparent failures are confided to Christ by men on their knees. They must sincerely love poverty. Boiled potatoes *solitaires* mean considerably more to the Mission priests than something one reads about in the lives of nineteenth century saints. They have been known individually to refuse extra food supplies from headquarters, fearing to fare better than their people. Each Tuesday evening the entire group gathers with Abbé Hollande to report progress, take supper, and pray together. They consistently refuse interviews that would lead to news stories painting them up as first-class "reporter stuff."

The work will go on, too. Take René, a factory worker on the outskirts of Paris. He had suffered much as a slave laborer in Germany during the war. Now in adult age he has been baptized and has decided to give his life for his fellow workers in the priesthood. He will be off for the seminary soon, this stocky lad whose eyes burn with innocence and sincerity. René is typical of many who have learned what life is in these less than four years. He has been touched with God's Holy Spirit and knows, although not yet from theological study, the meaning of a mission.

France is learning slowly, painfully, that the parish must return to its ancient role of reproducing the Church universal in miniature. The priests are not sufficient; they have never been, nor did Christ mean them to be. They must gather around them lay missionaries, as in Paris now, to bring to the mass of the people the Christ whom they no longer seek.

"New problems, a new apostolate." Thus spoke Cardinal Suhard, in giving his full sanction to the work. It is so different, so unorthodox, so unlike the Church as we know it. Can it hope to succeed? "In the face of such stakes," a member of the group has said, "one must dare to run certain risks, for fear of not having done everything to save the world."



WHAT ABOUT *Alice*?

*He had learned to hurt
her, and having learned,
he wanted to hurt again*

by **JOHN D. MACDONALD**

ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL KINNEAR

BILL SANDERS, faced with a dead-line set by the agency—combined with no desire to get to work—paced back and forth through his cluttered apartment. He tried not to see the typewriter, smoked countless cigarettes which tasted flat and stale, scratched at the stubble on his chin. It was midafternoon, with winter rain whipping against the west windows.

He was grateful for the knock on his door, knowing that for a while, at least, he wouldn't have to dredge his sluggish mind for sparkling ideas.

It was Stan Quinn, the fellow that Morgan was breaking in on public relations—a tall, dark, friendly fellow, but still a bit awkward with the older men in the agency. It seemed odd that Quinn should drop in. Bill had been friendly to him, but not particularly chummy. Probably had something on his mind. It would be best to let him work up to the point in his own time.

Stan followed Bill into the kitchen while he broke out two bottles of beer. They went back into the front room and sat by the windows. Bill noticed that

Stan acted ill at ease—almost ashamed.

"How's it going with you, Bill?"

"Average. Just average. I'm knocking myself out trying to dream up angles for a sample program. When I'm down at the shop I think the ideas'll come easier up here—and when I'm up here I can't work because it's too quiet."

Stan looked sympathetic and made thumbnail markings on the outside of his steamed glass. Bill let him take his time. Finally Stan set his glass firmly on the floor, balanced his chin on his fists and looked intent.

"How about the scoop on Alice Kelsey, Bill?"

It was a shock. Bill was angry for a moment, but when he tried to sort out the reasons, the anger turned to a type of sadness—of regret. "Isn't that a pretty odd thing to ask, Stan?"

"Hell, don't I know it! But who else can I ask? I'm in love with Alice and I hope to marry her, but. . ."

"Stop right there, Stan. I've heard that a marriage should feel inevitable to be right. No 'buts'."

"Sure, let me explain. Morgan says that I've got a good future with the outfit, even though I won't make much for some time. Marriage at this point could be a very good or a very bad thing, depending on the girl. I've been told it would be a good idea to talk to you because you and Alice ran around together for a long time, even though you don't speak to each other now."

Bill nodded slowly. "She's a little older than you, Stan."

"Only two years. She's a little younger than you, but I don't think a few years makes much difference either way."

"Maybe not. Give me a chance to think it over for a few minutes. You're handing out a lot of responsibility."

Bill finished his beer, set the glass on the floor, leaned back in his chair and stared out at the gray rain. Immediately he thought back to the first time they had met—the booth at Milo's. He remembered that she had cried for joy because she had landed a job that she had wanted badly—a job at the station. They had managed to get drunk on coffee and on each other at Milo's, and right away every bit of her had snapped into place in his heart. She was both plain and beautiful—something about the line



Stan acted ill at ease—almost ashamed

him on the bench by the river, with the moist breath of the river mist, and the freighter shadows shouldering their way out to sea. That had become a favorite place, that bench near the river.

She had been mocking in the midst of emotions, and suddenly emotional in the midst of laughter—and all the days with her were short, so short. Under the gay surface she had a streak of peasant—with warm lips and husky voice. Earth and fire, beauty and movement, he was thinking—a bit of all that breathes is in her, and part of her is in everything that is beautiful.

But somehow he had managed to spoil it. He had learned to hurt her, and having learned, he wanted to hurt again—to taste the joy of reconciliation. That was it—at first, the small germ

"Maybe you wouldn't try to hurt her. Maybe it isn't important. You'll probably be right for her. That's all."

"Of course she's sensitive. But do you think that maybe she's too sensitive? Is that what I ought to look out for? I wouldn't want to hurt her—I wouldn't hurt her intentionally."

"No, of course you wouldn't. You'll be all right for her. I'm not the type, that's all."

He had seen her sparkle fading, the cloud behind her eyes becoming more evident. But he had not been able to stop, even when he knew he must, and he couldn't stand it to watch her cry. It was easy to walk out, walk quickly out, in time to let her save herself. Easy, that is until the realization came that all the rest of the days would be empty. And now—now she was mending and here was Stan to help her. Yes, Stan would probably be right for her—and he knew that no woman would ever be right for himself, now that Alice was gone.

"Stan, she's the sort of woman that becomes necessary to you. The more you know of her, the more essential she becomes. She gets into your blood and makes every other woman in the world tasteless and dull."

"Is that a warning? You mean she's dangerous if she gets into your blood?"

"I'll risk sounding sloppy. Look, there isn't a better gift the fates can hand out to you than a woman like Alice. And somehow I doubt that there is another woman like her."

Stan laughed self-consciously. "You sound as though you still held that old torch on high."

"If you're right for her—if you can keep the old sparkle in her eye, that's all I'll care about. But don't ever hurt her. Another beer?"

"No thanks. Got to run. Thanks, Bill,

Reminiscing over the past sometimes changes

a fellow's plans for the future—especially

when a girl like Alice is involved

of her brow, cheek, jaw, throat—gray eyes bright with laughter. Before they left the booth they were in love. He recalled the way she walked out of Milo's ahead of him, his first realization that she walked with the instinctive grace and appealing awkwardness of a colt.

Bill wondered how many miles they must have walked, her stride free and swinging, her hand warm and firm against his palm—walking the streets of the city by day and night. The line of her throat, the tilt of her head, filling him with a dazzling sweetness. Beside

of emotional sadism. And behind her gray eyes there was new uncertainty—fear that he would pick up the words that hurt and hurl them at her. He was moody, he told her, hard to get along with, unpredictable. Then, even knowing why he did it, he could not stop—it was too late to stop.

"She's a sensitive woman, Stan," Bill said. "Easy to hurt. Don't fall into the habit of hurting her just because it's so easy. Don't be an emotional big shot at her expense."

"I don't think I understand."



Christmas Rush

by

WALTER FARRELL, O. P.

THE peace of Christmas, pervading every corner of our heart, has focused our eyes on the silent night, the unhurried serenity of Bethlehem to the point of overdoing it. The picture of graceful angels, gentle music, and the calm joy of our Lady is not a wholly true picture.

There is, of course, foundation for the overemphasis. On this day, peace does reign in our hearts; which means that for the day, at least, the details of our life fall in place in a perfect order that gives a towering strength and massive calm as solid as the serene assurance of mountains.

It is too easy to identify this serene peace with an accomplished fact which leaves no room for more to be done, like the completion of housecleaning or the satiety of a full meal. Actually, the satisfying character of Christmas peace is not from any static or stagnant exhaustion of goals but rather from the supreme order of a beginning holding out infinite promise.

One of the outstanding notes of the Christmas story as told in the Gospels is a note of haste. Mary's time had nearly come as she and Joseph approached Bethlehem. There was no room for them in the inn. Surely the search for some kind of lodging was an anxious one; nor was the lodging found too soon, for Mary's "days were accomplished that she should be delivered. And she brought forth her first-born son, and wrapped him up in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger." Mary had to improvise; there was no time to do better by the Son of God.

The appearance of the angel to the shepherds was not a gradual thing. The monotony of the night watch was broken in startling fashion: "behold an angel of the Lord stood by them, and the brightness of God shone round about them; and they feared with a great fear." As if that were not enough, the heavens were split with a sudden radiance, and music, ringing, exultant, not gentle, broke upon the ears of the fearstruck shepherds: "Glory to God in the highest; and on earth peace to men of good will."

Men do not sit about calmly talking things over after an experience such as this. The "shepherds said one to another: Let us go over to Bethlehem . . . and they came with haste." In fact, everyone who had anything to do with the Christmas scene was in a hurry. The wise men came from the East, trying to keep pace with a wandering star. In Jerusalem, with the star missing, their demands for information and direction were so persistent and loud that they came to the ears of King Herod; there was an emergency meeting of the scholarly advisers of the King; the wise men set off immediately; the star reappeared and "went before them, until it came and stood over where the child was." No dilly-dallying. "And seeing the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy"; that would mean that there was a new brightness in their eyes, a new strength in their hearts, a new rush in their steps, for men, alive with exceeding great joy, do not move by laggard steps. Once arrived, there was no delay in accomplishing their mission. "They found the child with Mary his mother, and falling down they adored him; and opening their treasures, they offered him gifts."

Still, Mary and Joseph, bending over the manger in love and adoration, were unhurried; there was no place further to go, they had reached the end of the road. But had they? Don't we go to God by steps of the heart, as Augustine says, rather than steps of the body? Is there ever a time when we cannot get closer to God; wasn't every moment of Mary's life a closer union to the Divine Lover? As a matter of fact, the hearts of Joseph and Mary were more hurried, rushed faster to the God who is the center of the Christmas story than any heart, before or since, has ever rushed to surrender itself. Goodness is what moves the heart of men, faster and faster as the good is greater and closer. The paradox of Christmas lies not in its lack of haste, but in the complete order, the unbroken serenity of breathless haste that rushes us into the arms of God.

I only hope I'm the right guy for her."

"Okay, kid." He saw Stan to the door.

At dusk the rain stopped. Bill sat by the window as night darkened the apartment. It was too easy to remember every word she had said and how she had said them, the way she moved her hands, the look in her clear gray eyes—before the cloud came. Too easy to play the game of what might have been, and he knew that with a second chance . . . But nobody goes around handing out second chances.

He showered, shaved, and dressed. He couldn't work. Stan's questions had torn away the protective scar tissue, and the wound was new again. He would have to walk—countless blocks—so that sleep would come.

The wind off the river smelled fresh and moist from the rain. He followed the winding path where they used to walk together. He moved slowly, his hands shoved deep in his pockets, retracing, through some compulsion, all their steps and all their thoughts. The lights from the avenue swung his long shadow out across the black water.

He heard the quick tapping of feminine heels coming up behind him, and he remembered the nights when they had arranged to meet along this part of the walk. The heels tapped nearer and she walked by. Alice—the tilt of her head, the line of her shoulders. She hadn't noticed him at all.

He watched her walk into the night, knowing he should turn and walk blindly in the other direction. Instead, he followed her—slowly at first, and then faster, desperately afraid that he would lose her in the night.

Almost running, he came up beside her, slowing his steps to match hers. "Hi," he said.

She glanced up at him, night masking her face. "Hello, Bill." Quietly, casually.

They walked along in silence—awkward—not like the silences of long ago.

He said, "Do you come here often?"

"Not often." Her voice was hushed to match the night silence.

As he walked beside her, his hand brushed hers, and it was more than he could bear. He grabbed her hand, stopping her, and suddenly, surprisingly, she was in his arms, her sobs shaking him. He tasted salt on his own lips and realized without wonder that he too had tears.

She pulled away and looked up into his eyes, her face a pale oval in the night. She said with an odd, throaty chuckle, "Did I do a good coaching job on Stan Quinn?"

When he realized what she meant, he said, "My darling, you're a bad type. A fiend with red hair. Come here."

Her lips were warm.

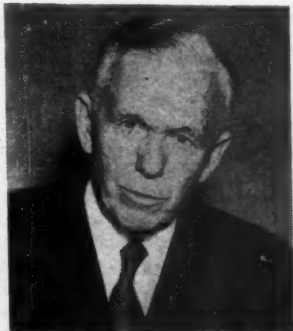
Peace is not as expensive as war, but we are discovering that even the present uneasy peace costs almost as much—at least in dollars

THE HIGH COST OF PEACE

by JOHN C. O'BRIEN

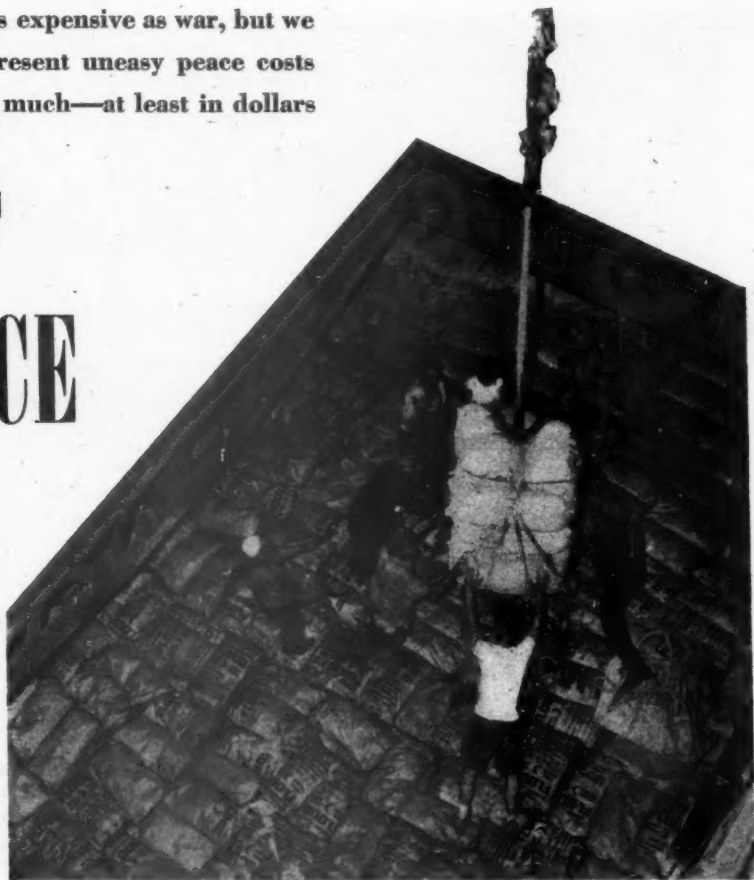
WHEN the war ended most of us looked forward to a return to something like our prewar level of government spending and taxation. We thought we were through with the grim choice of guns or butter; we were going back to butter. But our hopes have not been completely fulfilled. Peace is not costing us as much as the last war, but before the next year is over it will have cost us—the few years we have had it—more than the first World War. We are discovering that peace—the kind we have—like war, can be very expensive.

Actually, of course, we do not have peace in the world today. Instead we have an uneasy truce, or what some writers have called a "cold war." V-J Day brought an end to armed hostilities, but it ushered in a new aggression on a world-wide scale by the ruthless totalitarians who rule the Russian masses from the Kremlin. To resist that aggression, which threatens our own security, we have had to spend billions of dollars and it looks as though we shall



Secretary Marshall

December, 1947



Food for Greece—an American investment in peace

Acme Photos

have to go on spending billions for several years to come.

If the schedule of expenditures for foreign relief in 1948 is included, the money we shall have spent specifically to maintain peace from July 1945 to the end of 1948 will approximate fifty billions—\$48,350,000,000. This is five times more than it cost to run the entire government in 1940, our last peace year before the war. It is substantially more than it cost us to fight the first World War, for which we paid out some \$32,000,000,000. It is more than half of what we spent for war in the costliest year of the second World War, which was 1945 when military expenditures totaled \$73,882,000,000.

Moreover, beyond the end of 1948, the Government has projected, to safeguard our security through 1951, further expenditures which add up to about \$11,500,000,000. In addition, to maintain our military establishment on the scale required by the critical state of international relations, it will cost us in the same period some \$24,000,000,000 in excess of what we thought it necessary to spend in an equal number of prewar years. If these two items are added to what we will have spent for foreign assistance by the end of

1948, the cost of maintaining peace in the first five and one-half years since the end of hostilities will have come close to \$85,000,000,000.

For that sum we could run the entire government for ten years at the annual rate of expenditures in the New Deal prewar years, when many people thought the government was spending us into the poor house.

In our computation of the cost of maintaining peace we have included postwar civilian and military assistance extended to some fifty nations and expenditures for the military establishment in excess of what we deemed it necessary to spend before the first World War. It may be argued that even though a threat to world peace did not exist we would have spent money, on humanitarian grounds, to relieve hunger in war-ravaged countries. That is undoubtedly true, but the amount required for that purpose would not have been great had not Soviet Russia, in pursuit of her policy of aggression, saw fit to retard and block the economic recovery of Europe.

We have had to spend on a vast scale to assist other countries because Russian world-wide imperialism has threatened

Out of the Night



"Daddy, are you there?"

"Yeah," was the reply.

After this had been repeated several times, one passenger finally lost patience and shouted: "We're all here. Your father and mother and brothers and sisters and aunts and uncles and cousins. Now go to sleep!"

There was silence for awhile, and then in a hushed voice the child called:

"Mother—was that God?"

—John Connor

and still threatens our own security. The billions we are pouring into Europe may serve the laudable purpose of averting starvation, but our primary aim is to check the spread of Communism and thus maintain the uneasy peace.

Between July 1, 1945, and August of this year, according to a computation by Senator Byrd's Congressional Joint Committee on Reduction of Nonessential Federal Expenditures, we spent for postwar assistance throughout the world between \$19,000,000,000 and \$20,000,000,000. The government is now proposing to spend \$1,100,000,000 to tide over France, Italy, and Austria and to maintain our armies of occupation through March 31, 1948. It also proposes to spend in 1948 some \$5,750,000,000 assisting sixteen European countries lying outside the Russian iron curtain. And it is expected that \$1,500,000,000 will be sought for the relief of China.

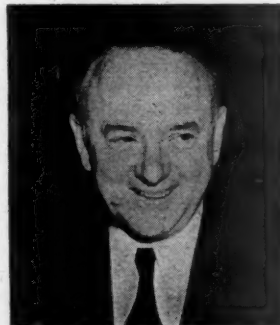
Furthermore, to continue the foreign assistance program until Europe can get on its feet—a period optimistically estimated to be three years after 1948—the government believes that an additional \$11,500,000,000 will be needed. Experience has shown that all such estimates fall short; when the Administration asks Congress for money it always breaks the bad news by stages. In addition to Europe there is the future of the Far East to be considered, and beyond the tentative estimate of the relief needs of China, the cost of checkmating the Russians in the Far East is at this point to a high degree conjectural.

On top of this huge outlay to help Europe resist Russian infiltration—more than \$48,000,000,000 spent and projected—we are compelled to maintain an ab-

normally large military establishment. Before Hitler started his mad march across Europe we felt that our security was amply protected by a defense force that cost us a little more than \$1,500,000,000 a year (1940). When the second World War ended we were unable to demobilize to the 1940 level because of commitments in occupied countries, and when Russia's professed desire for world peace proved to be insincere we did not dare demobilize any further. In view of Russia's recent actions, many of our top military experts fear that we have gone too far in weakening our defenses.

Allowing for the rise in prices since 1940 we probably could maintain today for \$2,500,000,000 a military establishment comparable to that which cost us \$1,500,000,000 in 1940. If all nations of the world were peaceably disposed and determined to maintain peace, we would not need a larger army, navy, and air force than we had before the war.

But we are now maintaining a big army, navy, and air force, judged by prewar standards, and they are costing us about



Senator Harry F. Byrd

four times what our 1940 forces would cost us at today's price level. We spent on the military establishment in 1947 almost \$14,500,000,000, which was ten times more than we spent in 1939 and almost double what we spent in 1941, a year of active preparation for war. Our military expenditures in 1948 are likely to equal those of 1947, even though the estimate as of August of this year was lower—\$10,400,000,000. If the conference of the Big Four Foreign Ministers in London does not greatly improve the outlook for peace—and few experts believe it will—the government probably will revise upward the military establishment's 1948 budget.

Theoretically, a portion of the dollar value of our postwar aid to Europe is recoverable. The over-all total of foreign aid expenditures include the value of loans and credits as well as goods and grants. It includes the \$3,750,000,000 loan to England, \$1,426,000,000 subscribed by us to the International Bank and Fund, and \$325,000,000 subscribed to the stock of the Export-Import Bank. It also includes some \$2,000,000,000 which the government expects to recover from the \$5,750,000,000 first-year disbursement under the proposed four-year assistance plan.

But realists in the government are not counting upon the return of any substantial part of the loans or credits heretofore advanced or to be advanced in the next few years. Only a small fraction of the loans to European countries after the first World War were repaid. Those countries are far worse off economically today than they were then, and it would be blind optimism to expect that they will establish a better record of repayment of the present loans than they did after the first World War.

OF the \$19,000,000,000 to \$20,000,000,000 we have spent for postwar foreign assistance, about \$15,300,000,000 went for civilian relief, rehabilitation, and reconstruction in various parts of the world. We made direct contributions for military assistance to China, to Greece, to Turkey, and to a few South American countries in the value of \$951,000,000. Other forms of relief—purchases of supplies, services, and currencies for occupation forces, advances for stabilization of currencies, the feeding of civilians in our zones of occupation—accounted for from \$1,800,000,000 to \$2,800,000,000.

In the first few months after the end of the war, when we were in a trusting frame of mind, Russia and her satellites were cut in for a large slice of American postwar largesse. Altogether the value of the goods and credits we made available to them added up to \$1,643,000,000. In lend-lease and through UNRRA, we supplied Russia alone with goods to the value of \$440,000,000. Among the satellite recipients were Poland, \$480,200,000; Yugo-

slavia, \$356,200,000; Czechoslovakia, \$231,500,000; Finland, \$92,100,000; Hungary, \$20,400,000; and Albania \$22,700,000.

To eight countries of Europe—the United Kingdom, France, Italy, Germany (U. S. Zone), Austria, Netherlands, Belgium, and Greece—we sent relief valued at \$9,700,000,000. Assistance to China, Japan, Korea, and the Philippines totaled \$2,148,000,000. Other areas in Western Europe, the Far East, Middle East, Near East, and Africa received aid valued at \$1,200,000,000.

The vastness of this global spending—this war of dollars against virulent propaganda and Soviet agents scattered all over the world—naturally raises questions of the utmost importance to Americans.

How is this huge draft upon American national wealth and production affecting our own economy, our standard of living, the prices we have to pay for goods, our tax burden, and ultimately our natural resources?

Despite alarms sounded from time to time by politicians who disapprove the policy of spending dollars abroad to safeguard American security, the fact is that to date foreign spending has not had a serious impact upon our own economy or standard of living. Government experts say we have the resources and the productive capacity to help Europe's struggle against Communism without undue sacrifice by our own people. But, of course, we cannot keep on feeding a large part of the world in addition to ourselves indefinitely.

We have been able to carry on our vast foreign assistance program without feeling the pinch at home because of the enormous increase in our production since before the war. While our export surplus (difference between what we export and what we import) is more than ten times as great as it was in 1939, our national production is more than double what it was in that year. So, instead of being ten times greater, the part of our production which is now going abroad is about five times greater than it was in 1939.

It is true there are many things that we cannot buy which were plentiful before the war, but the shortage is due to factors unrelated to the supplying of the requirements of Europe. Generally speaking, we are consuming more than before the war, even while we make large shipments abroad. We are eating more food-stuffs, for example. Meat consumption is up from 125 pounds a person in 1939 to 155; eggs up from 37 to 47; chicken up from 17.9 to 23.7; fluid milk up from 340 to 403 quarts; vegetables up from 235 to 260 pounds; coffee up from 14 to 18 pounds.

In spite of the siphoning off of American production for European aid (financed by American dollars), employment, con-



American food supplies on the way to Europe. Starvation is a potent weapon in the hands of the Communist imperialists

sumer income, capital accumulation, business investment, and general economic activity have advanced to a higher level than in any previous peacetime period.

An opinion persists, however, with some encouragement from politicians, that the foreign aid program has been responsible, in large measure, for the postwar rise in prices. This is not borne out by the figures, except in the case of the prices of a few short supply commodities, such as wheat, steel, and steel products, of which there is a world shortage.

Although the fulfillment of foreign needs from American production has added undoubtedly to inflationary pressure, the larger domestic demand has been the principal cause of price increases. Price movements have not followed the curve of our exports to Europe. The export surplus reached its peak in the second quarter of this year, but during that time prices remained relatively stable. They resumed their upward climb in the third quarter when exports began to fall off.

We have been made conscious of the impact of the foreign assistance program, mainly through the President's appeal for the curtailment of consumption of grain and meat. As we have said, these are foods that respond to increased demand because there is a world shortage. The grain shortage is at the bottom of the whole situation. There is not enough grain to feed hungry people and cattle as well. Wheat must be withheld from cattle so that humans may eat. And as long as both are in short supply, the upward trend of prices will continue.

The foreign aid program also will aggravate the shortage of automobiles, refrigerators, and washing machines, because Europe needs certain types of industrial and farm machinery. To supply these heavy goods the Government will have to divert steel from domestic manufacturers

who have not been able since the war ended to get enough to fill their backlog of domestic orders.

But, generally speaking, government experts feel that there is no reason to fear that the foreign aid program will compel us to lower seriously our standard of living, provided, of course, the foreign drain upon our production does not continue beyond the date the government experts have fixed for its probable termination.

OUR global spending has had one undeniably adverse effect upon our personal pocketbooks. It has delayed the day when we can return to somewhere near our prewar level of taxation. In view of the new price plateaus and the expanded activities of government it is unlikely we shall ever be able to go back to prewar taxes. The cuts proposed by the Republicans in two bills in the last session offered us little more than a token reduction. But while the need for financing Europe's efforts to rehabilitate her economy and thus turn back the march of Communism continues, it is not likely that the President will approve even so slight a cut in government revenues as the Republican tax bills would have achieved.

No deep cut in taxes will be possible until we can safely reduce our military establishment to prewar proportions, or thereabouts. Appropriations for defense accounted for more than one-third of the current budget. One-third of our tax dollar goes for defense, but we dare not reduce military expenditures while the peace of the world hangs by such a slender thread as seems to connect the Kremlin to the United Nations.

Until Russia completely reverses her aggressive policy and convinces the world that she genuinely desires peace, not war, the cost of the precarious truce, which we call peace, will continue to be high.

Speaking of Santa Claus

A fellow named Jersey Joe Walcott is going to try to play Santa Claus this Christmas and come down the chimney of his Camden, New Jersey, home with the biggest Christmas present that was ever given to a wife and six kids. The present . . . the Heavyweight Championship of the World. For Jersey Joe, treading where so many have tread fearlessly, if not wisely, before, is going to try to win boxing's biggest crown from a great fighter who has held the title so long you begin to wonder if perhaps he didn't always have it. In fact, if he beats Walcott, he'll have held it longer than anyone in boxing history. Said champion, of course, is Joe Louis. And the crown has fit him so well and been worn with such dignity that you realize what a difficult role Jersey Joe is essaying for himself in the attempted lifting thereof. For Louis, the former Alabama cotton picker, later the Detroit Brown Bomber, and currently the king of all he surveys in the realm of boxing, likes his crown and cherishes it. While Joe himself is all in favor of the Yuletide spirit, the chances are that come the night of December 5, at Madison Square Garden, Louis will be suggesting to Walcott some other way of making the wife and kiddies happy Christmas Day. At that, win or lose, Walcott figures to have the best payday of his boxing career and should come out of that fray with more than enough sugar to keep the Walcott tea and coffee well sweetened for a good long time.

Offhand, Walcott wouldn't seem to have much of a chance of winning the title from one of boxing's greatest champions. If he were younger than Louis, one at least could dust off that old one about "youth being served," etc. But he isn't younger. He's the same age, thirty-three, and has been fighting just as long. Come to think of it, he's been fighting a lot oftener lately, and in that fact seems to lie his one chance of victory. He could come up to a rusty Louis whose reflexes might be well dulled from inactivity. Inactivity, that is, from real ring competition. For, as far as training goes, you can bet on this, Louis will leave no stone unturned to bring himself to the best possible condition, as he did for Billy Conn the second time and for Mauriello. But real competition is something that any athlete must have, and Louis hasn't had a real fight for over six and a half years. In fact, you have to go back to the first fight between Louis and Conn before you find a real scrap for the champ. The fights that followed, Lou Nova, Conn (second time around), and Mauriello, weren't fights at all. True, Louis was belted in the Mauriello go, but he annihilated the Bronxite so quickly that the thing proved nothing except that Louis could punch, and of this there never had been any doubt.

SPORTS....

Meanwhile Walcott has had more than enough activity for a heavyweight. A loss and a win to both Joey Maxim and Elmer Ray, victories over Joe Bakshi, Jimmy Bivins, Tommy Gomez, and Lee Oma, among others, have kept his reflexes sharp and his ring generalship keen. Walcott has never been a great fighter, but he has always been a good one, good enough to win the title if December 5 should be an off night for Joe Louis, but not good enough if Louis is the devastating fighter we've always known. But who can tell?

Louis of course, and rightfully so, will be a top-heavy favorite, but wasn't Sullivan over Corbett, Dempsey over Tunney, and Baer over Braddock, to think of only a few of the ring's big upsets? And come to think of it, doesn't Jersey Joe's career parallel that of Braddock, the Cinderella man? Didn't both quit the ring discouraged and get a job on the docks? Weren't both persuaded to try it once more with amazing results? Braddock going on to win the title and Walcott . . . well, you can't blame a fellow with a wife and six kids if he wants to believe in Santa Claus.

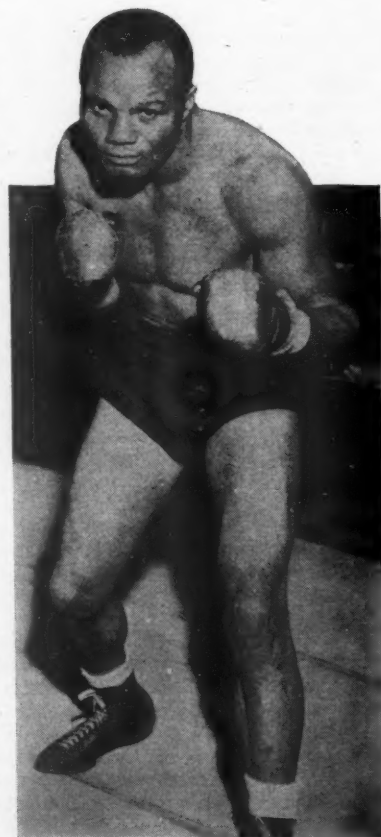
Michael O'Hehir

No doubt you've heard about Ted Husing, Bill Stern, Red Barber, Clem McCarthy, and other top-notch sports announcers. But have you heard of Michael O'Hehir? If you haven't—and I hadn't either, until Jack Feeney, famed singer of Irish songs, introduced us the other day—I'd like you to meet the Emerald Isle's famed exponent of the play by play and the blow by blow. For Michael O'Hehir is really a rarity in that he is the only Irish sports announcer extant.

The career of O'Hehir (pronounced O'Hare), the Gaelic exponent of "He's up, he's down" and "They're off and running," is so similar to my own and to that of many another American sports announcer that only the setting and the space of an ocean make it seem different at all. For it is a story of loving sports as long as he could remember, of wanting to be a competitor, of wanting to be a sports writer, and finally an ambition to be the microphone eyes of the listening millions, an ambition incidentally that has been fulfilled with great success.

Only twenty-seven years old, Michael is, believe it or not, a ten-year veteran of the airwaves. If you had your short wave working recently you probably heard his clear, incisive description of one of the biggest sports events of all time, the famous Grand National Horse Race.

Young O'Hehir was educated at St. Patrick's School and the Christian Brothers' School in Dublin. He later went to the University College in Dublin to study engineering, but Michael wanted no truck with sextants and blueprints. His thoughts were of football, hurling, and other sports. He wanted to write and



Come December 5 Jersey Joe Walcott is going to try to play Santa Claus

THE † SIGN

by Don Dunphy

broadcast, and his desires were not long in being realized.

When Michael was eighteen he heard of a test (audition to you) being held. An announcer was wanted to air the All-Ireland Football Final in 1938. Along with fifty university professors, newspapermen, and others, he took the test and won the audition. He then got to broadcast all the Gaelic Athletic Association events. About three years ago he took an audition to broadcast horse racing. Since then he has been the Bryan Field of Erin. The British Broadcasting Company, recognizing a good man when they heard one,

invited O'Hehir to air the Cheltenham Gold Cup, one of the biggest steeplechases in England. This went over with a bang, and he immediately received a wire inquiring if he would do the famed Grand National. Michael had arrived.

His coverage of a sports event is much like that of many American sports announcers. He likes to keep up with the play, realizing that through his eyes the unseen audience is able to see the action on the field. His favorite sports are hurling and horse racing, and he is also the racing correspondent for the *Irish Independent*.

Michael has had a few experiences that sound familiar. He came to America to broadcast the All-Ireland Football Final at the Polo Grounds in New York early in the fall. He got to the ball park and found that someone had forgotten to order the radio lines. Seemed they took the word wireless literally. This required much frantic scurrying to get things lined up for the broadcast.

Michael, who lives with his father and mother in Drumcondra, Dublin, is an only child. He's unmarried, as we go to print, but isn't that leap year I see just ahead? Michael, a good Catholic, served Mass daily from 1932 to 1942 in the Carmelite Convent in Dublin and even now serves occasionally. He likes the movies and is guided by our own Jerry Cotter's reviews in *THE SIGN*. He thinks there is a good future to sports announcing in England and Ireland, since more sports are being aired all the time.

Sports Flashes

Coach Ray Flaherty of the football Yankees recently told your correspondent that George Ratterman of the Buffalo Bills was the best "T" formation quarterback he had ever seen. Incidentally, contrary to popular opinion, Ratterman was not Johnny Lujack's understudy at Notre Dame. Lujack ran the first team, and Ratterman the second. But in the Notre Dame scheme of things the second team often is just as important as the first.

Speaking of Lujack, did you know that the Connellsville, Pa., comet once had an appointment to West Point but turned it down to go to South Bend instead? The football picture would have been radically altered had he accepted.

Fritz Crisler, Michigan's popular coach, went to the University of Chicago with the intention of becoming a doctor. He had never played football in high school. One day he was watching the Varsity scrimmage. A play came wide around the end. Trying to get out of the way of the play he crashed into Coach Amos Alonzo Stagg. Both went down in a heap. The coach smiled, "If you're so interested in football why don't you put on a uniform?" He did and became a great star and a greater coach.

Suggestion for All-America selectors who go in for novelty teams. Phoenix

College recently had a first-string line-up which included a Dale, a Baker, a Rector, and a Walkup.

How times have changed! It wasn't so many years ago that Texas Christian was noted as the "passingest" team in the country, what with such pitchers as Sammy Baugh and Davey O'Brien in the line-up. But this year who's been kicking the ball around the most? Right! T.C.U.

During the recent one-hundred-mile Midget Auto Championship, Bill Schaefer of Floral Park, L. I., was hit by a rock above the right eye. Despite the flow of blood, he drove the last ninety-five miles. He finished third. He might have won had he not run out of gas.

For the first time in history, the U. S. is favored to win the Olympic Weightlifting Championship. Three standouts on the American squad are heavyweight John Davis, middleweight Stan Stanczyk, and light heavy Johnny Torpac.

Also for the first time since the start of the Olympic Games, the United States can challenge the Finns in the javelin throw. Seymour of the Los Angeles A. C. has tossed the shaft 248 ft. 10 in. (new American record). That throwing is good enough to win.



Remember Champion Joe Louis hasn't had a real fight in over six years



George Ratterman has been called the best T-formation quarterback



Gretta Palmer

Why I BECAME A CATHOLIC

The Catholic's universe is a universe
that makes sense, and the only one that
does. It is one that has a happy ending

by GRETta PALMER

The second of two articles on her conversion

I DO not know whether any convert is patient or wise enough to do the whole task of finding his way to Catholicism through the mind alone. I was not. I have been told that it is possible to prove, by unaided reason, the credibility of every doctrine of the Church. But it would take years of steady, scholarly plodding to arrive by *that* route. Mercifully, converts are given supernatural assistance to make the search for Faith easier. Despair of reason led me toward the door.

It started out quite naturally enough. . . .

I was given several magazine assignments a year ago that made things easier. One of them (on censorship) forced me to examine, *au fond*, my fond belief that man, unaided, would always make like a homing pigeon for the best. Well, would he, really, now? If that was so certain a fact, why do we arrest the peddlers of obscene postcards, instead of letting them starve for lack of trade? Could it be that my belief in the perfectibility of man (granted a little better social system and education and a dab of propaganda) was founded on a real mistake? Must I face the utterly appalling possibility that man *might not be perfectible*? I must and did. I even decided that his intellect was untrustworthy.

The second assignment asked me to interview Monsignor Fulton Sheen of Washington, because his list of converts to Catholicism was an impressive one. This seemed a routine matter: I wrote him a polite little note asking for an interview. I got a very shocking letter in reply. With complete courtesy, Monsignor Sheen re-

fused my offer. He did not, he said, like publicity. Moreover, his conversions were not of his doing, but were due to the Grace of God.

"What a fantastic and far fetched excuse," I thought. "Well, I'll try again."

So I wrote him another letter in which I pointed out several things: people were beginning to say that the Church was making converts of key people for political purposes. I'd help him to answer this charge. I dug up from one of his books a statement that he hoped its contents would lead some soul back to God: a magazine article might, I said, effect just this. It was a sales letter. It was designed to meet him on his own ground. As a final clincher, and to show him that I would not be prejudiced, I added the fact that I had been baptized a Catholic (although that had certainly been the end of the matter, so far as I or my family were concerned. For I had had no spiritual instruction in Catholicism and very little in anything else).

Monsignor wrote that he would be happy to discuss with me the possibility of my returning to the Church, provided I did not use anything he said for publication. Well!

"Now this," I said to myself, "is, of course, fantastic. I am as little a Catholic as a Moslem. But, after all, the Catholic Church is a successful institution, and Monsignor Sheen is one of its best-known priests. It is possible that he might shed some slight light on the question that is puzzling me."

So I wrote and said that I should be happy to talk to him, on his own terms.

A few weeks later he called on me and chatted quite casually about matters which had no relation at all to *me*. I was, I thought, completely unaffected by the visit. Nothing was said about instruction, except that if I ever wanted to reach him, he would see me.

The weeks passed on and my confusion showed no sign of clearing up of itself. It became worse. It paralyzed action. For if you don't know what is worth doing, it is extremely difficult to do anything at all.

Well, this Monsignor Sheen had seemed kind, learned, and balanced. Maybe I should have a talk with him. Maybe I should seriously ask for 'instruction . . . carry my investigations into this strange world of Faith. Sound, scientific procedure seemed to demand it. And, anyway, where had the *intellect* got me? Maybe a leap in the dark was the only way to peace.

AND so I said to Monsignor Sheen, on our second meeting, "Let's not bother with the *rational* arguments for Catholicism. I'm prepared to admit now that the intellect is a blunt instrument incapable of dealing with the questions that disturb us most. For man has been reasoning since his existence began, and he has ended up in Hiroshima. Suppose you tell me about Faith, all by itself, independent of the intellect."

Monsignor said, "You *can't* abandon your reason. That's the mistake the followers of Hitler made. That's the kind of



Msgr. Fulton Sheen

thing that makes people believe that some man in Moscow, Idaho, is God, because he claims to be. Let me tell you what we Catholics believe, and if your reason rejects it, go away with my blessing. But I beg you, as a friend, don't throw in the sponge on using your intellect."

That was a surprise. And later, when I found out a little of the richness and scope of Catholic scholarship, I laughed—wryly and sadly—but I still laughed, at my bumptious belief that Catholics have surrendered their power to think.

I said another thing in that first talk: I said, "I suppose that religions are all pretty much the same, and I have acquired considerable respect for the Hindus. Look at Gandhi and what he has accomplished through holiness alone! But I find it hard to believe, with them, that the proper end of every life is the attainment of a mystical experience. That doesn't jibe with the way we have been brought up to think. So we'll leave out mysticism, please."

THOSE two remarks show how far from Christianity I was a year ago last July. But last December I became a Catholic. I became a Catholic with no faint reservations, no intellectual holding back, no emotional desperation to drive me on.

I became a Catholic because I was looking for the truth, and I had found it. It is that simple. I had found the strange and very wonderful key to all the problems that had bewildered me. I had found that this key is, as G. K. Chesterton wrote in *The Everlasting Man*, a real key—it fits, and I believe that no other object in the world except that key will fit. It throws on the mysteries of human life the kind of enlightenment which you recognize at

once as being true. You do not greet such truths with, "Let's check those proofs again." You say, with undoubting certainty, "Oh, I see!"

But such truths are not easily obtained by people like me; I examined every single Catholic premise, as it was shown to me, with a scrupulous and sometimes hostile refusal to have anything put over on me. I looked for a loophole at every stage. I was intellectually arrogant and self-assured. I began with the assumption that nothing so utterly unlikely as the Divinity of Christ could possibly be true. I ended up, again with Chesterton, in saying, "It's too good to be true. But it is true."

I read far more exacting authors than Chesterton. I read anti-Catholics, too. But examined critically, their arguments always proved to have a catch. The reasons of Catholicism advanced by St. Thomas Aquinas had no catch. My conversion was a reluctant one; I knocked on every other door, making quite sure that there was nothing but a void within, before I was driven to the admission that this single door really opened on the secrets of the universe.

I discovered, in studying philosophy, that every difficulty and doubt which my atheism could contrive had been respectfully examined and disposed of hundreds of years before me. I found that there is no fact or hypothesis of modern physics or astronomy which cannot be comfortably accommodated inside the ample arms of the Church. I discovered that, historically speaking, people seem to leave the Church because they want forbidden things, never because they want a deeper truth. I found that people enter the Church because they want the fulfillment of either heart or brain or soul. Many men have abandoned Rome because they wished to worship at the altar of man's self-sufficient intellect; nobody ever left the Church because the best in him could not find fulfillment there.

My most painful sacrifice, intellectually and emotionally, was the surrender of the belief in man's perfectibility. I did want to think that an extension of good will and a development of knowledge would enable all of us, here and now, to become happy and whole forever. It is the ideal of our century—the belief in unaided achievement of the Brotherhood of Man without a Father. It is the dearest fallacy of our times.

While I was studying and making things as hard as possible for myself, intellectually, other things were going on.

At one stage, a very early stage, Monsignor said to me, "Priests don't convert. We merely hoe the earth a little bit and make the growing easier." But he did not say, as psychiatrists say to you, "You will do the job yourself." He said, "God will come, if you watch for Him." He also said, "Read the Gospels. Very slowly."

I did that. It seemed to me that they

were one long plea for faith. There is a pathos in these endless, overwhelming proofs of Divinity performed before the eyes of a world which said, as our world says today, "There must be a catch somewhere. It's too unlikely to be true." The very evidence of their senses, supported by the prophecies of the religion which they believed, was not enough to make the Pharisees accept the fact of Christ's Divinity. Today, two thousand years later, the evidence in favor of that truth is, I think, mountainous. And its living reality is an experience any of us can savor in a completely personal and unanswerable way. Yet, the modern world brushes it aside, preferring to put faith in a clever little Mechano-set universe which it has built for itself.

IT would have been possible to follow Catholic reasoning as I did, and still refuse to believe: not many open-minded people have done this, but there are those who have taken instruction and still are not convinced. Perhaps they were afraid that such sublimity would make demands on them they could never meet. (If so, they were quite right—the demands are never met. But which of us is brash enough to say, "I will meet God only as an equal?") Or they may be so much attached to the old, materialistic philosophy they cannot let it go, even when it has failed to stand up before a careful scrutiny. We are, all of us, inclined to cling to anything which represents a large emotional investment, even if we know its worthlessness. And there is a sobering moment in conversion when we have to say, "The years I have wasted! The stupidities I have embraced! The wicked and incurable destruction I have caused!" It is a little like becoming naturalized; we must, for one bad moment, renounce the ruler and sovereign that once seemed dear to us.

But if you once open your mind to the possibility of a Divine Man, you are out of the woods. Christ could have been a madman when He claimed to be God, but it is a curiously catching madness in which the world has believed for two thousand years. He could have been a cruel liar making gulls of the disciples by promising Redemption. If so, it is odd that such a lie told to a group of fishermen in an obscure village of a backward colony, a kind of ancient Puerto Rico, should have toppled empires and led generations of men to martyrdom and monasteries and scholarly concentration on this lie. The only possible alternative answer is the truth of what He said: that He was truly God, and truly come to save the world. The "good man" theory, which would turn Christ into a Jewish Confucius, will not wash; good men do not delude friends into persecution with promises they cannot fulfill.

And if Christ is truly God, then everything else must follow.

And then it's over. Conversion has happened, all in a piece. There are things you still don't understand, but you know that they are all right and that they will be explained to your satisfaction when you ask. For the first time, you approach your hours of instruction in order to learn, not to do battle. You find that you are surer that Catholicism is true than of anything else that you ever knew.

A CONVERSION is like trying to open an old, heavy door that has been closed for many years. Dust and grime have glued its edges fast, and the oil in the hinges has long since dried away. The first heave doesn't budge it, nor the second. Sometimes it is so tightly sealed that we are tempted to say, "There isn't really a door here at all. It is just a pattern on the solid wall that looks like a door." And then we may stop pushing and relapse into despair. But something still assures us that there is a door and that it is worthwhile battering at it with our raw knuckles and straining with our tired shoulders in the hope that it will finally give way. When it does yield, we do not notice how or remember the sensation of the final shove. For by then we are staggering out, our half blind eyes still blinking in the unfamiliar sunshine.

In such a way, there was no moment when I could say, "Just now I began to believe." For belief is as much a matter of action as of thought. The man or woman who prays has performed an act of faith, although he may deny with his intellect that he believes his prayers are heard. He may try to explain away his prayer by saying, "It was a reflex from my childhood memories," or "It was a superstitious gesture, like throwing spilt salt over my shoulder." Nonetheless, he acted out a belief. He prayed.

There was a session, when I was still thrashing around in a sea of controversies—matching this philosophy against that, questioning whether Christianity, pragmatically viewed, had proved itself: doubting, resisting—when I said, "Could one reason for the Incarnation be the fact that it is easier for us to love a human being than any other form a God could take?" I had surprised myself by the question; but as soon as I had stated it, I knew I believed in the Divinity of Jesus Christ.

And that, I think, is the watershed of belief. Once a convert has embraced that truth, everything else is apt to follow. There are Protestants who would not agree with me. But I know that to me, at least, it follows that if you believe that Christ was truly God and that the Gospels are true accounts of what He said, then you must take His sayings seriously. And His sayings—written down when the Church had already spread to many lands—have implicit in them everything a modern Catholic believes. The knowledge has only been deepened and developed by

new insights and by increased scholarship in the centuries since then.

There came a moment when I returned, for article purposes, to interviews with the kind of social scientists who had awed me a few years before. It was an immensely interesting experience. I now saw that these university dons, who express the liveliest contempt for philosophy in favor of what they call a "clinical approach" to human problems, were trying to build a science out of the poor, watered-down residue of scholastic thought. And they were unhappy men; they had thought themselves into a position which, even to them, was suspicious, uncomfortable.

"Truth," they said, "is never absolute. All we can do is to act as if something were true. If it works, it's true enough to satisfy us." But they looked dissatisfied. And, "Truth," said another group of them, "is nothing but mathematical formulas, which have no reference whatsoever to the actual life we lead. Cause and

the convert enjoys. He knows, now, how to meet and test an unfamiliar statement. His universe has directions at last.

But the strangest effect of a conversion to Catholicism is the sense of liberation. At once we are freed from the cruel demands we made on ourselves to save humanity, singlehanded and without God's help. The "social conscience" of the modern atheist is a driving thing: see how it forces him to join committees, to thrash about the country lecturing and heckling, to read five newspapers and fifteen magazines. They are so many Marthas, these modern, scrupulous reformers. "And only one thing is needful."

That one thing, of course, is love. St. Augustine said it all: "Love God and do as you will." Loving God and being intellectually convinced that He is in the Church, the heart leaps forward gladly to perform the small, ritualistic services asked of the good Catholic. It attempts to avoid the things displeasing to Him.



The author and other members of the Overseas Press Club pose for the photographer after a banquet in New York

effect do not exist in nature, but to live we have to pretend that they do."

"These are raving madmen," I told myself. But they were not. They were distinguished scholars in one of America's foremost universities. And when I said to them, "It cannot be that silly a universe," they assured me that it was.

Had I become so bright, that I was suddenly able to pick the holes in the logic of men who have far better-trained minds than mine? Not by any means. But I had had a flashing glimpse of the kind of universe it is; I had spent a few months in the company of philosophers who see things right side up, and the old, pragmatic tests no longer satisfied me.

That sense of having obtained a north on your compass is one of the great gifts

But it does not dwell too morbidly on its own imperfections—the good Lord did not make a beautiful world crammed full of friendship, love, art, and poetry in order that we might turn our backs on it and worry about our own ugliness.

The Catholic is not hag-ridden by a sense of urgency to find the formula that will cure the ills of the modern world; he is humbler in his expectations of himself. He knows that the one thing needful may lead to prayer, to small sacrifices, to charities, or to trying to do perfectly whatever is in hand. The next three minutes are always the crucial ones; the future is God's business, not ours.

So there is a wry amusement for the convert in hearing, from his kindly and agnostic friends, that it is fine that he has

found "comfort" in his religion. Comfort, indeed! Catholicism is adventure, growth, excitement, suspense, and it is as far removed from a slippers-and-hearth conception of comfort as human experience can take us.

But because we are still Christians, ours is a universe with a Heaven and a Hell. We believe that the attempt to understand the world by viewing it as suspended with no top or bottom is as provincial as if we studied the fiftieth story of a skyscraper, while pretending that it had no supports to bear it up and no roof to cover it. You could measure that story very carefully. You might calculate its floor space and make hypotheses about its position vis-a-vis the other office buildings. But so long as you did not know that there were forty-nine floors under it and a roof on top of it, your theories as to how it got there and what kept it in position would err.

The Catholic's universe is thus a universe that makes sense, and the only one that does. It is also a universe that has a happy ending. It is a moral universe in which, as our human intuitions tell us, virtue is never wasted. It is a universe in which, as our hearts ask us to hope, we can always do immensely helpful things for those we love, even when they are distant, even though they have died. It is, as the best in us tells us, a universe in which all humanity is bound together by a deep, unspoken bond. Even the atheist admits this common destiny where he works for the future of humanity; he knows, as we know, that life was not meant to be spent on his own advancement in riches and prestige.

But the atheist has no explanation of why he ever turns a finger for the future of mankind. He would be more logical if he asked, as one consistent skeptic did, "What has posterity ever done for me?" His vague notion that we want a better world for the sake of possible great-great-grandchildren, who may never be born, is as mystical as anything in religion and a good deal less logical. Why should you, a complete man or woman, sacrifice yourself today for the fate of a single one of your genes in the year 2269? It is like cutting off your head to save a finger.

NO, the best is in all of us, and the part that we cherish most and know is the best, can find no support and no fulfillment in a world from which the Supernatural has been cut off. Our reason knocks itself out with foolish contradictions when it pretends that the universe is a mechanical one, coldly twirling in space without rhyme or reason. Our healthy desire to help our neighbor leads us to such distorted and hurtful errors as Fascism or Communism, if it is allowed to operate without regulation.

That is the wryest tragedy of the modern world today; that most of our good works

and the things our "social conscience" asks us to do are futile. Men busy themselves with programs for the betterment of the world—and the world becomes worse. They read or write "inspirational" books and feel a thousand times less inspired than the men who built the cathedrals. They attend improving lectures—and are rarely improved. They try to be kind to everyone around them—and find that their kindness breaks down when it is most needed and that man, unaided, is a cruel, unsympathetic, and unreliable friend.

Men find that their hearts are stirred by some heroism performed during the war or after. In the rationalist world

► Many a man thinks he has an open mind when it's merely vacant.
—ANON.

where they live they brand this response "sentimental twaddle," yet the response stays with them and is realer than the rationalist mind.

The moderns try to build a little philosophy for living out of something from Confucius, from Dale Carnegie, and something that they remember from Sunday School and find that it is impossible to follow these rules without a stronger motivation than they are apt to get by musing on them, now and then. And sometimes they try it and find that this motivation can be found only in one mood: the mood of prayer. In only one attitude: upon their knees. From only one Source: a God whom they worship.

Man cannot get real, personal help from the god of the modern pantheists—the god who set the universe whirling and then retired. Nor from the other god who is evasively described as "higher order" or "basic intelligence." No modern man who controls electricity by turning the switch that sets on his radio is going to worship "incomprehensible force;" force is his servant. No intelligent human being can worship a god whom he imagines as being rather like electricity, for he is bigger than such a god. Man can worship only a God that was and is his Maker; a God who sends into his mind and heart the best things that he finds there—and finds them with surprise for he knows (none better) that they never came from him or from his subconscious. Man knows this because he is well aware (none better) of the poor and shoddy contents of his subconscious which is stored with the events and memories of his own imperfect past.

And so all converts find, in time, that the patent medicines for the soul have failed as they will always fail. The short cut to perfection I was looking for was never found. The "science of society" turned out to be a ridiculous contradiction in terms, for science measures things,

and man, having a soul, is immeasurable. My effort to engineer mankind, to turn human events into a kind of superengineering turned out to be a will-o'-the-wisp. Every man has free will, and it is hedged about with Godly safeguards through which no propaganda barrage can penetrate. Every man will always retain the God-given privilege of running amok or becoming a saint, no matter how you try to press him into a mold. Man will escape you, whenever you attempt to force him into any human arrangements, even if they are called "the good society."

But it is better this way. A future Utopia is a cold and distant god to serve. But the God we worship is the God who is within us, and nothing can be more close than that. I know now the source that I was seeking when I asked, "Where does it come from, this light in the eyes of the combat soldiers?" It comes from God.

The Catholic's God is not two thousand years away in either Galilee or a future model state. He is as close as this second. Every act of the day can be sanctified and turned into a prayer in the economy of supernatural belief.

The supernatural that close at hand is a boundless concept and it has, as a simple matter of historical fact, proved the most invigorating ideal man has ever known. The cathedrals were built as love offerings by men of faith, and the greatest paintings of the Renaissance sprang from the exuberance of the painters' love of God. Most of the true and beautiful things we have today are a watered-down inheritance from men who knew how to believe. Even our sense of man's dignity before the law and our belief that children must be treated with kindness, even our "social conscience" spring from Christianity; the pagan world knew nothing of these. The best things in our heritage have all come from the same gesture of humility; it is only by bowing their heads and saying, "Let it be done unto me," that men rise to the heights. That is the religious paradox.

It is easier for the humble to acknowledge the Light than it was for me, for they have never misused their minds and wills to build defenses against it. The crushed and desolate, too, find it less difficult to reach the sun than the modern atheist-Pharisees who are too proud to admit their need of God. The man or woman whose world is lighted by the cold and sterile neon bulb of "scientific determinism" is, I suppose, the least apt of all to discover that true sunlight can exist.

So I have been miraculously fortunate in escaping from that atheist's cell, in which only fungus thoughts can grow. I have also discovered, *Deo gratias*, that there is a simple, quite accurate name for the cramped and narrow universe in which I lived my life until a year ago.

The name of it is Hell.

BELLA FLEACE

Gave a Party



For twenty-five years there hadn't been
a Christmas ball in all Ireland such as

Annabel Rochfort-Doyle-Fleace planned

by EVELYN WAUGH

BALLINGAR is four and a half hours from Dublin if you catch the early train from Broadstone Station and five and a quarter if you wait until the afternoon. It is the market town of a large and comparatively well-populated district. There is a pretty Protestant church in 1820 Gothic on one side of the square and a vast, unfinished Catholic cathedral opposite it, conceived in that irresponsible medley of architectural orders that is so dear to the hearts of transmontane pietists. Celtic lettering of a sort is beginning to take the place of the Latin alphabet on the shop fronts that complete the square. These all deal in identical goods in varying degrees of dilapidation; Mulligan's Store, Flannigan's Store, Riley's Store, each sells thick black boots, hanging in bundles, soapy colonial cheese, hardware and haberdashery, oil and saddlery, and each is licensed to sell ale and porter for consumption on or off the premises. The shell of the barracks stands with empty window frames as a monument to emancipation. A typical Irish town.

Fleacetown is fifteen miles from Ballingar, on a direct, uneven road through typical Irish country; vague, purple hills in the far distance and toward them, on one side of the road, fitfully visible among drifting patches of white mist, unbroken miles of bog, dotted with occasional stacks of cut peat. On the other side the ground slopes up to the north, divided irregularly into spare fields by banks and stone walls over which the Ballingar hounds have some of their most eventful hunting. Moss lies on everything; in a rough green rug on the walls and banks, soft green velvet on the timber—blurring the transitions so that there is no knowing where the ground ends and trunk and masonry begin. All the way from Ballingar there is a succession of white-washed cabins and a dozen or so fair-size farmhouses; but there is no gentleman's house, for all this was Fleace property in the days before the Land

Commission. The deimesne land is all that belongs to Fleacetown now, and this is let for pasture to neighboring farmers. Only a few beds are cultivated in the walled kitchen garden; the rest has run to rot, thorned bushes barren of edible fruit spreading everywhere among weedy flowers reverting rankly to type. The hot-houses have been draughty skeletons for ten years. The great gates set in their Georgian arch are permanently padlocked, the lodges are derelict, and the line of the main drive is only just discernible through the meadows. Access to the house is half a mile farther up through a farm gate, along a track befouled by cattle.

But the house itself was in a condition of comparatively good repair; compared, that is to say, with Ballingar House or Castle Boycott or Knode Hall. It did not, of course, set up to rival Gordontown, where the American Lady Gordon had installed electric light, central heating, and a lift, or Mock House or Newhill, which were leased to sporting Englishmen, or Castle Mockstock, since Lord Mockstock married beneath him. These four houses with their neatly raked gravel, bathrooms, and dynamos, were the wonder and ridicule of the country. But Fleacetown, in fair competition with the essentially Irish houses of the Free State, was unusually habitable.

Its roof was intact; and it is the roof which makes the difference between the second and third grade of Irish country houses. Once that goes you have moss in the bedrooms, ferns on the stairs, and cows in the library, and in a very few years you have to move into the dairy or one of the lodges. But so long as he has,

literally, a roof over his head, an Irishman's house is still his castle.

Miss Annabel Rochfort-Doyle-Fleace, to give her the full name under which she appeared in books of reference, though she was known to the entire countryside as Bella Fleace, was the last of her family. There had been Fleaces and Fleysers living about Ballingar since the days of Strongbow, and farm buildings marked the spot where they had inhabited a stockaded fort two centuries before the immigration of the Boycotts or Gordons or Mockstocks. A family tree emblazoned by a nineteenth-century genealogist, showing how the original stock had merged with the equally ancient Rochforts and the respectable though more recent Doyles, hung in the billiard room. The present home had been built on extravagant lines in the middle of the eighteenth century, when the family, though enervated, was still wealthy and influential. It would be tedious to trace its gradual decline from fortune; enough to say that it was due to no heroic debauchery. The Fleaces just got unobtrusively poorer in the way that families do who make no effort to help themselves. In the last generations, too, there had been marked traces of eccentricity. Bella Fleace's mother—an O'Hara of Newhill—had from the day of her marriage until her death suffered from the delusion that she was a Negress. Her brother, from whom

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she had inherited, devoted himself to oil painting; his mind ran on the simple subject of assassination and before his death he had executed pictures of practically every such incident in history from Julius Caesar to General Wilson. He was at work on a painting, his own murder, at the time of the troubles, when he was, in fact, ambushed and done to death with a shotgun on his own drive.

It was under one of her brother's paintings—Abraham Lincoln in his box at the theater—that Miss Fleace was sitting one colorless morning in November when the idea came to her to give a Christmas party. It would be unnecessary to describe her appearance closely, and somewhat confusing, because it seemed in

contradiction to much of her character. She was over eighty, very untidy, and very red; streaky gray hair was twisted behind her head into a horsy bun, wisps hung round her cheeks; her nose was prominent and blue veined; her eyes pale blue, blank, and mad; she had a lively smile and spoke with a marked Irish intonation. She walked with the aid of a stick, having been lamed many years back when her horse rolled her among loose stones late in a long day with the Ballingar Hounds; a tipsy sporting doctor had completed the mischief, and she had not been able to ride again. She would appear on foot when hounds drew the Fleacetown coverts and loudly criticize the conduct of the huntsman, but every year fewer of her

old friends turned out; strange faces appeared.

They knew Bella, though she did not know them. She had become a byword in the neighborhood, a much-valued joke.

"A rotten day," they would report. "We found our fox, but lost it again almost at once. But we saw Bella. Wonder how long the old girl will last. She must be nearly ninety. My father remembers when she used to hunt—went like smoke, too."

Indeed, Bella herself was becoming increasingly occupied with the prospect of death. In the winter before the one we are talking of, she had been extremely ill. She emerged in April, rosy-cheeked as ever, but slower in her movements and



She drew herself up and fixed them with her blank, blue eyes

mind. She gave instructions that better attention must be paid to her father's and brother's graves, and in June took the unprecedented step of inviting her heir to visit her. She had always refused to see this young man up till now. He was an Englishman, a very distant cousin, named Banks. He lived in South Kensington and occupied himself in the Museum. He arrived in August and wrote long and very amusing letters to all his friends describing his visit, and later translated his experiences into a short story for the *Spectator*. Bella disliked him from the moment he arrived. He had horn-rimmed spectacles and a B.B.C. voice. He spent most of his time photographing the Fleacetown chimney pieces and the molding of the doors. One day he came to Bella bearing a pile of calf-bound volumes from the library.

"I say, did you know you had these?" he asked.

"I did," Bella lied.

"All first editions. They must be extremely valuable."

"You put them back where you found them."

Later, when he wrote to thank her for his visit—enclosing prints of some of his photographs—he mentioned the books again. This set Bella thinking. Why should that young puppy go poking round the house putting a price on everything? She wasn't dead yet, Bella thought. And the more she thought of it, the more repugnant it became to think of Archie Banks carrying off her books to South Kensington and removing the chimney pieces and, as he threatened, writing an essay about the house for the *Architectural Review*. She had often heard that the books were valuable. Well, there were plenty of books in the library and she did not see why Archie Banks should profit by them. So she wrote a letter to a Dublin bookseller. He came to look through the library, and after a while he offered her twelve hundred pounds for the lot, or a thousand for the six books which had attracted Archie Bank's attention. Bella was not sure that she had the right to sell things out of the house; a wholesale clearance would be

noticed. So she kept the sermons and military history which made up most of the collection, the Dublin bookseller went off with the first editions, which eventually fetched rather less than he had given, and Bella was left with winter coming on and a thousand pounds in hand.

It was then that it occurred to her to give a party. There were always several parties given round Ballingar at Christmas time, but of late years Bella had not been invited to any, partly because many of her neighbors had never spoken to her, partly because they did not think she would want to come, and partly because they would not have known what to do with her if she had. As a matter of fact she loved parties. She liked sitting down to supper in a noisy room, she liked dance music and gossip about which of the girls was pretty and who was in love with them, and she liked drink and having things brought to her by men in pink evening coats. And though she tried to console herself with contemptuous reflections about the ancestry of the hostesses, it annoyed her very much whenever she heard of a party being given in the neighborhood to which she was not asked.

SO it came about that, sitting with the *Irish Times* under the picture of Lincoln and gazing across the bare trees of the park to the hills beyond, Bella took it into her head to give a party. She rose immediately and hobbled across the room to the bell rope. Presently her butler came into the morning room; he wore the green baize apron in which he cleaned the silver and in his hand he carried the plate brush to emphasize the irregularity of the summons.

"Was it yourself ringing?" he asked.

"It was, who else?"

"And I at the silver!"

"Riley," said Bella with some solemnity, "I propose to give a ball at Christmas."

"Indeed!" said her butler. "And for what would you want to be dancing at your age?" But as Bella adumbrated her idea, a sympathetic light began to glitter in Riley's eye.

"There's not been such a ball in the country for twenty-five years. It will cost a fortune."

"It will cost a thousand pounds," said Bella proudly.

The preparations were necessarily stupendous. Seven new servants were recruited in the village and set to work dusting and cleaning and polishing, clearing out furniture and pulling up carpets. Their industry served only to reveal fresh requirements; plaster moldings, long rotten, crumbled under the feather brooms; worm-eaten mahogany floorboards came up with the tin tacks; bare brick was disclosed behind the cabinets in the great drawing room. A second wave of the invasion brought painters, paperhangers, and plumbers, and in a moment of enthusiasm Bella had the cornice and the capitals of the pillars in the hall regilded; windows were reglazed, banisters fitted into gaping sockets, and the stair carpet shifted so that the worn strips were less noticeable.

In all these works Bella was indefatigable. She trotted from drawing room to hall, down the long gallery, up the staircase, admonishing the hireling servants, lending a hand with the lighter objects of furniture, sliding, when the time came, up and down the mahogany floor of the drawing room to work in the French chalk. She unloaded chests of silver in the attics, found long-forgotten services of china, went down with Riley into the cellars to count the few remaining and now flat and acid bottles of champagne. And in the evenings when the manual laborers had retired exhausted to their gross recreations, Bella sat up far into the night turning the pages of cookery books, comparing the estimates of rival caterers, inditing long and detailed letters to the agents for dance bands and, most important of all, drawing up her list of guests and addressing the high double piles of engraved cards that stood in her *escritoire*.

Distance counts for little in Ireland. People will readily drive three hours to pay an afternoon call, and for a dance of such importance no journey was too great. Bella had her list painfully compiled from works of reference, Riley's more up-to-date social knowledge, and her own suddenly animated memory. Cheerfully, in a steady, childish handwriting, she transferred the names to the cards and addressed the envelopes. It was the work of several sittings. Many of those whose names were transcribed were dead or bedridden; some whom she just remembered seeing as small children were reaching retiring age in remote corners of the globe; many of the houses she wrote down were blackened shells, burned during the troubles and never rebuilt; some had "no one living in them, only farmers." But at last, none too early, the last envelope was addressed. A final lap with the stamps and

Mightier Than The Sword

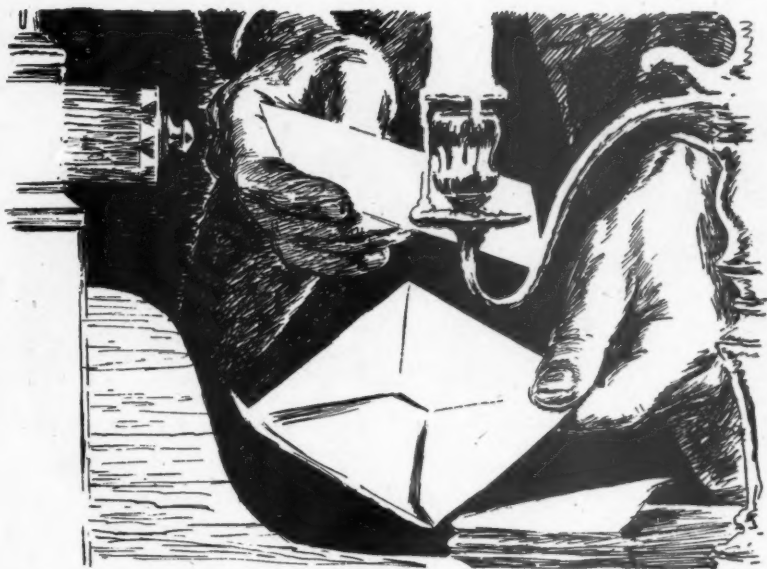
► Superintendent Ray Ryan of the Washington State Reformatory, speaking before the Board of Education in Olympia, pointed out that there can be drawbacks to teaching men to read and write.

One inmate, he said, spent six months in the institution and in that time learned to read and write. He was paroled.

"Now," said Superintendent Ryan, "we have him back again. This time for forgery!"

Quote





then later than usual she rose from the desk. Her limbs were stiff, her eyes dazzled, her tongue cloyed with the gum of the Free State post office: she felt a little dizzy, but she locked her desk that evening with the knowledge that the most serious part of the work of the party was over. There had been several notable and deliberate omissions from the list.

"What's all this I hear about Bella giving a party?" said Lady Gordon to Lady Mockstock. "I haven't had a card."

"Neither have I yet. I hope the old thing hasn't forgotten me. I certainly intend to go. I've never been inside the house. I believe she's got some lovely things."

As the last days approached Bella concentrated more upon her own appearance. She had bought few clothes of recent years, and the Dublin dressmaker with whom she used to deal had shut up shop. For a delirious instant she played with the idea of a journey to London and even Paris, and considerations of time alone obliged her to abandon it. In the end she discovered a shop to suit her, and purchased a very magnificent gown of crimson satin; to this she added long white gloves and satin shoes. There was no tiara, alas! among her jewels, but she unearthed large numbers of bright, non-descript Victorian rings, some chains and locketts, pearl brooches, turquoise earrings, and a collar of garnets.

On the day of the ball she woke early, slightly feverish with nervous excitement, and wiggled in bed till she was called, restlessly rehearsing in her mind every detail of the arrangements. Before noon she had been to supervise the setting of hundreds of candles in the sconces round the ballroom and supper room, and in the three great chandeliers of cut Water-

ford glass; she had seen the supper tables laid out with silver and glass and stood the massive wine coolers by the buffet; she had helped bank the staircase and hall with chrysanthemums. She had no luncheon that day, though Riley urged her with samples of the delicacies already arrived from the caterer's. She felt a little faint; lay down for a short time, but soon rallied to sew with her own hands the crested buttons on to the liveries of the hired servants.

The invitations were timed for eight o'clock. She wondered whether that would be too early—she had heard tales of parties that began very late—but as the afternoon dragged on unendurably, and rich twilight enveloped the house, Bella became glad that she had set a short term on this exhausting wait.

At six she went up to dress. The hairdresser was there with a bag of thongs and combs. He brushed and coiled her hair and whiffed it up and generally manipulated it until it became orderly and formal and apparently far more copious. She put on all her jewelry and, standing before the cheval glass in her room, could not forbear a gasp of surprise. Then she limped downstairs.

The house looked magnificent in the candlelight. The band was there, the twelve hired footmen, Riley in knee breeches and black silk stockings.

It struck eight. Bella waited. Nobody came.

She sat down on a gilt chair at the head of the stairs, looked steadily before her with her blank, blue eyes. In the hall, in the cloakroom, in the supper room, the hired footmen looked at one another with knowing winks. "What does the old girl expect? No one'll have finished dinner before ten."

At half-past twelve Bella rose from her

chair. Her face gave no indication of what she was thinking.

"Riley, I think I will have some supper. I am not feeling altogether well."

She hobbled slowly to the dining room. "Give me a stuffed quail and a glass of wine. Tell the band to start playing."

The "Blue Danube" waltz flooded the house. Bella smiled approval and swayed her head a little to the rhythm.

"Riley, I am really quite hungry. I've had nothing all day. Give me another quail and some more champagne."

Alone among the candles and the hired footmen, Riley served his mistress with an immense supper. She enjoyed it all.

Presently she rose. "I am afraid there must be some mistake. No one seems to be coming to the ball. It is very disappointing after all our trouble. You may tell the band to go home."

But just as she was leaving the dining room there was a stir in the hall. Guests were arriving. With wild resolution Bella swung herself up the stairs. She must get to the top before the guests were announced. One hand on the banister, one on her stick, pounding heart, two steps at a time. At last she reached the landing and turned to face the company. There was a mist before her eyes and singing in her ears. She breathed with effort, but dimly she saw four figures advancing and heard Riley announce.

"Lord and Lady Mockstock, Sir Samuel and Lady Gordon."

Suddenly the daze in which she had been moving cleared. Here on the stairs were the two women she had not invited—Lady Mockstock, the draper's daughter, Lady Gordon, the American.

She drew herself up and fixed them with her blank, blue eyes.

"I had not expected this honor," she said. "Please forgive me if I am unable to entertain you."

The Mockstocks and the Gordons stood aghast; saw the mad blue eyes of their hostess, her crimson dress; the ballroom beyond, looking immense in its emptiness; heard the dance music echoing through the empty house. The air was charged with the scent of chrysanthemums. And then the drama and unreality of the scene were dispelled. Miss Fleace suddenly sat down, and holding out her hands to her butler, said, "I don't quite know what's happening."

He and two of the hired footmen carried the old lady to a sofa. She spoke only once more. Her mind was still on the same subject. "They came uninvited, those two . . . and nobody else."

A day later she died.

Mr. Banks arrived for the funeral and spent a week sorting out her effects. Among them he found in her escritoire, stamped, addressed, but unposted, the invitations to the ball.

From "Mr. Loveday's Little Outing,"
Copyright 1936

the PASSIONIST (H) CHINA

Dear Friend:

A Passionist priest in China won't be thinking about a Christmas dinner only for himself this year. He will be seeing too many men, women and children dying of starvation. He has endured a year of heartbreaking missionary labors.

This year, therefore, we not only ask you to give our missionaries a Christmas dinner. We ask more. We plead with you, with all the pitiable urgency of a famine victim, to help our priests in Hunan bring God's merciful aid to a pagan people.

If a dying mother lay at your door holding up to you her famished child, would you, could you turn away? Our priests in China will have to turn away, day after day, from such pitiful people, unless they receive your Christmas gift.

Our missionaries will extend your kindly aid to the desperately needy who come to our Mission gates. If each one to whom we appeal would make an extra sacrifice, even one dollar, so much good could be done, so much misery avoided. And with your gift will go the love and light of Jesus Christ our Saviour to bring cheer to the lives of His poor.

Please send your offering and intentions now. The special Novena of Masses beginning on Christmas Day will be our expression of thanks. The gratitude of the souls you help to save will be an eternal blessing.

Sincerely yours in Christ,

Fr. Emmanuel Trainor, C. P.



HOW FORTUNATE!

A Baby of America
Loving Parents
Pretty Clothes
Nice Home
Well Fed



HOW PITIFUL!

A Baby of China
An Orphan
In Rags
No Home
No Food

GIVE THE BABIES OF CHINA A CHANCE TO LIVE!

\$1.00 MAY SAVE A BODY AND SOUL. PLEASE HELP!

Your Novena of Masses

Begins on Christmas Day

Please note your intentions below:

-Peace of the World
-Special Grace
-Good Health
-Direction of Vocation
-Means of Livelihood
-Happy Death

Your very Special Intentions:

.....

.....

.....

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.....

(Your Name)

M will welcome
A Passionist Missionary
and the poor of his Mission as guests
on Christmas Day
As host to our Brethren in Christ in Hunan, China
I enclose, for Christmas hospitality \$ _____

Address _____ City _____ State _____

Mail Invitation and Intentions to—THE MISSION PROCURATOR, THE SIGN, UNION CITY, N. J.

December, 1947

CHINA VIGNETTES

by
BONAVENTURE GRIFFITHS, C.P.

**A word picture of Christ's
birthday in far-off Hunan, China**



A MISSIONARY'S memory is rich in the various experiences of his colorful life. And the Christmas Season ever brings to mind one or other such Yuletide memories. I still can vividly see the first Christmas I spent as a young missionary in the city of Yungshun, the city of "Eternal Felicity," deep in the mountains of Hunan. It was a lovely spot with an entrancing name. But the felicity while I lived there was in the name alone. It was a veritable happy hunting ground for brigands and when those gentlemen of the road had bled out the countryside, the Communists moved in for the kill. Dangerous days to say the least.

It was a region of mountain clans. Feuds stretching back for centuries lingered there, feuds of such bitter antagonism that the famed Kentuckians pale into insignificance. Christian members of the various clans would converge on the mission at Christmas time to celebrate the great feast. It could be a very ticklish time for the missionary. Fortunately the elder missionary was an old hand at the game and knew the surest method of keeping the peace among the different clans. He scaled no more than a hundred pounds but what a man he was. Big burly mountaineers grew meek in his presence and it was quite a scene when he made the rounds of the pilgrims and relieved them of the assortment of guns, knives, daggers, and what not. A missionary check-room service, one might say, since with the farewell after the Feast, the weapons were duly returned to the owners.

Arranging the sleeping quarters offered another problem. Clans less hostile were bedded close by and the more antagonistic kept well apart. Christians all but with a pagan background reaching back through the ages, the feudlike spirit was still the spark that could start the most interesting of riots, Christmas or no Christmas. No wonder then that one of the missionaries, shift by shift, kept patrolling the compound during the dark hours as an added precaution.

Yes, it was far off Hunan, a mountain region in the west of China. But the magic of "One Faith, one Baptism!" Mountain clansmen and their women, adorned with turbans and with feet shod in straw sandals, filed into the church and slowly approached the open confessional. Night fell; with darkness a biting chill took possession of the little church, oil lamps cast a fitful gleam all about.

Midnight! The hour was at hand. Raucous, uncultured voices of the hills sang out the prayers. The High Mass began. The young missionary was the choir, assisted by those of the mission who through dint of assiduous practice had managed to get around most of the unfamiliar sounds of the Latin. That night the Saviour was born again in the midst of these rude people of the hills. Absorbed, they listened to the story of Bethlehem, read for them in the ancient tongue of the land. Humbly, these warlike clans awaited their turn at the Communion rail. Peace was in their hearts on this Birthday of the Prince of Peace.

After Mass the feeling of these mountaineers gave vent in the rejoicing of the hour. The air became acrid, the noise grew deafening, as thousands of firecrackers burst into view. Healthy appetites were assuaged as the great pots of savory food were emptied. Feuds were forgotten. All mingled as one in the compound of the mission.

Dawn found the missionaries weary after the vigil. The clansmen were still enjoying the spirit of the occasion. Mass followed Mass until all were finished. Then into the missionaries' house trooped the multitude with the uninhibited greetings of a free people. Christmas wishes were exchanged; a variety of gifts, simple but sincere offerings, covered the floor. And all trooped out again to enjoy a worthwhile Christmas dinner. That is, all but those who, with various ailments, remained to seek

the medical ministrations of the priests.

"Father, how about this tooth? If you pull it now I can enjoy the Christmas dinner so much better." She was a hardy grandmother from the hills, with a two-day trip over the mountains facing her. Out came the tooth without benefit of cocaine or any such deadening medications. "Thanks, Father," was her only comment as she eyed the range of the waste basket and scored a few bull's-eyes. Off she went only to spread the news and before the coffee on the missionaries' table grew cold, a dozen more had insisted on some troublesome teeth being pulled, all the more to enjoy the Christmas dinner.

Mid-afternoon and the pilgrims got ready for the long trip home. A farewell to the missionaries with the rather amusing episode of each clansman laying claim to his various weapons. The priests stood at the gate of the mission, waving a God-speed to them all. That night and the next day would see them still trudging over the rough mountain trails, back to their villages and hamlets set in the far fastness of the mountains.

The letdown for the missionaries is a welcome one. The mission compound lies quiet and by contrast almost without life. Yet the quietude offers the needed atmosphere for a few hours' rest. The morrow means a return to mission routine, daily instructions, or long days in the saddle to outlying districts. Days, perhaps weeks, spent in the midst of those mountain folk, traveling ever farther in that ceaseless quest for souls which is the calling of every missionary. Home and friends, all the joys that life in America can offer the priest, these lie behind him and trouble him not. He has cast his lot in far Hunan, amid an alien race, among a warlike mountain people, yet in those very hills lies his happiness, a joy known only to those who, like him, preach Christ Crucified to the world.

Ireland's exports to England include an Irishman who
is a leader in Britain's battle for peace.

A Correspondent for The Sign interviewed him for
our readers prior to the four-power conference in London

England's Irishman

by HELEN WALKER HOMAN

LONDON, NOVEMBER 17

As the time approaches for the opening of the fateful Council of Foreign Ministers on November 25, people in England are asking:

Will the policy of Britain be largely influenced by an Irishman and a Catholic?

As for one other of the four powers, France, the fate of Germany is definitely entrusted to a Catholic, M. Bidault. And while Lord Pakenham of Britain, that enthusiastic Catholic, does not, like M. Bidault, stand at the head of his country's Foreign Ministry, he nevertheless is the single man in England who knows most about present day Germany. He is charged by the British Government with responsibility for some twenty-three million Germans. It is upon him that Foreign Minister Bevin will rely most heavily when considering the intricate questions which will face the conquering powers at the London conference. With Bidault and Lord Pakenham both staunch Catholics; with Mr. Marshall and Mr. Bevin representing convictions which are Christian and democratic, it would seem that the scales of conference decisions promise to lean heavily on the side of Christian principles. And it looks as though Russia may be out on the end of a limb—a position which she puzzlingly seems to enjoy.

Since April of this year, Lord Pakenham has been the Labor Government's Minister in charge of the British Zone in Germany. Tall, suave, with the polite reticence traditional to British diplomacy, yet with the disarmingly forthright honesty of the Gael, he has on at least one occasion in the past not hesitated publicly to

express forceful criticism of Russia. He did so at a time when most of those high in the councils of the Labor Government were remaining mute on Soviet policy, however disturbed they may have been inwardly by less restrained voices raised on the other side of the Atlantic.

Therefore, when last September, Francis Aungier Pakenham, Chancellor of the Duchy Lancaster, and Minister in charge of the British Zone in Germany—Irish born and a convert to the Catholic Church—told a meeting of the Foreign Press Association that: "the whole Potsdam conception of governing Germany on quadripartite lines has foundered hitherto on the reluctance of the Soviet Government to carry out the postulates on which it was based, and above all to honor its obligation to operate Germany as an economic unit," it was a bombshell to the more sensitive of British ears. But while quivering to its impact, they also recognized its truth. And it left none in doubt of the courage and independence of England's Irish-Catholic statesman.

It was these qualities and the influence they might bring to the Council of Foreign Ministers, which attracted me to Britain's Foreign Office on one of the rare occasions of catching Lord Pakenham outside of Germany. The "Chancellor" as he is affectionately known to his staff, towered some six feet, two inches. Ireland bred him, and Ireland bred him tall. She also gave him the simple, genial manner, the soft, sympathetic voice. Oxford has overlaid its indescribable something in suavity and diction; but that certain courageous independence, that absorption with ideas

to the exclusion of material considerations, as well as a particular devotion to sport, seem as Gaelic as Hibernia herself.

Had he not begun life as a Tory and flouted a promising political career to become a Socialist? Had he not, like any good Irishman, waded deliberately into the thick of a fight at an Oswald Mosley meeting in 1935 to defend the hecklers—and wakened hours later in bed, bloody but unbowed, battered but still defiant?

About this time, holding the dignified position of a Don at Oxford, he was completely indifferent to the smiles aroused



Lord Pakenham

among the citizenry as he rode furiously through the main streets on his son's bicycle, five sizes too small, absorbed in some academic errand, his knees jutting outward, his hard-worn raincoat billowing out behind him like the tattered sails of a fisherman's schooner.

Previously, having completed his student days there, he had scorned the easy social life of London to which he was heir, burying himself at Stoke-on-Trent among the potteries to teach and work for the laboring classes. Even as one of them, he had proposed to "his girl," a social worker like himself, not in a Mayfair drawing room, but in Stoke's roaring, grimy railroad station over a sloppy cup of tea. She had been a student with him at Oxford—Elizabeth Harman, cousin to Neville Chamberlain but of differing political persuasion, a strong "leftist."

Finally, having been reared in the Church of England, had he not, when his political career was already well established, and regardless of family, politics, and friends, joined through sheer conviction, the Catholic Church?

I was looking forward to a lively interview in the Foreign Office, and was not disappointed.

Lord Pakenham told me that he had been brought up twenty miles from a railroad station at Pakenham Hall, the family estate in County Westmeath, with dogs, horses, and guns as his familiars. Born in 1905, second son of the sixth Earl of Longford, who had married a daughter of the Earl of Jersey, he was sent to Eton where he captained his House football team the year it won the finals.

Following his marriage in 1931 he was a writer of "leaders" for the London *Daily Mail*, and a lecturer at the London School of Economics, devoting many evenings to a boys' club in the East End. Then he became an Oxford Don and wrote his *Peace by Ordeal*, an exposition of the Anglo-Irish Treaty of 1921 between the government of Lloyd George and the Sinn Fein leaders, establishing himself as an able historian.

For many years, Lord Pakenham had been seeking a satisfying spiritual approach to the more intangible problems of psychology and politics; and as far back as 1938 had begun to find this in Catholic philosophy. He was received into the Church while in the army, in the early days of 1940. Once, in answer to questions put to him about his conversion, he wrote:

"I do not want to suggest that the way of a Catholic can ever be without its special difficulties and dangers. Let us expect somewhat fewer honors; let us undertake somewhat harder work than the average. We can face the future serenely so long as we glory in one thought only—the reflection that the meanest and the worst of us is a member of a supernatural church and shares in the life and fellowship of the mystical body of Our Lord."

Some years later his "leftist" wife followed him into the Church. They have seven children.

In spite of all I had heard of the fighting Pakenham, when I called on him that day at the Foreign Office, I found myself looking into the eyes of a poet and philosopher. He had just returned from Germany, and from delivering an address at Albrecht University. Its theme: "Christianity and Politics." I remarked that many millions were looking to him to carry this theme into the debates of the Council of Foreign Ministers when it convenes in late November. I also asked him what repercussions upon the conference we might expect from the latest developments in the United Nations.

"The Soviet attitude on the question of veto alone has made hope for agreement far from encouraging," answered Lord Pakenham. "The hardening of the Soviet attitude in wider spheres promises to make the task of the Council of Foreign Ministers even more difficult. Quite apart from extraneous difficulties, I am not disposed to underrate the size of the problems which must be solved before any agreement on Germany can be reached."

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 ► An unfailing mark of the block-head is a chip on the shoulder.

—CHICAGO TRIBUNE

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"Do you think," I asked him, "that Russian participation in the control of the Ruhr industries is too high a price to pay for German unity?"

"I would be glad to answer 'no' to that question, if we could be assured that Soviet participation in the control of the Ruhr would produce genuine economic unity in Germany. We cannot admit any Soviet right to share in the control of the Ruhr, without similar rights for ourselves in the Soviet Zone, and without an over-all economic agreement on a common export-import program for all Germany."

I felt a trifle shamefaced when bluntly putting the next question to this prominent Labor statesman: "Are you in favor of the nationalization of the industries of the Ruhr?"

A glint of humor came into the philosopher's eyes as he looked at me and replied:

"I would like to see the Ruhr industries put under some kind of public ownership. That is the declared policy of the British Government. We are all determined not to see these industries revert to their former owners. But provided that our security requirements are met and that production is maximized, I regard the question of ownership as primarily one for the German people."

Having once embarked upon ticklish questions, I plunged on.

"What is the policy of the British Government toward the Social-Democratic party of Germany?"

The glint of humor in the Irish eyes was holding out.

"We encourage the Social Democratic party as any other party which is ready to co-operate with us in establishing democracy in Germany. There is no question of exclusive support. I dare say that some of my colleagues might sympathize more with the Social Democrats than with the Christian Democrats. I myself, as a member of the Labor Government and also as a Catholic, find my own sympathies well balanced between the two parties."

Asked about the chances of the French Zone's unifying itself with the American-British Zones, Lord Pakenham replied:

"The meeting of the Foreign Ministers will be the scene of a great effort by Mr. Bevin to secure the unity of Germany on terms which are not contradictory to the very concept of unity. If we cannot get a quadripartite fusion, we would welcome fusion with the French Zone."

Lord Pakenham, thrown into constant association with the Germans, thinks there is no reasonable support for Nazi ideology in Germany at the present time, nor any desire to resurrect Hitler.

On the spiritual plane, he observed that the Germans have tasted the fruits of Nazi morality and found them bitter; that they have therefore recognized in increasing measure the value of Christian principles. The courageous stand of many of the German Catholic clergy during the war did much to increase their influence.

Lord Pakenham is an enthusiastic supporter of the Marshall Plan. Asked whether he thinks that Europe is ready for the broad type of economic unity it implies, he said:

"It is plain that, owing to the Soviet attitude toward the Marshall Plan, Europe as a whole is not ready for such economic unity. Western Europe had already taken the first steps toward some kind of economic unity before the Marshall offer was made—the Benelux Customs Union, for instance. The process may be slower than many Americans expect; but undoubtedly the Marshall Plan has hastened it."

Smilingly the Irish giant arose and extended his hand. His final remark was: "Remember, whatever happens at the conference, we have no intention of letting ourselves be permanently hamstrung in our efforts to enable Germany to become self-supporting."

I left, feeling more reassured about the coming battle of Foreign Ministers than I had been in many a long day. It would be Christianity versus Communism, with the future of Europe at stake—with the lists heavily on the side of Christianity, and with no mean Catholic warrior throwing his lance for Britain.



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• Questions should be about the faith and history of the Catholic Church and related matters. • Questions should be kept separate from other business. • Questions are not answered by personal letter. • Matters of conscience and urgent moral cases should be brought to one's Pastor or Confessor. • Anonymous letters will not be considered.

The Magdalen Question

Will you kindly explain whether or not the various incidents recorded in the Gospels about women called Mary refer to one or to several individuals? I have been under the impression that only one individual, Mary Magdalen, was involved but recently I have read that this may not be true. Also who was Mary of Cleophas?—
E.T., LANSDOWNE, PA.

Mary Magdalen is first introduced in the Gospel narrative as one of those women who had been healed by Christ of evil spirits and other infirmities, and out of gratitude had joined the Apostolic band to minister to the needs of Christ. She is spoken of as "Mary, who is called the Magdalen, from whom seven devils had gone out" (Luke 8:2). Her name indicates her place of origin, Magdala, a town of considerable importance at the time and situated a few miles north of Tiberias on the lake of the same name. Possession by seven devils would seem to indicate a particularly grave state, but is not a certain indication of a sinful life. Physical possession by the evil spirits could very well accompany moral delinquency, and this is probable but not certain in the sense of the text.

We are also told definitely that Mary Magdalen was at the foot of the Cross during the crucifixion of Christ, and early on the first day of the week she went to complete the work of anointing the body of her dead Friend. When she found the tomb empty she rushed off to tell the Apostles. Later she beheld the Risen Saviour and was entrusted by Him with a message to His Disciples. This is the last mention of her in the Gospel.

In his Gospel, St. Luke mentions a woman who anointed the feet of Christ while He was eating in the home of Simon, a

Pharisee (7:36-50). As far as the Evangelist is concerned she leaves the scene as anonymously as she entered. She is "a woman in the town who was a sinner." There is no other information regarding her identity to satisfy our curiosity.

Several events are related about a Mary of Bethany. St. Luke introduces her by saying that on one occasion Our Lord entered a certain village and was received by a woman named Martha, who had a sister called Mary (10:38-42). Other passages show that this village could be only Bethany and that the Mary mentioned as the sister of Martha was Mary of Bethany. This same Mary is mentioned in St. John's account of the resurrection of Lazarus (11:1-46).

A short time after the raising of Lazarus, there was a banquet at the home of a man called Simon the Leper. This took place at Bethany and again Christ was anointed. This time it was done by Mary of Bethany, and it was the occasion for some of the Disciples, especially Judas, to complain of what they considered a waste. Christ justified Mary's action and declared that it would be told wherever the Gospel would be preached as a remembrance of her. This is the last reference to Mary of Bethany in the New Testament.

The recording of these events by the Evangelists gives rise to the question whether one woman, Mary Magdalen, or two or three women are referred to. The relevant texts give little clear, definite help toward a solution. Neither does tradition give a certain answer. The grouping of all these incidents under the name of Mary Magdalen was unknown to the earliest Fathers of the Church and is still unknown in the Greek Church. In the Latin Church it has been popular since the time of Gregory the Great.

There are authorities who give arguments for and advocate each side of the question. We cannot take up such technical matters here. Needless to say the question is not one of faith, and one may freely decide for or against the identification of Mary Magdalen with Mary of Bethany and the unnamed woman who anointed Christ in the home of Simon the Pharisee.

Mary of Cleophas is mentioned as one of those who stood beneath the cross on Calvary. She was a sister of the Blessed Virgin, and the wife of Cleophas and mother of the Apostles, James the Less and Jude. Some commentators suppose that the Blessed Virgin's sister and the wife of Cleophas were different persons. It seems more in conformity with the Gospel text and with tradition to identify them.

Bulla Cruciata

*I would like information or references covering the circumstances of the dispensations from the general law of fast and abstinence given by the Church to the Spanish people.—*M. H., MASPETH, L. I.

These privileges are incorporated in what is called a *Bulla Cruciata* or Crusade Bull. Such Bulls granted privileges and indulgences to those who took part in the wars against the infidels. The first of the Crusade Bulls which concerned Spain was issued by Pope Urban II in 1089 at the time of the reconquest of Tarragona. In 1265 Pope Clement IV issued a general Bull for all Spain, when the Kings of Aragon and Castile united in an expedition against Murcia. During the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries further Pontifical concessions were granted, and the Bull issued by Pope Gregory XIII in 1573 has been renewed with modifications from time to time by his successors. Due to some changes necessitated by more recent canon law, Pope Pius XI issued an Apostolic Letter which renewed and regulated the privileges of the *Bulla Cruciata*.

The privileges of the Bull can be enjoyed by those who contribute alms for specific causes. At first these alms were devoted exclusively to defray the expenses of the war against the infidels. Afterward they were used for the construction and repair of churches and other pious works. At times a portion of the alms was taken to defray expenses of the State, but this was

recognized as an abuse and a stop was put to the practice. According to present regulations the alms are to be used exclusively for religious purposes.

It is impossible here to detail all the privileges granted to those who fulfill the conditions necessary to obtain them. They include the granting of indulgences, the faculty to celebrate Mass in private oratories, the possibility of being absolved from certain censures and dispensed from some irregularities and impediments without going through the usual processes.

It is believed commonly that the privilege regarding the law of fast and abstinence is extended in a general way to everyone in Spanish-speaking countries. This is not true. The various categories of privileges are summarized on printed forms and a small alms is required to procure a summary and to be qualified to enjoy the privileges listed. Respecting the indult mitigating the law of fast and abstinence, the Apostolic Letter of Pius XI states: "Only those enjoy the indult who take the present summary and also those referring to indulgences and divine offices and satisfy the charitable tax, which is devoted to the benefit of seminaries and other pious works designated by the Holy See. . . . The poor are not required to take the summaries, nor to give any alms in order to enjoy the privilege of the indult on fast and abstinence. They are required to do so if they wish to enjoy the benefits of the other indults."

The dispensation from fast and abstinence is not absolute. Abstinence must be observed on the three Fridays of the Pentecost, September, and Advent Ember Days. Fast and abstinence are prescribed on the seven Fridays of Lent, and on the vigils of Pentecost, the Assumption, and Christmas. Fast only is prescribed for the seven Wednesdays and the seven Saturdays of Lent. Slightly different regulations hold in the Latin American countries and the Philippine Islands.

Who can obtain the privileges of the *Bulla Cruciata*? All who live in Spain or in territories once under Spanish control, if they fulfill the required conditions. This does not apply to former Spanish territories in North America. The privileges may also be obtained, if the necessary conditions are fulfilled, by those who travel in territories where the privileges prevail even though they may not acquire a domicile or quasi-domicile in the same. For those who have the privileges, they hold when traveling abroad provided scandal is not given.

The privileges are not valid in perpetuity. The indults are valid for one year only, computed from the day on which they are published until the day of the next annual publication. For the greater accommodation of the faithful, a period of one month's grace beyond the annual publication date is granted. If not renewed within this month of grace, the privileges of the indults cannot be used.

Blessed Martin de Porres

Lately, through a friend, I have become quite interested in Blessed Martin. I have heard references made to him in the past but know very little about the actual facts concerning him. I shall appreciate any information you will supply.—F.E.H., BUFFALO, N.Y.

Blessed Martin de Porres was born at Lima, Peru, on December 9, 1579. His father was Don Juan de Porres, a native of Spain, who at various times held responsible positions in the Spanish colonial government. Martin's mother was Anna Velasquez, a freed Negro woman from Panama. This union was a temporary affair and broke up after the birth of a second child, Juana.

Don Juan refused to acknowledge his son and daughter, and left mother and children to contend with the direst poverty. Despite social and economic handicaps, Martin refused to be corrupted by the squalid life about him and from his earliest years gave indications of future sanctity.

Feeling a call to the religious life, Martin de Porres applied at the Dominican Convent of the Most Holy Rosary to be

admitted as a tertiary. He was accepted as such, but nine years later he was persuaded under holy obedience to become a regular lay brother, a status which Martin in his humility thought beyond his worthiness.

In the monastery Martin had charge of the infirmary, an office which gave opportunity to exercise his well-known charity for the sick. His zeal in this matter, however, was not confined within the monastery walls. He did what he could to care for the sick, especially the poor, of the whole city. He was instrumental also in establishing an orphanage and foundling hospital. He took a special interest in the slaves brought to Peru from Africa. Not content with the fatigue and weariness which his constant attention to duty brought, the zealous lay brother practiced every possible form of mortification.

On November 3, 1639, the holy lay brother died. During his life, Martin on many occasions had revealed miraculous powers. After his death, God gave testimony to the holiness of the humble brother by the numerous miracles granted through his intercession. On September 10, 1837, Pope Gregory XVI beatified Martin de Porres, and in 1926 the ecclesiastical process for his canonization was reopened in Rome.

Mutilated Youths as Church Singers

In submitting the following questions, I do so in the knowledge that there must be many Catholics who, at one time or another, vainly sought an explanation: (a) for how long a time were mutilated males employed as choristers in Church choirs; (b) when did the Church ban the practice; (c) how is this practice reconciled with the present position of the Church relative to sterilization?—W. S., MONTREAL, CAN.

We have been unable to discover exact dates relative to the practice of permitting mutilated males to sing in choirs. It seems to have been limited to the period of the Renaissance and immediately after. Again it was never a universal practice, and any attempt to maintain that it was contrary to historical fact.

The fundamental teaching of the Church in the matter of mutilation has remained unchanged throughout the ages. It has always been maintained that the body may not be mutilated in any way unless it is the only available means of saving the rest of the body, that is, its life or health. The principle upon which this teaching is based is that man is not the ultimate master over his body and life. Both are given to him by God to use for the attainment of eternal life. Just as a man may not commit suicide, so neither may he mutilate his body, for the members of his body are to be used in their integrity to help him fulfill the divine purpose and achieve his own perfection and last end. The only time mutilation can be allowed is when a diseased condition endangers the life or health of the whole body. This is based upon the reasoning that since life and health are better than a member of the body, the latter may be sacrificed, if necessary, to save the whole body. (Davis, *Moral and Pastoral Theology*, Vol. II, page 156.)

In the early ages of the Church there was some dispute on this question of mutilation as an aid to the preservation of chastity. A justification of the practice for this purpose was sought in Matthew 19:12: "there are eunuchs who have made themselves so for the kingdom of heaven's sake." The context definitely shows that Our Lord was speaking metaphorically here, and as early as the Council of Nicea in A. D. 325 the Church condemned a literal interpretation. This teaching is summed up by St. Thomas as follows: "Spiritual well-being can always be aided by some other means than the cutting off of a member, because sin is subject to the will. Therefore, in no case is it allowed to cut off a member in order to avoid sin." (II-II, Q.LXV, art. 1, ad 3um.)

Concerning the exact point at issue, St. Alphonsus quotes a few moral theologians who attempted, at a later period, to

justify the practice of mutilating young men so as to preserve the soprano voice. While not explicitly condemning the practice as wrong, St. Alphonsus states that the more common teaching of his day was against it.

Leaving aside the opinions of theologians, we have an official papal declaration concerning the practice. Pope Benedict XIV condemned it and urged bishops to remove from church choirs all eunuchs and also to abolish the type of music which required their services. He based his argument on the traditional principle, stated above, that man is not lord of his members. He also cited many cases where men were condemned by the Church for such mutilation. A passage from the document is as follows: "The law of the Church has not changed: it punishes with irregularity a eunuch who, without the necessity of saving his life, consents to his mutilation. Neither is a man free from sin, according to the aforementioned common opinion; who, without the aforesaid necessity, performs it (mutilation) to preserve the sweetness of his voice, that he may be a church singer." (Suyn. Dioces., XI, 7.)

It must be admitted that even in the face of the common opinion of theologians and the official declarations of the Church, there was abuse. It is the old case of some clerical and lay members of the Church conniving at certain practices which should be strongly opposed, and as a result of their connivance giving occasion for criticism on the part of those who do not understand or do not want to understand the difference between the official teaching of the Catholic Church and erroneous opinions and practices which may from time to time invade the human element of the Church. Even when attempting to eradicate the practice of employing such singers, ecclesiastical authorities had to move cautiously in certain localities. The custom was sanctioned in some places by the civil authorities and it was recognized that it could not be abolished immediately. For this reason bishops were allowed, when necessary to avoid disturbances, to tolerate the presence of innocent victims of mutilation in church choirs. Gradually both the practice and the opinions defending it became obsolete.

In conclusion we state that it cannot be justly said that the Catholic Church approved the custom which is the subject of our correspondent's inquiry. No proof can be adduced that any authorization of the practice ever emanated from a competent ecclesiastical authority. We also add that the present position of the Catholic Church relative to sterilization is not something new. It is in complete conformity with the principles officially upheld from the most ancient times.

Various Rites

1) *Is the Roman rite the oldest and the original form in which Mass was celebrated?*

2) *May members of the Roman rite attend Mass celebrated in other rites by priests who are in union with Rome? Would the obligation to hear Mass on Sunday be fulfilled by such attendance?*—J. K., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

1) In early Christian times, the Eucharistic Sacrifice varied in details and prayers almost from place to place. In the course of time these early fluid liturgies settled down into certain fairly well-defined groups, which can be distinguished broadly into Eastern and Western. The liturgies of the East stemmed from Jerusalem, Antioch, and Alexandria. The Greek language was commonly used at first, but later on Syriac was frequently adopted. In Italy the principal liturgies were those of Rome and Milan. Other forms prevailed in North Africa, Gaul, Spain, and the Celtic-speaking countries. All these liturgies used the Latin language.

Between 1000 and 1472, which latter year marked the definite religious separation of the East from the center of unity at Rome, the liturgies in use in the West more and more conformed to the practice of the Church at Rome. During the same period the liturgy in use at Constantinople, which eventually became commonly known as the Byzantine

rite, became preponderate in the churches of the East.

Those in the East who never broke away from Rome or who have returned to Catholic unity, continued to use their particular liturgies. This means that all existing ancient Christian liturgies of the East survive not only among non-Catholics but within the Catholic Church as well.

The Roman Missal, now the authoritative book for the celebration of the Mass wherever the Roman rite is used, received its definitive form under Pope Pius V, Clement VIII, and Urban VIII. The work of these pontiffs was done in accordance with the decrees of the Council of Trent. Since that time the Roman Missal has never undergone any substantial change.

From the above it follows that the liturgy of the Mass as prescribed by the present-day Roman Missal is not the oldest form in which Mass was celebrated. Neither can it be claimed that the Roman rite, even in its earlier forms, was the original liturgy of the Catholic Church. We have attempted to indicate briefly in the first part of our answer that for several centuries there was a fluid condition relative to liturgical practices. It was only gradually that the Roman and other rites crystallized into the forms which have come down to the present time. On this point it is worthy of note that existing Eastern rites have on the whole preserved more of the primitive liturgical forms than are found in the Roman Mass as we have it. In the Eastern liturgies, the ceremonies are longer, their *tempo* is slower, and there is generally a closer and more active participation on the part of the people.

The term "Mass" is proper only to the Latin or Roman rite. Among Eastern Catholics the most commonly used term for the Eucharistic Sacrifice is "The Divine Liturgy."

2) The general law of the Church is that each Catholic should attend Mass and receive the Sacraments in his own rite (Canon 733). This reflects the desire of the Church that Catholics, as far as possible, should participate in divine worship in accordance with their own rite. To change permanently from one rite to another requires permission of the Holy See.

Regarding the obligation of hearing Mass, however, Canon 1249 states that this can be fulfilled by assisting at Holy Mass celebrated in any Catholic rite.

Symbols

On a chasuble I have seen the letters NIKAI. What does this symbolize? Is there available a book on Christian symbols?—P. M., TORONTO, ONT.

The letters are the capitals of the Greek word, *nikai*, meaning "he conquers" or "is victorious." As a symbol this word has been in use from the most ancient Christian times. It is the earliest known symbol to appear on altar breads which are consecrated during the celebration of Mass.

Some publications on Christian symbols are the following: *Christian Symbols*, by Sister M. A. Justina Knapp, O.S.B.; *Church Symbolism*, by M. C. Nieuwbarn, O.P.; *Church Symbolism*, by F. R. Weber.

Saint Valerie

I have been told there is no saint by the name of Valerie. Others say there is. Will you please give me definite information on this point?—M. W., BAYSIDE, L. I.

Valerie is the French form of Valeria. St. Valeria was the wife of St. Vitalis and mother of Saints Gervase and Protase. This family was among the first converts (in the first century) to Christianity in the city of Milan. All were made prisoners for the faith, and taken to Ravenna where Valeria, after her husband and children had been put to death for Christ, died as a result of the privations suffered during her captivity.



The singer discusses glassware and crystal at the editor's desk of the "Crockery and Glass Journal."

John Griffin, soloist of St. Patrick's Cathedral, is accompanied on the grand organ by Dr. Charles M. Courboin, world-renowned organ virtuoso.

If one wanted an expert opinion on the fine glassware that President Truman sent to Princess Elizabeth for a wedding present, he would not approach a musician unless that musician happened to be John Henry Griffin, soloist of St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York. Besides his career as a professional singer, Mr. Griffin is an expert in glassware and crystal. In fact, he is the managing editor of *Crockery and Glassware*, which is considered the "bible" of the trade by most dealers in glassware. John Griffin comes by the journalism rather naturally, as his father was a feature writer for the *Chicago Tribune* and his brother is editor of the *New York Enquirer*.

Though the lyric tenor voice of Mr. Griffin has been heard and appreciated by millions of New Yorkers for the last thirteen years, he is no stranger to the rest of the country. He toured all the large theater chains with the famous "Roxy Gang," sang on the "Celanese Program," and was heard from coast to coast over the NBC network on the famous "Lipton Tea Program."

In recent years, Mr. Griffin has spent much time in studying the music of his ancestors and has gained a great reputation for his beautiful rendition of the Irish Ballads. An album of his favorite Irish songs has just been released in New York.

Successful in the roles of singer, journalist, and expert in glass, John Griffin is also a success in the important role of Catholic father. He has five sons, one of whom is studying for the priesthood.



PEOPLE



When the "Brain Trust" program, the British version of the "Round Table Discussion," goes on the air each week, the young and attractive Barbara Ward takes her place among the experts. She has won the hearts of her listeners by her ability to discuss profound problems in a clear and unaffected manner. But this is only one of the many achievements of this talented young lady whose life reads like a story book. Though only thirty-two, she is famous in three professions. She is a governor of the BBC, manager of Sadlers, Wells and Old Vic Theaters, and is the first woman to be placed on the editorial staff of *The Economist*, a learned British weekly.

Barbara Ward hails from Felixtowe, which is about three hours ride from London. She attended a convent school, studied at the Lycée Molière and Sorbonne in France, and at Jugenheim in Germany. She returned to Oxford, and at the age of twenty-one graduated with first honors in philosophy, economics, and politics. Since then Miss Ward divided her time between traveling in the summer and lecturing at Oxford in the winter. In the midst of all this activity, she finds time for riding, parties, and other recreation.

During the war, Barbara Ward's name was often in the headlines as a leader in the "Sword of the Spirit" movement. Life was so full for Barbara at one time that she actually gave up a promising career in opera in order to devote more time to Catholic Action.



As one of the "Brain Trusts" on the BBC, Barbara explains one of the many postwar problems in Britain.

Miss Ward is shown consulting a heavy reference work for an editorial.

**For a young boy, Christmas should be a time of
love and laughter, but these things had
vanished from Timmy's life when Mom had gone**

by RUSSELL GORDON CARTER

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY S. HARTMAN

TIMOTHY had been dreading this night: the night before Christmas. As he made his way slowly through the chill darkness of the shabby, unpaved street that sliced slantwise across the suburban hillside, he noted the colored lights in the houses and sniffed the fragrance of freshly cut evergreens. In other years such things had always stirred him strangely and filled him with the joy and the mystery of Christmas, but now he had to clamp his teeth tight upon his lower lip to keep it from shaking.

At the door to his own flimsy little frame house he paused, reluctant to go inside, his shoulders hunched against the frosty air that poured down from the hilltop. Through one of the windows he could see Dad, in his shirt sleeves, standing on a chair beside the partly trimmed tree—a gray wisp of a man with thinning hair that wouldn't stay combed. He could see Margy and Madelene, the two kids, looking eagerly upward, their arms full of glittering ornaments. Timothy swallowed hard and clenched his cold hands. Last year at this time there had been the five of them, and they had been so happy. . . .

The latch clicked under his abrupt fingers, and as he entered, he was again aware of freshly cut evergreens.

"Hello, Timmy," his father said. "What kept you so late? And did anybody give you any supper?"

Timothy stood in the doorway, out of the full brightness of the small living room. "I was up at school," he said. "With the gang." He didn't add that he had stayed with the gang because he dreaded the thought of coming home.

"Want to help us trim the tree?" Madelene asked.

"You can do it," he said and strode into the kitchen, where the squat coal range shed a friendly warmth. On the table at the right he saw a pan with meat and gravy and potatoes and beside it half a loaf of bread, but he wasn't

hungry. A cup of hot coffee, that was all he wanted.

He reached for the battered agate-ware pot that stood on the back of the stove and swung it in small circles, assuring himself that there still was coffee in it. Then he placed it over one of the hot lids at the front. Staring downward, he felt his eyes suddenly moisten and begin to burn. How often his mother had stood right where he was standing! He seemed to see her again, a spoon or a ladle in her hand, her face pink and glowing, her straight, graying black hair all out of order from the steam and her exertions. How many, many meals she had cooked for the family! . . . And now she was gone. . . .

He walked to the window and pressed his forehead against the cold pane. Lights, Christmas lights dotting the valley and looking like little fallen stars. It would probably snow tonight: you could tell by the feel of the air. . . . Christmas Eve and snow. . . . He blinked hard and stared unseeingly beyond the lights to where a dark, familiar rounded mass crowned the far hillside and a black, substantial spire thrust a gold cross heavenward. . . . Christmas Eve, and Mom not here to enjoy it. . . .

The sound of the coffee beginning to bubble broke in upon his thoughts. He returned to the stove and hung his head over the pot, lifting the cover, sniffing the pleasant aroma. That too made him think of Mom. She had liked her coffee. "Timmy, boy," she would say sometimes when he came home from school, "you're just in time to have a cup o' coffee with me." And then they would sit together for a few minutes in the kitchen, and she would ask him about school, and was he spending enough time on his studies? "Because, Timmy," she would say, "you'll be goin' to college, and how proud of you your father an' I will be when you grow up to be a good and a kind and learned man!" . . . And now she was gone. . . .

He poured a cup of coffee and sat down beside the window, his lower lip shaking. It was in June, he remembered, that he had had his last talk with her, only a few days before they had taken her to the hospital. The coffee burnt

his lips, his throat, bringing tears to his eyes. He set the cup on the window ledge and stared out at the lights again: Christmas lights looking like little fallen stars strewn across the valley. . . .

"Timmy, when you're finished eatin', don't you want to help me with the decorations?" Dad's voice sounded tired. Timothy knew his father hadn't yet got over the illness that had kept him away from work for the past two weeks.

"All right, I'll help," the boy said. He didn't want to help! He wished somehow that he might go to sleep right



Come

RUSSELL GORDON CARTER has written stories for "Saturday Evening Post" and other leading publications. He is also the author of many books for younger readers.



Last year he and Mom had trimmed the tree while the kids were in bed

al *to me this Night*

now, this minute, and that when he woke up, the holidays would be over! But you couldn't do that, you had to live. Dad of course understood, and that was why he could carry on the same as usual, pretending for the sake of the two kids that he was glad it was Christmas. Dad was like that, he was strong . . . but he was a man, not only just a boy only halfway through his schooling. . . .

Timothy cut a slice of bread and ate it with his coffee. Then he strode into the living room. "Okay, Dad, you take a rest. I'll finish the job. Look, Margy,

oughtn't there be some of that tinsel stuff? You know the kind—"

"Here it is, Timmy." Madelene handed him a big ball of it.

As he climbed onto the chair he again had to clamp his teeth upon his lower lip, remembering how last year he and Mom had trimmed the tree while the kids were in bed and Dad was out making last-minute purchases. But he mustn't let anyone know how he felt! Mom wouldn't want him to do that. So he made a bold show of gaiety as he tossed the tinsel across laden branches,

pausing now and again to readjust an ornament. . . . "O Timmy, you love Christmas, don't you?" That was Mom speaking to him, her head tilted upward, her blue eyes smiling; the very words she had spoken last year while they were trimming the tree. . . . "Yes, Mom, it's the most beautiful time of all the year and I wish it could last forever!" That was how he had answered her then, but he couldn't say it this year. . . . He couldn't ever say it again. . . .

Dad sat on a stool, looking up at him and smiling, but inside he knew Dad

wasn't smiling. Only the two kids were really happy, and that was because they were kids. . . . Timothy flung the last handful of tinsel upward, and it landed on the silver star that adorned the tip. "Now it's all trimmed," he said and jumped to the floor. "How do you like it, Dad?"

Dad spoke quickly: "It's the most beautiful tree we've ever had!" Then he looked at the two girls. "Bedtime," he said, smiling. "Upstairs now and get undressed, the two o' you! Then to sleep, and in the morning we'll see if Santa Claus has left anything for us."

TIMOTHY lowered his eyes. That was the way Mom used to talk, only Mom always mentioned reindeer. It was almost as if he could hear her saying, "Don't forget to listen for the reindeer while you're waitin' to go to sleep!"

When the kids were upstairs, Dad said, "I'm goin' to bed, myself, Timmy, I'm tired." But before he went, the two of them arranged the presents under the tree: mostly small gifts for Margy and Madelene. "You'd best go to bed too, my boy," Dad added, but Timothy shook his head. . . .

He wasn't sleepy, and that was odd, because now it was past eleven. He fixed the fire in the range and then sat down again beside the window. It was comfortably warm in the kitchen, and there was something pleasant about the lingering odor of coffee along with the smell of the tree in the other room. The house seemed strangely silent, almost as if it were waiting for something. He thought of Dad upstairs and of his sisters, the three of them asleep, and again he wished that he himself might sleep . . . sleep until the holidays were over.

A soft tinkling sounded at the window, and then other tinklings followed it—snow. He stared out across the valley and fancied he could see the tiny flakes fluttering downward, whirling, dancing, coming to rest at last far down there among the Christmas lights. . . . Christmas Eve and snow and the whole world white and silent and happy and he and Mom on their way up the hill to church. . . . That was how it used to be, only this year everything was different. . . .

He covered his face with his hands, not weeping, but all desolate and unhappy inside. He and Mom had been so close to each other! He had never realized what it would be like to be without her until that tragic day in June when they told him she wouldn't come back. . . . Snow particles tinkling against the window pane . . . a warm kitchen, Mom's kitchen . . . and the smell of a freshly cut Christmas tree. . . . Yes, a beautiful tree! Mom would have loved it. . . .

He rose to his feet, his eyes blinking fast in the dimness. "O Mom," he whis-

pered, "I love you and I want you so much!" And then the tears came: the hot, unchecked tears of middle adolescence. . . .

As he drew his sleeve across his eyes he heard the sound of music faint and far off: bells . . . bells that seemed to be pealing in the remote upper air, sending their notes outward and downward among the whirling, dancing flakes . . . "Silent night, holy night—" His lips formed the words soundlessly while he listened. In imagination he heard voices and among them one that rose above all others: the sweet voice of his mother. Mom had loved to sing. She had loved to sing all the Christmas carols, but this one she had loved best. "Silent night, holy night—"

Again his eyes overflowed as longing and desolation enveloped him. . . .

He made his way into the hall but paused at the foot of the stairs. What was the use of going to bed? He wouldn't be able to sleep: he would just lie there thinking of things. He wasn't really tired enough to sleep, that was the trouble. Maybe if he were to take a good walk. . . .

He put on his coat and hat and slipped quietly outside. It was snowing harder

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▶ Arguing with a woman is like going into a shower bath with an umbrella. What good does it do?  
—THE TATLER

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than he had realized, and a rising wind from the northwest was sweeping the fine particles across the face of the hill. Turning up his collar, he headed into the wind, walking with long, vigorous strides. This was better! When you put all your energy into walking you couldn't think of things. The slope became steeper and the wind sharper, and that too was good. It gave you something to struggle against: something that would make you go right to sleep when you got home. . . .

He pushed onward to the summit and beyond: past dark and silent houses, past houses where lights still gleamed—on and on until at last he paused, warm and tingling, at the edge of an open field. As he faced about, he again heard the bells, and listening, he had the odd conviction that they were calling to him. "Come to me and be happy this night!" they seemed to be saying to him. Happy? He shook his head. How could you be happy when the one you loved best in all the world was gone never to return? Yet there it was, the insistent urging, clear and unmistakable: "Come to me and be happy this night!"

The wind was at his back as he set off homeward.

Near the head of the shabby street that sliced slantwise across the hillside,

he was once more aware of lights: lights down there in the valley, winking, vanishing behind a smother of snow, then reappearing. . . . And now he could see other lights. The familiar rounded mass that crowned the far hilltop was no longer dark, but marked with long pointed panels of dull gold . . . gold like the big, reassuring cross that the heavy spire held aloft . . . "Come to me this night." He paused and stared toward the remote regions where the cross proclaimed the beauty and the richness of God . . . where the bells were playing. . . . Then he strode onward once more, but at the first side street he turned and made his way down the hill.

Others also were making their way down the hill: vague shapes of men and women, some singly, some in pairs or in groups. He could hear them talking, hear them laughing. He passed numbers of them in the valley where trolley tracks gleamed blue and cold beneath snow-encased street lamps. He passed others as he started up the far slope: people, many people, all answering the summons of the bells. . . .

Mass had begun when he reached the crowded church. Someone smiled and opened a door for him, and clutching his hat, he slipped inside. He stood motionless, breathless, feeling almost as if the welling voice of the choir had somehow caught him up and were holding him suspended in mid-air at a point from which he could look down upon the white and gold and purple of the altar and the gray throng of people on their knees beneath the high vaulted ceiling. . . . And then he himself was on his knees, and suddenly, strangely, although no one was close to him, he seemed to feel the warmth of a body against his own and the pressure of a kindly arm about his shoulders.

HE raised his head, opened his eyes. No one was near him, no one was looking at him. Voices were chanting, and a spicy fragrance filled his nostrils. He lowered his head and closed his eyes. . . . And then again he seemed to feel the warmth of a body against his own and the pressure of a kindly arm across his shoulders. Then it was as if he heard a voice, a familiar voice, soft and intimate: "Timmy, darlin', you've found me, haven't you? Don't be grievin' any more now, will you? Go home and be happy this night. For it's Christmas, you know!"

He opened his eyes once more: eyes that were again blurred with adolescent tears—but this time they were not tears of grief or of longing or of self-pity. "Go home and be happy, for it's Christmas, you know!" his mother seemed to be repeating, and listening, he slowly lifted his head and smiled while a great peace enveloped him.

Not much was reported
on the Prague World
Festival. Yet it is
important to know
just what went on there
if only to learn what not
to do the next time



Four of the leaders of the American delegation arriving back on the Yugoslav "Radnik"

...and many many telephones

by
H. LEONARD VALWAY

IT IS good for an American here in Prague to hear that finally our countrymen back home are waking up to the fact that America has done a bungling job in public relations in Europe. The distortion of motives, the lack of credit for all the U. S. has done, the Red propaganda-born dislike of Americans are enough to make one heartsick. But European Reds are not all to blame. Many of our own countrymen who have come over here are our own worst advertisement.

Take, for example, the World Youth Festival held in this city late last summer. Here is a case history of how the Leftists work, of how American Leftists do their yeoman's service. Europe's youth is its hope. It's a pretty slender hope, judging by that Festival. But the story of the Festival is important not merely because of that. From our viewpoint it is important mostly because it shows how Communism works — while America sleeps. There will be other festivals and congresses and assemblies for world youth. If we are not to have

more of the dismal same, the story of what happened in Prague should be told. It hasn't been yet. The press statements of some returning delegates in New York last October certainly didn't tell it.

As the Festival began I was optimistic. And there were others too. But as the Festival got underway and the days added into the first week, the second, and the third, optimism gave way to pessimism. The Festival was hopeless to any cause but Communism.

I didn't like it. So many so-called freedom-loving students wearing the red star with the hammer and sickle was discouraging. But I rather expected this and a little more; but not so much. This was to be a gathering of students from all over the world; from the East as well as the West. It was more like a gathering of students from two different planets when it came to ideologies. In the beginning there were those for Communism and those against; in the end there were still those for Communism, and those against

were hard to find and put your finger on. They had either drowned in red fanaticism or simply evaporated.

En route to Prague from Paris on a special train I had a sneak preview of the Festival. I didn't know it then. There were two students from South Africa in the same compartment with me. They didn't wear the red star. It wasn't necessary. A few words of conversation with them was enough to advertise their political faith. And faith it was, with Stalin as its god. One of them talked to me about last year's Festival and how he hoped that this year it would be even bigger and better. They talked of race discrimination and the evils of British Imperialism in South Africa. Then there were half a dozen Greeks on the train too. Although they looked a little old for it, they were students too. One spoke for all of them. He was no friend of Britain's nor the United States. They were "imperialistic nations out to enslave all freedom-loving peoples." He told me how he had tried to get a visa to come to the United States. He was refused. I asked him why. "I'm a Communist." That was that.

Depreciation

► The proprietor of a small store which had recently been burglarized met a friend on the street.

"I was sorry to hear about the robbery," the friend said. "Did you lose much?"

The storekeeper shrugged. "Some. But it would have been a lot worse if the burglar had broken in the night before."

"Why?" the questioner asked.

"Well, you see," said the storekeeper, "just the day of the robbery I marked everything down 20 per cent."

James F. Harris



Once in Prague I was ready for anything. I saw no marked signs of an Iron Curtain, Russian influence, or Communism. The Russian flag was prominently displayed, but so were those of the United States, Great Britain, and other member nations of the United Nations. For the first few days all looked rosy. It was difficult to put a finger on anything. I did see more red stars as delegates arrived. It began to bother me. The Festival had the surface appearance of being just a cultural gathering of students from all over the world. It was claimed that the Festival would be only a cultural affair. Politics were definitely out. At least that's what they claimed. Then all at once things changed. The Festival was rosy all right—a nice flaming Communistic red.

To keep the delegates informed each day a Festival newspaper was printed. It was the habit to have a member of each delegation contribute a feature article for each issue. The American delegation obliged with an article entitled, "Formation of the American Delegation or Why We Almost Never Came!" It read in part:

"Then with shocking abruptness, just a few weeks before the ships sailed, the State Department denied sailing priorities and privileges to the delegation. The Festival, they said, was 'political' . . .

"Passports were finally granted to the delegation. There was only one fly in the honey . . . a huge purple stamp across one of the pages 'NOT VALID FOR YUGOSLAVIA'.

"Oh yes . . . the United States is the land of much milk and honey and many, many telephones. Neither the milk nor the honey . . . nor even the many, many telephones will aid the U. S. delegation in the competitions here. And if we do not win . . . it is because of the many obstacles we had to overcome in getting to Prague."

I showed this to an American who has lived in Prague for the past two years doing relief work. He was disgusted. His reaction was an angry one. He thought that somehow the State Department ought to keep such Americans home where they can do less harm. "It's the first time they've ever been away from home. They

come over here and spit out that stuff they've been reading in books. They don't know what Communism is. Why the hell don't they go to Russia?"

Usually festivals have exhibits, and the World Youth Festival had one too. Every other exhibit was dwarfed by a fifteen foot statue of Stalin, the centerpiece of Russia's exhibit. And each day fresh roses were placed at his feet. Stalin stood there as the god of Communism. He was flanked on three sides by his ten commandments; the Russian Constitution with its articles of freedom of religion, of speech, and of the press.

The U. S. exhibit featured race discrimination, displaying a picture of a lynched Southern Negro. There were pictures of white and black children playing together. These children were yet to be touched by thoughts of race discrimination. As *Time* Magazine reported: "When the U. S. Embassy in Prague protested against the anti-U. S. propaganda made by the U. S. delegates, their leaders replied that, after all, they came from a free country."

THE Yugoslavian exhibit told of the work youth was doing in rebuilding Yugoslav railroads. Festival delegates flocked to join International Reconstruction Brigades going to Yugoslavia. Charges were made that these work brigades were just cover-ups for training a Communist interventional brigade to fight in Greece. Of course, every charge met an explosive denial. But who can prove or deny the charges? You'd have to go to Yugoslavia and see for yourself. That's what I tried to do. But try to get a visa! Nevertheless, the Greeks were happy about it. Like the two Greeks who told me they were really impressed with the democratic spirit of the delegates.

Meetings, informal discussion periods were held between delegations. When the Americans went to meet the Greek delega-

H. LEONARD VALWAY, an undergraduate of Boston College, attended the World Youth Festival. He remained in Prague and is correspondent for the "Boston Globe."

tion they came bearing gifts of soap, gum, cigarettes, nylons, and cosmetics. Perhaps someone should have warned the Greeks about Americans who come bearing gifts. But to the Greeks the Americans were the heroes of the hour. They had weathered the storm. They had overcome the obstacles placed in their path by the State Department, which had been reluctant to issue them passports, and which, at first, had deprived them of shipping space; and then, because of unfavorable publicity and protestations, shipping space was assigned to them.

There were also meetings with the Chinese, Yugoslavian, and Russian students. These meetings invariably touched upon the Negro problem in the United States, the position of the working classes, and who would be the next President of the United States. There was no delay here in answering. Henry Wallace was certain to be elected if he ran. "Henry Wallace is the only man who really understands Russia. He is the hope for the future." I hate to admit they believe such drivel. But they do. Henry Wallace is their patron saint. He is suffering martyrdom for the cause. What cause? One world with one star; not white, but red.

Czech students are not Communists. And to them the American students were a great disappointment. They never thought that American students were Communists. They had counted on the American delegation's being a really democratic one. And the Czech students were disillusioned. I had to answer such questions: "Are all the students in your country Communists? Do they lynch Negroes in the streets? Is the Negro a free man? Will Henry Wallace be the next President? Don't the American people support the Truman Doctrine and the Marshall Plan?" These are some of the questions, but there are many more.

The meeting with the Russian students was dull. Everyone was very polite. "But the Russians had it all over us," said one non-Red American student. And another said, "The way they asked questions—just touching the surface. But they knew what they were doing. Why they had it all over us. We were just a bunch of amateurs." I was talking to one student, and he wanted me to know that these Russians were clever. He was sure that they had been especially trained and hand picked.

Attending Festival functions was discouraging. They were tarnished with red propaganda. Everything the Russians and their satellite students did was wonderful, tremendous. They were praised in Hollywood's language of adjectives. I went one night to see the Yugoslavian Youth do their stuff. They sang and did folk dances. It was good, very good. The audience was greatly pleased and all but killed itself to show it by their applause. But just at that moment when you think everything is well, you get a jolt. That happened to me.

A section of the audience began to chant: "Tito! Tito! Tito!" The chant was picked up by others. In moments the audience was chanting in one voice, "Tito! Tito! Tito!" Stamping feet shook the theater and I thought I'd go mad. I could feel the warm blood running through my veins. I was thinking what a group of students like this could do if spurred to action. This gives some idea of what the delegates to the Festival were like. In that audience were members of every delegation at the Festival. Out of nine Americans attending only one lent her voice to the chant.

It was the same thing, only louder and more violent, when I attended a similar performance given by the Russian students. The audience was much more enthusiastic. They yelled such phrases as: "Long Live Stalin! Long Live The Soviet Youth! Stalin! Tito! Dimitrov!" A Czech student said, "It's the same as with the Nazis—only a different name. Don't you think so?" It was the same when the Festival Committee organized a lantern parade through the streets of Prague. Passing the Yugoslavian Embassy, students shouted for Tito. And I think Marshal Tito could have heard them in Belgrade.

The Spanish Republican Youths were at the Festival too. They were guests. These students were offered to Festival delegates as fine examples of courage and heroism. The Spanish Republican Youths and every other student without a country (notably the Greeks) came to Prague and told all. They had been robbed of all by Fascism and imperialism. Carrying their flag by its four corners, the Spanish Republican Youths went out among the crowds and collected money. Then, with an invitation, they were off to Poland for a month's stay at a rest camp.

During the closing parade of the Festival, the Greek students were busy passing out circulars to the spectators. "Dear Friends," began the circular. "We the delegates of Greek Youth who came for this Youth Festival . . . are bringing you the greetings from free Greek Youth which is fighting with rifles in hand against Monarchist, Fascist, and Anglo-American occupation. Greek Youth which holds the rifle of freedom in their hands and is fighting in the lines of the democratic army is resolved to win this fight for freedom and democracy. They will not allow that our country should be an Anglo-American colony, an anti-Balkan, anti-democratic bridge.

THE English and Americans are strictly keeping the glory of Hitler's cannibals and are racing in their attack on the heroic and proud Greek people. 'Kill them,' said cynical Field Marshal Montgomery. Thus they are given their reward for their part in the Allied cause.

"The free Greek Youth, in the trenches of world democracy, declare with rifle in hand they will not stop the fight for free-

dom. There is no power in the world which can force us. And we will win!"

The last few days of the Festival were exciting ones. Some students had decided that things had gone too far. It was time for action. With brave hearts, many declared themselves. They were quickly pushed to one side and labeled reactionaries by the opposition. It was futile to fight. The Festival had already sunk deep in red. It had drowned the first week. British, French, and some American students packed up and left Prague. Well, if they couldn't do anything, at least they could show their feelings by leaving.

The most notable and significant breakdown of unity among delegations was the split in the American delegation. A few students got together and drew up a letter. A meeting was held of all the American delegates, and this letter was read:

"Statement by a Group of American Youth at the World Youth Festival at Prague.

"We, the undersigned members of the American delegation to the World Youth Festival, believe that our experiences in Prague have impressively demonstrated the great value of the international exchange of culture and ideas as a means of building mutual understanding and peace.

"Appreciating the potentialities of the Festival, we regret that the American delegation does not truly represent American youth. The organizations that are here represented and the sentiments that have been expressed are, on the whole, further to the left than those of the great majority of American youth.

"We do not criticize our fellow delegates for effectively and sincerely upholding their opinions, but level our criticism

► The only way to kill time is to work it to death.

at the U. S. State Department and the major U. S. youth organizations. The major U. S. youth organizations were not alert to the opportunities presented by the Festival, and the U. S. State Department discouraged participation by withdrawing shipping space and failing to aid in our cultural contributions. We believe that this shortsightedness has lost for the U. S. an opportunity to present America properly to the 30,000 youth participants and to the free people of Czechoslovakia who have impressed us all with their interest and courtesy. The net result was a small, unrepresentative delegation, and an exhibit which gave an incomplete impression of American life. The exhibit overemphasized the negative aspects of American political life. Festival participants from all nations compared this exhibit and the weak U. S. cultural presentation unfavorably with the polished and professional performances and impressive exhibits of

nearly all of the other major countries.

"We believe that the present leadership of the sponsoring organization of the Festival, the World Federation of Democratic Youth, is predominantly Communist and that, therefore, the political program at the Festival has been weighed in that direction. Nevertheless, we feel that the many opportunities for reaching important segments of world youth called for the strongest possible presentation of the American point of view. We believe that if W.F.D.Y. is to become a representative federation of world youth of all nations, more non-Communist groups must enter it. We recommend serious consideration of this possibility by all youth groups.

"We urge, therefore, that American youth participate as fully and as effectively as possible in all international youth activities. If political democracy is to live as a vital force, its supporters must enter the battle of ideas openly, intelligently, and courageously."

ALL those in agreement were asked to sign. Only fifteen out of about a hundred and fifty American delegates would subscribe to the letter. The remaining students were Reds, fellow travelers, or just too dumb and scared to know what was going on. I like to think that the majority were the "too dumb and scared" ones. If not, what then?

The Festival ended with a bang. It seemed as though nothing would come of the letter. Several days later all but the Communist press in Prague printed the statement. The letter was action; but too little and too late. It has had some results. It has helped to correct false impressions. It has caused some fair-minded people to question their impressions of American youth. Perhaps they are not all Communists.

The impression made by the American students at the Festival was shameful. It was treason to American youth. By the exhibit and their actions they disillusioned what clear-minded students there were in Prague and sent the others home burning with increased faith in the cause of Communism and world revolution. The American people were not free. They were dominated by two great political parties. They were the unwitting tools of reaction. They did not support the Truman Doctrine or the Marshall Plan. Negroes were lynched in Southern streets every day for sport. There were millions of unemployed. The workers were exploited by the capitalists. America was the land of "milk and honey and many, many, many telephones. . . ."

Contrary to their actions, these students called themselves Americans. They carried the American flag in their parades, and they wore it upon their lapels. This kind of irresponsibility can be shrugged off as in the past, but it shouldn't be. It's time for action. And it's later than we think.



Dame May Whitty takes tea with Gladys Cooper in the romantic and dramatic "Green Dolphin Street"



Lana Turner and Donna Reed are cast as sisters in the screen version of Elizabeth Coudge's novel



Richard Hart, Van Heflin, and Gigi Perreau with Lana Turner in a scene from her latest picture

STAGE &

Brazen Affront

MICHAEL MYERBERG rates the severest censure possible for his ill-advised presentation of DEAR JUDAS, a dramatization of Robinson Jeffers' blasphemous poem. A vicious, perverted outburst against the sacred beliefs of every Christian, it should be protested with vehemence by every individual and group in any city where it is shown.

In addition to its outright distortion of the Scriptures, its disgraceful depictions of Our Lord and the Blessed Mother, and its philosophy of determinism, the play is a tedious, pompous, and badly staged bore. Jeffers and Myerberg would have us believe that the founder of Christianity was a Hitler-like individual, deluded by a belief in His own Divinity; that Judas betrayed Jesus for "His own good," and that the character of Mary was not above reproach. Perhaps you, like the members of the audience, have had enough by now, but there is more of this sort of blasphemy, all dressed up with choral music, processions, and stylized staging reminiscent of many high school pageants.

At a time when loud cries for tolerance and amity are being heard in many quarters, this brazen affront to Christianity is a disgrace to the theater and another weapon in the war against faith. Perhaps it is a blessing in disguise. It may be the jolt we have long needed to start action against reckless and vicious propaganda.

The New Musicals

Three new musicals have been added to the playbill, in each instance causing no more than a slight ripple of critical interest and approbation. In the interest of international amity, we'll consider the offering of Cicely Courtneidge. She is, we are informed, something of an institution in British music halls and the "darling of the galleryites." Appearing on Broadway in a comedy with music called UNDER THE COUNTER, Cicely impresses as a jolly enough lady who is probably a howl at a party. Behind the footlights, however, she is something else again. Bouncing, grimacing, and more energetic than a roomful of first graders, her spirit must be admired, even though it is difficult to work up more than a wry smile at the results. In her defense it may well be said that the material is mighty awkward stuff which would daunt even a Beatrice Lillie or a Gracie Fields. The vast difference in the English and American brands of humor was never more apparent, and while Miss Cicely certainly wins her "E" for effort, she gets little more than an occasional friendly giggle as her reward.

Also missing the target by a slight margin is HIGH BUTTON SHOES, a nostalgic and tuneful affair based on a novel by Stephen Longstreet. Whatever merit the printed story possessed has been lost without trace in the finished product, but the high calibre of the dancing, two song hits of tomorrow, and a pleasant, hard-working cast lift it well above the average. Surprisingly, the production is about 99 44/100 per cent clean—the lapses being supplied by Phil Silvers and Joey Faye in the name of

THE † SIGN

SCREEN

by JERRY COTTER

humor. As in most musicals, the libretto is undistinguished, saved from complete disaster through the pleasant presence of Nanette Fabray, a comparatively new prima donna who gives the proceedings a decided lift, and a frenzied, hilarious ballet number conceived by Jerome Robbins. A burlesque on the old Mack Sennett comedies with Keystone Kops, crooks, and innocents involved in a wild chase, it is a sensational lifesaver for a musical comedy that sorely needs the resuscitation it provides.

ALLEGRO has aroused a hurricane of controversy in the weeks since it was unveiled after many months of preparation. Abandoning the conventional musical pattern, Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein, author and composer of *Oklahoma* and *Carousel*, have attempted to forge a union between philosophy and the revue stage. The result, despite an expensive Theatre Guild production; a brilliant cast, at least three splendid songs, and the imaginative staging of Agnes de Mille, fails to achieve the tempo of its title. Laudable in its aim to shatter the shallow materialism of the day, it misses the boat in the dramatic passages by overstressing the solemnity of the theme and avoiding humor like a plague. It tells of the first thirty-five years in the life of an ordinary American who rises to the heights of materialistic success only to find his marriage wrecked and his inner self wildly confused. He returns to his small town and the father who had wanted him to share the meager returns of a rural medical practice.

Simplicity is the keynote of story, staging, and performance. Whereas it succeeds in the latter two departments, the paucity of real plot material negates a good portion of the show's assets. Annamary Dickey, John Battles, William Ching, Kathryn Lee, Lisa Kirk, Muriel O'Malley, and John Conte handle the principal singing and acting roles with skill, and the choral group used

to narrate the high lights of the hero's career deserve special mention. It is an unusually effective device, harking back to the original Grecian theater use of a chorus to advance the story. Withal its fine feathers, however, *Allegro* is rather gaunt when plucked.

Evans and GBS

For those who can accept George Bernard Shaw with fingers crossed and tongue in cheek, the current revival of *MAN AND SUPERMAN* will be a brilliant event. While it is probably at once the wittiest and the most boring of all the Shavian comedies, the presence of Maurice Evans in the role of John Tanner more than evens the score. Evans as a comedian may sound incongruous, but his performance is polished, effective, and fits perfectly into the high comedy mood. Shaw's satire on Victorian modes and manners is flecked with barbs and leers in its broadside against British society. Though you may disagree with the Shavian philosophy, there can be no dissent on the quality and brilliance of his writing. He is a master penman though a minor philosopher. Evans has made the broad leap from Shakespearean tragedies to Shavian comedy with expected finesse. Assisted ably by Frances Rowe, Chester Stratton, Carmen Mathews, Malcolm Keen, and Jack Manning, he makes this occasionally garrulous revival sparkle.

Reviews in Brief

GREEN DOLPHIN STREET sweeps across the screen with all the technical skill of which Hollywood is capable. The adaptation of Elizabeth Goudge's prize-winning novel tends to be heavy going during the dramatic sequences, but when the technicians take a hand and create awesome earthquake and tidal wave scenes, interest is rapidly revived. An elaborate series of settings ranging from the Channel Islands to New Zealand gives the picture realistic and impressive backgrounds against which Lana Turner, Donna Reed, Van Heflin, Richard Hart, Frank Morgan, and Dame May Whitty enact the inordinately long story of romance and adventure in a past era. A family picture, this will undoubtedly satisfy those for whom spectacle and derring-do are the ultimate in entertainment. (M-G-M)

SHOE SHINE is grim, tragic, and foreboding. Produced in Italy with a cast of local amateurs, it focuses attention on a pair of street urchins tossed about in the backwash of war. Little of it rates as entertainment; there is more than a suggestion of left-wing philosophy in its message; it is technically crude, badly



Bob Hope hides behind Signe Hasso's skirts as they face George Zucco in "Where There's a Life"



Danny Kaye discovers in his possession a notebook sought by gangsters in "Secret Life of Walter Mitty"

edited, and overly suggestive—but, withal, we cannot overlook the stark fact that this is probably a story being enacted daily without benefit of cameras on the streets of a dozen cities in Europe. While it cannot be recommended for general audiences, it does rate the attention of adults interested in the provocative and unusual.

OUT OF THE BLUE has a cast of reliable players, some scattered laughs, but little else to recommend it for the adult moviegoer. Revolving around a group of erratic and erotic pseudo-Bohemians of the Greenwich Village variety, it offers little of real entertainment value for the discriminating. George Brent, Ann Dvorak, Virginia Mayo, and Turhan Bey are merely adequate in their portrayals, but the pallid script demands much more than that to put it over. (Eagle-Lion)

Bob Hope gets himself rather hopelessly involved in some mythical kingdom shenanigans in his latest funfest aptly entitled **WHERE THERE'S LIFE**. If the radio Hope has become something of a colossal bore in recent seasons, the clown before the camera remains a top comic even when his material is below par.



Annamary Dickey (circle) John Battles, and John Conte (below) appear in the Rogers-Hammerstein revue, "Allegro"

This time he appears as a radio disc jockey who is mistaken for the missing heir to a shaky European throne. It manages to be continually frantic, occasionally amusing, and usually adult in its tenor. Signe Hasso, William Bendix, and George Coulouris are also on the merry-go-round. This is about par for the Hope course. (Paramount)

The novel from which **NIGHTMARE ALLEY** has been adapted was sordid, cheap, and morally offensive. In practically every respect its screen offspring measures up to the original. In telling its tawdry tale of life among the lower elements of carnival life, it pulls few punches. It is difficult to find one character deserving of even an iota of audience sympathy. William Lindsay Gresham's gutter probe is hardly the sort of material usually deemed suitable for screening, and the usually astute Darryl Zanuck slipped badly this time in permitting this to be produced in his studios. The players, Tyrone Power, Joan Blondell, Ian Keith, Coleen Gray, Helen Walker, and Taylor Holmes, are

capable enough but under the circumstances their efforts are of little avail. (20th Century-Fox)

Another example of inexcusably poor taste in story selection is to be found in the luridly sensational **FOREVER AMBER**. Produced at a reputed cost of more than six million dollars; with gaudy Technicolor trimmings, large doses of derring-do, debauchery, and bad acting; it turns out to be exactly what you might imagine a dramatization of the Winsor tome would be like. That should be sufficient warning. Despite its huge outlay and a cast of minor luminaries, this study in debauchery manages to be little more than irritating. You'll have a much better time at the Roy Rogers show down the street. (20th Century-Fox)

THE SPIRIT OF WEST POINT is a smoothly contrived and timely football yarn utilizing the acting and athletic services of Felix "Doc" Blanchard and Glenn Davis, the Army stars. As expected, the gridiron whiz twins give the football scenes a terrific boost, but in the dramatic portions they pass the ball to a group of camera professionals. The combination is a workable one and the story, which is a sketchy outline of the boys' lives before and after they met at the Point, manages to be more interesting than the usual concocted yarn. A semidocumentary technique has been used with some fine shots of last year's Army-Navy game piling thrill on thrill. A good bet for the football fans from Junior to Grandpa. (Film Classics)

Abbott and Costello go Western in **THE WISTFUL WIDOW OF WAGON GAP** and with the invaluable assistance of Majorie Main give the old horse-opera formula a bizarre twist. It isn't exactly the best comedy the team has made, nor is it the lowest on the list, but it will keep the Abbott-Costello followers happy until the final wild gasp. (Universal-International)

Danny Kaye runs a frantic gamut in the hilariously funny, **THE SECRET LIFE OF WALTER MITTY**, a rearranged version of the James Thurber story. As the daydreamer who finds himself involved in some preposterous situations, Kaye exhibits a talent not heretofore exhibited. When his director takes a hand and tones down the Kaye tendency to go berserk in his clowning, the result is good fun. Produced in gay Technicolor with Virginia Mayo, Boris Karloff, and Fay Bainter helping out, it adds up to an amusing twist on the *Milquetoast* theme. (Goldwyn-RKO)

Playguide

FOR THE FAMILY: *Ice Time of 1948*.

(On Tour) *Song of Norway*.

FOR ADULTS: *Oklahoma*; *Harvey*; *The Medium and The Telephone*; *Man and Superman*; *The Heiress*; (On Tour) *The Red Mill*; *State of the Union*; *Lady Windermere's Fan*, *I Remember Mama*; *Showboat*.

PARTLY OBJECTIONABLE: *Annie Get Your Gun*; *Born Yesterday*; *Brigadoon*; *Finian's Rainbow*; *Call Me Mister*; *Happy Birthday*; *John Loves Mary*; *Young Man's Fancy*; *Allegro*; *High Button Shoes*; *Under the Counter*; *Command Decision*; *All My Sons*; *Music in My Heart*.

PARTLY OBJECTIONABLE: (On Tour) *Angel Street*; *Anna Lucasta*; *Carousel*; *Chocolate Soldier*; *Another Part of the Forest*; *The Fatal Weakness*; *Sweethearts*.

COMPLETELY OBJECTIONABLE: *The Voice of the Turtle*; *Dear Judas*; *How I Wonder*; (On Tour) *Blackouts of 1948*; *O Mistress Mine*; *Tobacco Road*.

RADIO

by DOROTHY KLOCK

Candid Microphone

Beware the innocent gentleman next to you in the bus, carrying the package with the Chinese laundry ticket at its nether end. It may be masking—the Candid Microphone! Here's the radio program which clinches the argument that nothing's sacred, not even your most private conversation with your neighbor about what your respective wives are pleased to call hats. Allen-Funt thought up the trick—recording the conversation without the "victim's" knowledge that his remarks were being taped for posterity. (Funt uses portable recording equipment, employing magnetized tape.) It's all quite legal as the permission of the recorder, for want of a better designation, is secured before the interview is used for a broadcast.

Among the gems in recent weeks on the Funt jewel-counter are a loan shark explaining the if, why, when, and what of borrowing a little money; a slothful scholar in his principal's office; and a super-sandwich-salesman on the day's prelunch visit to a New York office. (ABC, Thursday, 8 to 8:30 P.M., E.S.T.)

The Ford Theater

Hour-long dramatic productions were unheard of when the *Radio Theater* took to the air a long time ago, but they have now established themselves as accepted and profitable tenants in Radio Row. But whether they belong on Sunday afternoon is another matter. For this writer's money, they do not, especially when they have dispossessed so familiar and welcome a resident of the 5 to 6 Sunday hour as the NBC Symphony. The basic material of the *Ford Theater* has been good so far, and well varied,—*The Connecticut Yankee*, *A Coffin for Demetrius*, *On Borrowed Time*, and *Ah Wilderness*, with the promise of some first performances of the specially written work of radio's writing best to come along in future months. But the music has been too loud, and there's been too much of it. The radio adaptations are spotty in their preparation.

In one area, the productions have shone. Veteran radio actors, trained in microphone techniques, have been used in stellar roles instead of someone who

brought nothing more than a name to the studio end of the program. It was a great pleasure to hear Parker Fennelly, the Titus Moody of the Fred Allen show, play Grandpa in *On Borrowed Time*, a part which gave him at long last something real to get his acting teeth into. Howard Lindsay as m. c. is rather surprisingly stuffy for a gentleman who knows his way around the footlights. The *Ford Theater* is still too new and brassy and young to be judged fairly. After the edges get smoothed down a little, let's talk about it again. But meanwhile, that Sunday twilight spot is going to compete with chicken and dumplings all over the country. Detroit papers please copy! NBC, Sunday, 5 to 6 P.M., E.S.T.)



Barbara Whitmore and Officer Clancy on "Candid Microphone"

Ladies on the Air

The Women's Bureau of the U. S. Department of Labor has come up with an informative little publication which should set right a great deal of fanciful feminine thinking. It is called "Women in Radio," and here are some of the facts it reveals which will be of interest to anyone who yearns for the kilocycles while wielding the broom.

Women make up only 28 per cent of the employees in the radio industry.

The public has turned a deaf ear to women announcers, except in certain sections of the South, where "announcer-ettes" are well received.

The biggest money field for women is writing the daytime serial.

The percentage of women in television is likely to remain higher than in radio, because of the need for the fair sex in the roles of actresses, costume designers, wardrobe mistresses, script girls, make-up artists, researchers, editors, and writers.

All right, Mom, hang up the dish towel, and tell the gals to move over. There's room for you too!

World Security Workshop

The American Broadcasting Company inaugurated this series last year as one of its best gestures in the direction of using the people's air for the promotion of the people's peace. Its first format was dramatic—half-hour, one-unit productions, the scripts chosen from a verbal shower from the pens of freelance writers. In keeping with its avowed purpose of varying the format, if that seemed desirable in achieving the ends for which the program is designed, the new series is in discussion form. The moderator is Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt and the participants in the discussions are UN delegates and officials. A direct appeal to the interests of women-listeners is made by using as interrogators each week two of the women acting as observers at the UN, on behalf of the women's clubs which they represent.

The series shows much promise but there are many kinks which need quick ironing in the weeks to come. Mrs. Roosevelt's position as a member of the United States delegation to the General Assembly gives prestige to her position as moderator, but she still has one of the least attractive voices on the air. Occasionally, there is too much of us-girls-together when she turns to one of the ladies for a question. And her guest participants in the discussion should remember that it is a discussion and not an occasion for solo flights of oratory. The ingredients are of sound nutrition but the program needs the hand of a better chef. (ABC, Sunday, 12:30 to 1:00 P.M., E.S.T.)

You ought to know that . . .

ARTURO TOSCANINI will present Verdi's *Othello* in two parts, on the NBC Symphony broadcasts on December 6 and 13 (Saturday, 6:30—7:45, E.S.T.) The broadcast will be lengthened a quarter of an hour each of those days to make performance of the complete opera possible.

DR. CHRISTIAN, in the person of Jean Hersholt who has played that kindly medical gentleman since he first took to the air on November 7, 1937, was tendered a testimonial party in Beverly Hills, on the occasion of the tenth anniversary of the

Happy Match Birthday



IT WAS 120 years ago that the first friction match was invented—by an English druggist, John Walker.

Since 1827 the match has grown into a major industry and today is an indispensable part of everyday life. In the United States alone we use about 1,700,000,000 matches a day. This represents an average of fourteen per day for each man, woman, and child. Of these 5.6 are free, distributed with cigars, cigarettes, tobacco, and for advertising purposes—a practice peculiar to the U. S. A.

To fire his El Corono Ropo, the dashing young man about 1810 nonchalantly removed a small bottle of sulphuric acid from his vest pocket and dipped a chemically treated splint into it. If the splint didn't explode and singe his moustache, it burst into flame like a torch. The fact that the acid sometimes ate through his vest and etched his chest didn't bother the chemical match user of 130 years ago. He felt that it was a far better means of getting a light than nursing some sparks from flint and steel.

The first friction match wasn't exactly a will o' the wisp. When struck it went off like a firecracker, sputtering and sparking, and smelled like a glue factory. Known as a "Congreve," Walker's match was a wooden stick about three inches long, tipped with a mixture of antimony sulphide, potassium chlorate, and a little gum to hold the chemicals together.

Walker was a good druggist but a poor businessman. He neglected to take out a patent on his match, and it was quickly adopted by Sam Jones, an enterprising young son of John Bull. Sam went into the match business on a big scale and he gave to the vesuvian its never-to-be-forgotten name, "Lucifer."

Matches not only brought death to the poor workers who made them, but to others as well. Suicides and murders were perpetrated with the poisonous heads. Rats and mice were fond of the yellow-white phosphorus and started many fatal fires by gnawing on the chemical.

In 1911 William Fairburn, an American match chemist, invented a nonpoisonous match, using phosphorus sesquisulphide in place of the poisonous phosphorus. For some reason rodents have no appetite for the new match heads and seldom dine on them.

There are two kinds of matches in general use: strike-anywhere and safety. About two-hundred billion of the former and three-hundred billion of the latter are manufactured each year in the U. S.

The strike-anywhere match consists of three chemical layers. The outside layer, at the tip of the splint, is the "fire tip". Below this, extending about one-quarter inch along the splint, is the "bulb." The inside layer is paraffin. Finally there is the splint itself.

The burning takes place in steps, corresponding to the layers. When a match is rubbed on a surface, the friction generates enough heat to burn the fire tip which has a low kindling point. The heat produced by the burning fire tip kindles the bulb. The bulb in turn fires the paraffin. The paraffin ignites the wood splint. Each layer serves to light the next lower layer which has a higher kindling point.

The safety match differs from the strike-anywhere only in that it requires a specially treated friction surface to ignite it.

Two-thirds of the output of safety-matches is in book form which first appeared in 1892. The earliest book matches were far from safe—the striking surface was located on the inside. Although this was soon remedied, book matches didn't attract attention. But in 1896 a large brewing company ordered ten million books for advertising purposes. From that time on their popularity was assured.

The last major contribution to match history came during World War II. The War Department asked match companies to develop a waterproof match, for use in the South Pacific where rainy seasons drench the ordinary variety into uselessness. In 1943 a waterproof match which burns even after ten hours under water was developed and used by our armed forces.

ART BROMIRSKI

series. (CBS, Wednesday, 8:30—8:55 P.M., E.S.T.) The party also served to salute Mr. Hersholt for his work in the motion picture industry. He is president of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences and of the Motion Picture Relief Fund. Since the inauguration six years ago of the Dr. Christian Award script contest, the program has been called "the radio drama series written by the listening audience." A prize-winning script is broadcast each week.

THE TELEPHONE HOUR (NBC, Monday, 9—9:30 P.M., E.S.T.) brings to the microphone two of America's best loved musical artists, Ezio Pinza, basso of the Metropolitan Opera, on December 8, and Jascha Heifetz, violinist, on December 15.

FORDHAM UNIVERSITY'S WFUV, an educational, noncommercial frequency modulation station located on the Bronx, New York, campus, was dedicated on Sunday afternoon, October 26. Cardinal Spellman presided at exercises broadcast from the WFUV studios in Keating Hall. WFUV broadcasts daily, seven days a week, from 9 to 11 A.M. and from 4 to 8 P.M., on 90.7 megacycles. A description of the Mass is given each morning direct from the Blue Chapel, on the same floor in Keating Hall as the WFUV studios.

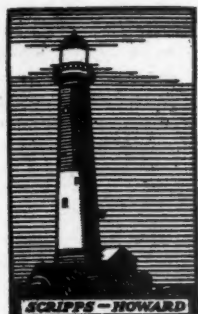
THE THEATRE GUILD is now venturing into television with a series called, not surprisingly, Theatre Guild Television, on WNBT in New York, and on the four-city NBC East Coast television network comprising WNBT and stations in Washington, Philadelphia, and Schenectady. The first production was an hour-long presentation of St. John Ervine's *John Ferguson* on Sunday, November 9, featuring Thomas Mitchell and Joyce Redman.

DAMON RUNYON'S FAMOUS TALES will be dramatized in a series of fifty-two half-hour programs on NBC. The first of the series will be heard early next spring and film actor Pat O'Brien will be the star of all of them.

CHRISTOPHER WELLS is the man for you if you like adventure stories with a new twist in the type of hero. This one's a newspaper and radio columnist. He is played by veteran actor Myron McCormick, (Sunday, CBS, 10:00 to 10:30 E.S.T.)

A CHRISTMAS CYCLE of five broadcasts, dramatizing the story of the birth of Christ, from the time when John the Baptist heralded His coming through the time at which the three wise men separated to go their own ways, will be heard on *The Greatest Story Ever Told* broadcasts from November 30 through December 28. (ABC, Sunday, 6:30 P.M., E.S.T.)

If you are one of the two and a half millions
who are served daily by the Scripps-Howard chain,
or if you're not for that matter, you'll want to read this



Give Them Light

by WILLIAM E. TAYLOR

EDWARD WYLLIS SCRIPPS, founder of the Scripps-Howard newspaper empire, came out second best in his one living encounter with that other giant of American journalism, Joseph Pulitzer.

After a vain struggle to make a success of the *St. Louis Chronicle* in 1883, the very same year that Pulitzer invaded New York to buy the *World*, Scripps admitted, "I was up against a better man. Joseph Pulitzer, who ran the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, beat me at my own game."

Scripps was to have his revenge, although neither man lived to see it. Nearly half a century later, despite Pulitzer's strict injunction to his heirs to preserve the *World*, that prized possession was swallowed up by Scripps-Howard in 1931 and merged with the *New York Telegram*.

Thus Pulitzer's *World* lives on in name at least in the Scripps-Howard showpiece, the *New York World-Telegram*. It leads all other eighteen newspapers in the chain with a circulation of nearly four hundred thousand. Other S-H newspapers, notably the *Cleveland Press*, *Pittsburgh Press*, *Memphis Commercial Appeal*, and *Cincinnati Post* may be more successful financially, but the "World-Telly" is the apple of Bossman Roy W. Howard's eye.

Howard lists himself as President and Editor on the editorial page masthead of the "World-Telly," right beside the light-house, symbol of the Scripps-Howard motto, "Give Light and the People Will Find Their Own Way." The only other paper of the chain that carries his name is the *Indianapolis Times*. It is a constant reminder to Indianapolis that the little Howard boy, son of a railroad brakeman who might have lived had he been able to raise \$1,000 to seek a healthier climate

after he contracted tuberculosis, has made good. When his father died, Howard had to go to work on the *Indianapolis News* at eight dollars a week to help support his mother.

Critics of Howard as a journalist and policymaker who has led the Scripps-Howard press away from the extremely pro-labor policies established by Scripps forget that the shrewd, thrifty founder hand-picked Howard to guide the destiny of the chain. When the Scripps-Howard papers went all-out in support of the Wagner Act Howard was in the saddle, and he directed the fight for the bill. Today he thinks the Taft-Hartley Bill is a basically sound measure, but that "Republicans will be awfully stupid if they don't make the changes necessary in that measure."

On the subject of Communism, Roy Howard expresses the view that it is today's biggest issue—"probably the most serious problem confronting the nation." He believes that the Catholic Church is the most intelligent foe of Communism today.

Founder Scripps was a maze of contradictions. He established his papers "to serve the masses." He felt that "poverty and unemployment are a waste. They are uneconomic. They are poor business. They are poor administration. But you can't remedy them by revolution, nor even by socialism. They are business troubles and they must be handled by businessmen."

At the same time, Scripps made it a rule never to pay a man what he was worth if the man was willing to work for less. But he made millions for some of his editors and business managers, by giving them stock interests in addition to a mini-

mum wage. He launched his papers on shoestrings; the fabulously successful *Cleveland Press* was started on a capital of \$10,000, leaped out of the red in little more than a year. His editorial support of unions cost him nothing.

Howard lost a battle with the American Newspaper Guild when it forced upon the chain a general increase in minimum wages and establishment of severance pay. That acceptance of union policy cost Scripps-Howard many millions a year. On this, Howard says that Mr. Scripps told him at one time: "You are going to have to take a strike when you are dealing with labor; if you don't accept that policy then labor will dictate to you."

Today, despite the fingerpointing of many so-called liberals, the Scripps-Howard newspapers can cite an impressive record of recognized public service.

Three years in a row, Scripps-Howard men captured Pulitzer prizes for distinguished reporting—Thomas L. Stokes in 1939, S. Burton Heath in 1940, and Westbrook Pegler (now with Hearst) in 1941. And Frederick Woltman of the *World-Telegram* received the 1947 award for his investigation of Communist activities and the identification of Gerhard Eisler as a top Communist agent in the United States. Woltman, who has grown up with the *W-T*, received honorable mention several times before, once for "clear, exact, and understanding writing" in reporting the status of suburban New York banks after the 1933 bank holiday.

The *World* under Pulitzer ownership captured one Pulitzer award for disinterested and meritorious public service from 1918 to 1931, and Scripps-Howard newspapers did the same with the *Indianapolis Times* in 1928 for exposure of political corruption.

Then in 1933, the *World-Telegram* captured the public service award for a four-barreled crusade—for articles on the campaign to write in Joseph V. McKee for mayor; revelations of irregularities

The News You Get -- XIV

December, 1947

51



Founder Edward Wyllis Scripps

and extravagances in administration of veterans' relief; an investigation into the mortgage bond situation; and an inquiry leading to prosecution of lottery frauds by fraternal orders.

That was a big year for the "World-Telly," for it furnished the sole complete editorial backing for Fiorello H. LaGuardia for mayor, and Howard prided himself on picking a winner. For that achievement, he even received a gold medal from the Alumni Association of the rival *New York Post*. Now all that he gets from the *Post* is the back of its hand.

It remained for the late Ernie Pyle, homespun correspondent of the battlefront, to capture for Scripps-Howard its sole Pulitzer award in foreign correspondence, in 1944. Howard travels all over the world and obtained the first interview ever granted by Emperor Hirohito, in 1933, but none of the foreign correspondence that flowed into Scripps-Howard offices had ever been deemed worthy of the Pulitzer award. The *World's* ace foreign staff, including Arnaldo Cortesi, John L. Balderston, and William Bolitho, was scrapped at the time of the merger, and the *World-Telegram*, like the other papers of the chain, relied on the United Press for the bulk of its wire and cable news.

George B. Parker, editor-in-chief of Scripps-Howard papers, captured the Pulitzer Prize jointly with Felix Morley of the *Washington Post* for the best editorial writing in 1936. In the cartooning field, H. M. Talburt in 1933, Herbert L. Brock in 1942, and Sgt. Bill Mauldin in 1945 took awards for Scripps and affiliated enterprises.

Readability always has been a prime consideration in the production of Scripps-Howard newspapers, with a heavy emphasis on entertainment value. Howard is a stickler for brevity, for endless quantities of short, bright stories that don't tax the mental capacities of the readers too strongly. Scientific readership surveys show his thinking to be correct; actually,

he is an excellent editor and a sensitive judge of news values, in addition to possessing the business and promotional acumen that has made him a fortune.

There is little doubt that the *World-Telegram*, regardless of any policy questions, is the most readable full-sized evening newspaper in New York City today. But right now it appears caught in the doldrums, away below the prewar quality of its strongest department—features.

Emphasis on entertainment has made the papers of the chain, and especially the New York outlet, a fertile field for up-and-coming writers with a flair for feature writing. When such a newspaperman shows signs of developing, Lee B. Wood, Executive Editor of the *World-Telegram*, gives him every encouragement to further his talents.

Some of today's best-known popular writers developed on the "World-Telly" in the years before the war. H. Allen Smith, author of *Low Man on a Totem Pole* and other entertaining books, went from the United Press to the rewrite staff of the paper about 1935. He first won recognition for his entertaining handling of the weather shorts, little stories built around the weather forecasts for the day. Embellished by a character called Arpad, drawn by Cartoonist Bill Pause, Smith's weather stories soon became a must with most "World-Telly" readers.

Soon Smith was starring with zany interviews with zany people, and was accumulating a vast background for his own particular brand of humor. When he had accumulated enough to put into a book, he wrote *Low Man* and the paper lost him.

Another writer of great stature, A. J. Liebling of the *New Yorker*, almost has been able to make a career of poking fun at Roy Howard and his loud shirts, and at the idiosyncracies of Scripps-Howard editors in general. Liebling's career with the paper ended with an abortive Saturday magazine produced under the guidance

of Wesley Price, now a *Saturday Evening Post* editor and specialist on aviation. Some of the finest reporting to come out of the war, and the most devastating critiques of New York newspapers in the Wayward Press section of the *New Yorker*, have been done by Liebling.

Another *New Yorker* writer, Joseph Mitchell, celebrated for *McSorley's Wonderful Saloon*, also did brilliant work for the "World-Telly." He left the paper before the war, and some of his best writing, notably the series on Capt. Hugh Flood, a completely fictional character so beautifully done that any reader will insist he is real, has been published since.

Asa Bordages, magazine writer and playwright, also produced sparkling copy for the prewar paper. Perhaps his greatest claim to fame, despite the many fine articles he has written since (he hit both *Collier's* and *Saturday Evening Post* with articles appearing the same week), came one night on the lobster rewrite desk. He was given the facts on a fantastic chain of murders in gangland. He twisted a sheet of paper into his typewriter, and quickly typed the words, "Murder, Inc."—a name for the sinister murder band that caught the fancy of the whole country.

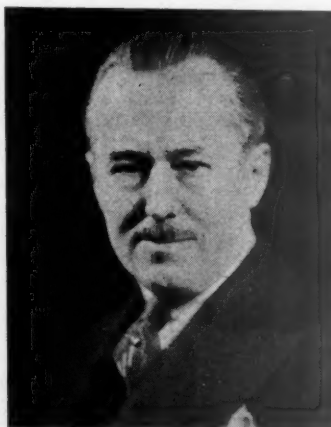
Elliott Arnold, successful novelist, and Cecil Carnes, biographer of John L. Lewis, are other graduates of the paper who have gone on to better jobs.

"That was a colossal school of writers," another *W-T* graduate who left for a pot of movie press-agentry gold, remarked recently. "Now it's an Oh, Gee Whiz! school. Maybe they'll learn, too."

Time has taken a serious toll of the Scripps-Howard columnists. Just before the war, the first page of the second section, known as the split page, contained as powerful an aggregation of name writers as could be found anywhere. You might well disagree with any or all of them, but their writing usually packed a punch.

Ernie Pyle and Raymond Clapper are gone, war casualties. Heywood Broun left the paper to write for the *New York Post* after a long series of clashes with Howard which grew acrimonious after he founded the Newspaper Guild. Broun died after his first column had been published in the *Post*. He had become converted to Catholicism about a year before his death, and mentioned in a column that there was no conflict but rather basic harmony between his labor views and those of the Catholic Church.

Gen. Hugh Johnson, the refugee from the New Deal, is dead, too, possibly a victim of his own cholera. Pegler is out of the *World-Telegram*, a deserter to Hearst, but he still appears in other Scripps-Howard newspapers, among them the *Cleveland Press*. Roy Howard remarks, "We are still close friends, but I didn't hire him as a labor-baiter."



Bossman Roy Wilson Howard

Today the *World-Telegram* and the other papers of the chain can play around with the new wonder boy of United Features, Robert C. Ruark; Tom Stokes, winner of the 1947 Raymond Clapper award and storm center of a freedom-of-the-press dispute with Scripps-Howard; William Philip Simms, middle-of-the-road foreign editor and long-time associate of Howard; Frederick Othman, witty and easiest to read of the lot; Peter Edson and Lyle Wilson, Washington writers on the heavy think side, and, of course, Eleanor Roosevelt.

Ruark appears to be following Pegler's pattern in obtaining recognition as a columnist by writing provocative articles on controversial subjects, a technique that some quarters insist is inspired by Howard. Ruark, however, says he thought up his formula for himself, namely, looking around for the biggest rock he can find to throw.

His first sensation was an attack on the appearance of American women as they looked to a returning veteran: "Hats? a hat is a spittoon, is a hood, is an ashtray, is a bundle of laundry, is a hat. I have seen handsomer headdresses on cannibals."

That column drew twenty-five hundred reader letters, about half indignant, half commendatory. His most recent sensation, the attack on Gen. John Lee's occupation administration in Italy as discriminatory against the G. I., won national recognition in the news columns for Ruark and did bring about some reforms for benefit of the G. I. The benefit to Ruark, of course, is inestimable.

Oddly enough, Pegler got off to a similar start with a column applauding the lynching of two men accused of kidnapping at San Jose, California. A. J. Liebling, in a profile on Howard appearing in the *New Yorker* in 1941, says that Howard thought the column about right for a new columnist who wanted to attract attention. Howard told Forrest Davis, another Scripps-Howard alumnus, that he tried to persuade Pegler not to run the column, but Pegler broke the agreement that he would not "use" the column.

A famous column by Tom Stokes proclaiming that the threat to our freedom and democracy stems from the right and not the left was promptly scuttled by the *World-Telegram*.

Stokes went to bat, protesting omission of the column and of other columns as well as a violation of freedom of the press. Under a long-term contract with the

WILLIAM E. TAYLOR, in magazine work since 1945, was a copy editor on the old "New York World" and later head of the copy desk on the N. Y. "World-Telegram." Until 1944 he was an editor on the "Chicago Sun."



Freedom-of-press man Stokes and (right) new wonder boy Ruark

Scripps-Howard headliners: Pulitzer prize winner Fred Woltman



Scripps' United Feature Syndicate (United Press, Scripps-Howard Newspaper Alliance, NEA Service, and Acme Newspictures are other S-H possessions), he invited all Scripps-Howard newspapers to cancel his contracts. Six accepted, nine refused. His papers fell only from 112 to 107, for he picked up another one en route.

Editor & Publisher, newspaper trade journal, defended the omission of columns editorially, saying there was no variance with basic freedom of the press, that editors frequently discard columns for many reasons, and an editor should retain the right to edit his newspapers.

Stokes wasn't the first to suffer the indignity, either. More than one of Broun's fell by the wayside in his later years, including an amusing attack on what he called the A F of L's attempt to streamline William Green by teaching him to take a cocktail in public and place a bet on the horses at the horse park. That one was dropped on the ground that Broun, as a founder of the CIO Newspaper Guild, was taking unfair advantage of his columnar privilege.

Critics make much of the charge that Howard, by inspiring his pet columnists to attack things he doesn't like but disclaiming editorial responsibility therefor, distorts freedom of the press beyond recognition. Howard declares, "I never inspire the columns, and I don't see them until they are in type."

Editorially, however, the papers generally seem to be taking on a much more liberal hue than in the days when attacks on Roosevelt measures, lend-lease, aid-to-Britain were the rule. The *Cleveland*

Press, in blazing headlines last October 29, played up the report of the Truman Committee on Civil Rights, while playing down the sensational, name-studded Hollywood hearing in Washington.

In an editorial the same day, the *Press* declared: "It would be a great thing if there were the leadership in this city to marshal all right-thinking executives in industry and commerce to pledge themselves: 'We will take positive action to see that job and professional activities are created for Negroes. Yes, and for any other persons and groups who face employment bars because of prejudice.'"

And October 30, the *Pittsburgh Press* commented editorially, "The President's committee on civil rights has done the American people a signal service. . . . Freedom and equality will not be secure for any of us until they are secure for all of us."

With such philosophies coming from the pens of Scripps-Howard editors, it seems a sound assumption that the nineteen Scripps-Howard newspapers serving more than 2,500,000 readers are still continuing to cast a fair measure of the light that E. W. Scripps wanted to throw onto the affairs of men.



Locked in his heart there was a memory that

passing years could not tarnish—a

memory of beauty and tenderness and

a boy's moment of glory

The Tenderness

by ROBERT CORMIER

CHRISTMAS EVE in Monument Park is crystal, snowfall, and sleigh bells. It is a breathless moment caught in time, a moment you can almost hold in your hands as well as in your heart. Christmas Eve is a tenderness, a dream, a sudden miracle. It is all those things when you are thirteen years old and love is a gentle whispering in your heart.

She was Sister Angela, pure as the snow that covered the field behind my house before someone made tracks across it, tender as a carol sung at Midnight Mass, as distant as the sequined star topping the Christmas tree.

There were times, though, when she was not far away from me, times when my heart could reach out and brush against hers. Those were the moments when I played my music lesson for her. She would sit beside me on the piano bench and hum along with the little tune I was playing. And because she was beautiful in the chaste, ethereal way that only nuns are beautiful, my fingers would stumble and falter. I wanted to be Brahms and Chopin for her, all the magic names in the music book I studied. Somehow, though, my fingers would perspire and slip off the black keys, and she would frown and shake her head.

"If you liked practicing as well as football, you'd be a genius, Phillip," she'd say, with laughter in her eyes.

Sister Angela was a boy's nun, the kind of nun who knew all about baseball and football. Once she told me that her brother played football in college and was captain of the team. Whenever she talked about sports or of the things

dear to a lad's heart, all I could do was sit there and say: "Gee."

Saturday mornings were the best times to have Sister Angela give me my lesson, even though it meant giving up playing football with the team. On Saturday morning, the school was quiet and hushed. Sometimes, after the lessons were over, Sister Angela and I talked together. I told her one day of the loneliness, the loneliness of boyhood, and she smiled sadly and shook her head and rumped my hair. It seems incredible now that a boy of thirteen and a nun would have so much to talk about together, but it happens that way sometimes.

All during the autumn before that Christmas, it was that way: loving her so much in the pure, wistful way of a boy, knowing the loneliness of rainy evenings when I sat at the piano practicing while my brothers teased me about being the sister's pet, going through the hundreds of inconveniences that piano lessons meant, washing my hands in the inadequate washroom at the school so that I appeared for my lessons with fingers streaked with dirt, not playing with my brothers and cousins on Saturday mornings.

All of it was for her.

In the evenings after supper, I sometimes played "Blacksmith" with my friends in the schoolyard. When darkness crept over the hedges bordering the convent, a Sister would lean out and clap her hands and send us away. Once in a while, I stayed behind after the others had departed, pretending that I had lost a pencil—or a penny. The huge building, sprawled awkwardly in the

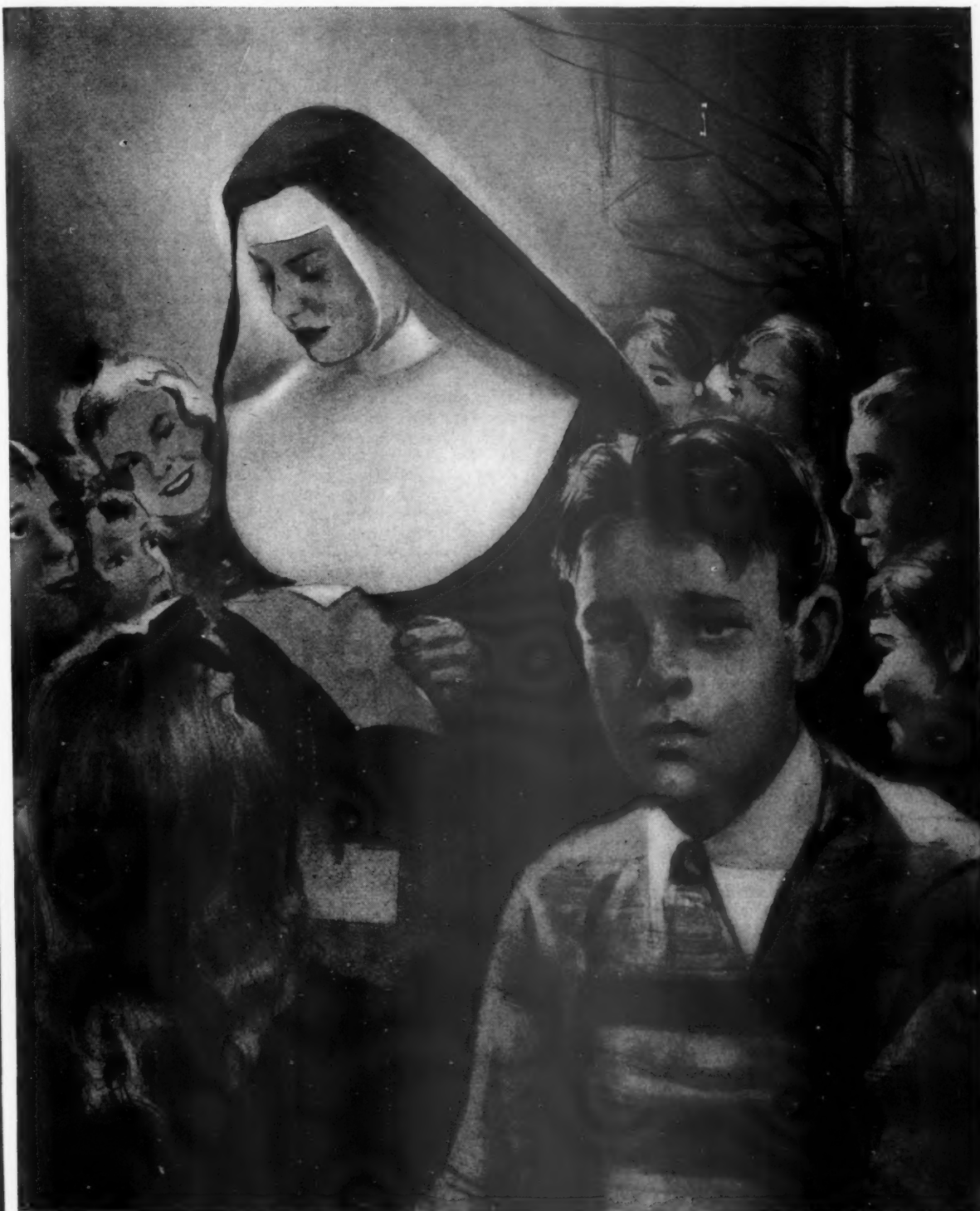
half darkness, would be withdrawn into its own loneliness. And I would lean against one of the maple trees and dream of the Christmas Recital and how I would win her heart with my performance.

Each year, on the afternoon of Christmas Eve, the recital is held. It is the crowning point of the first semester of schooling. Students with honors, with perfect attendance, without *Unsatisfactories* on their report cards could participate. Naturally, everyone wanted to recite a poem, act in a play, or be a member of the orchestra; even the kids who skipped school once in a while and got into fights in the schoolyard. My only chance was at playing in the orchestra.

The day came when I was called into the music room along with twenty or thirty other students. Sister Angela stood at the desk beside the piano, and the light slanting into the room played across her face. How beautiful she is, I thought, as she explained the meaning of the assembly. She said that we were gathered there to be told of the various participants who had been chosen for the recital.

I stood there, with a rising pressure in my throat, as she read the list. Vivien Pelletier . . . violin . . . Armand Arnault . . . violin . . . Jean Paul LaCroix . . . trumpet . . . Andre Chabot . . . piano . . . Alphonse St. Jean . . . poem.

ROBERT CORMIER, alumnus of Fitchburg State Teachers College, has written frequently for our pages. He is at present employed as a script writer for Station WTAG, in Worcester, Mass.



ILLUSTRATED BY MAY BURKE

Sister Angela's head was bent over the paper and she did not look at me

PRAYER TO ST. AGNES

by SISTER HELEN DOLORES, C. S. J.

*O blessed Agnes, holocaust for purity,
Send us in these our days a courage like to thine.
Make us revere our undeserved nobility
That we, of Spirit born, may show our life divine;
That we, His handmaids freely serving may not cease
Keeping aglow the clear white flame of purity.
Only the torches of pure lives shall lead to peace.
Guard in our women's souls this bright security.
Raise up to join us legions strong in will and heart,
Holy through innocence or brought to grace again,
Firm in the living faith that God will take their part
Who glow with purity and trust in Him. Amen.*

... The list went on and on and Sister Angela's head was bent over the paper and she did not look at me.

My name was not read. There were two pianos in the orchestra, and my name was not there.

Some of the children ran out of the room, whispering with excitement, and others walked slowly, bowed with disappointment—and I was standing there alone. Between the time of the reading of the names and the departure of the students, the sun went out and the room became shadowed. All white and black. Sister Angela busied herself at the desk, arranging books and papers, humming a song. She was the only nun who ever hummed a song.

There was nothing to say and I turned toward the door. She called to me: "Phillip."

I turned to her. My eyes burned and my chin kept puckering up, but I looked into her oval face and saw the blue flowers that were her eyes.

She came to me. "Phillip," she said, "do you know how many students are studying piano?"

"No, Sister."

THERE are seventeen. Many have taken lessons for years. You wouldn't want to play the piano at the recital and let someone else who had studied so hard stand by, would you?"

"No, Sister."

She placed her hand on my head and ruffled my hair. "There will be other years, Phillip, and other recitals. Someday you shall be a great pianist." She smiled. "Or a football player."

I ran all the way home. I didn't practice piano that day. I sat in the house watching the other kids playing in the yard.

In Monument Park that year, Christmas came slowly. First, the store windows were decorated with red and green, and imitation Christmas trees and chim-

neys with stockings hanging down. Then, the lampposts were dressed with holly and strung with silver bells. Mr. Lucier opened his "Toyland" in the basement of his department store, and every Saturday afternoon Santa Claus made an appearance. My cousins, my brothers, and I stood on the sidewalk, laughing at the small children who entered the store, wide-eyed, cheeks glowing. Children who still believed in Santa Claus. Later, we walked home silently, wondering why we were sad.

And everywhere I went . . . the movies, the empty lot near the railroad tracks where we played cowboys and Indians, the public dump where we hit tin cans with slingshots, she was always with me, a secret sorrow in my heart.

My lessons continued and, one day, as I was playing my lessons, she said: "Phillip, did you ever see a castanet?"

My fingers dropped quickly from the keyboard. "No, Sister."

"They're fine instruments, Phillip. They add a rhythmic touch to any piece of music. You'll see, though."

"Me, Sister?"

"Yes, because you are going to play in the orchestra at the recital."

You can't kiss a nun. You can only sit there and feel the sudden joy rising in your breast, flooding your heart, so that you can only say: "Gee, Sister Angela, gee."

It was growing too cold to play football, but there had been no snow, yet. Even though the ground was hard and frozen, we played. I made three touchdowns. No one could stop me that day. No one could bring me down. My feet ran over the gray, unyielding earth, but my heart skipped through December skies.

Like all Christmas Recitals, it was a success. Outside of the hall, snow tumbled silently to the grounds, but inside—proud parents sat in the audience, squirming self-consciously. I saw my mother and father in the audience and

they smiled, tentatively, at me. My mother had said: "Please, Phillip, please don't trip when you walk on the stage."

The program went on and time fled swiftly. Most of the songs and poems of the recital are forgotten now, but there was something I shall never forget.

Sister Angela stood off the stage, near the improvised stage curtain, and she watched us playing and kept time with the music by the nodding of her head. I looked at her, and once again, wonder at her beauty overwhelmed me. I looked into her eyes and lost myself for a moment in the blueness of them. She smiled at me—and then the miracle occurred—she winked. She winked at me. Sister Angela.

NOW I am sitting at the desk in the study and snow is a falling curtain outside the window. The radio is turned on and a Christmas carol fills the room. Irma is doing the last-minute Christmas shopping: a few more colored bulbs for the tree, more tinsel. I had bought some earlier but they were not the right colors. Irma said that a husband could not be expected to buy the proper materials anyway.

It is the first hour of Christmas Eve and, soon, Irma and Joey and I will go to my father's house for the annual reunion.

There is always a time to be sentimental and, with the music of the holiday all around me, I think of the recital. We have just returned from the recital at the school, and Irma and I sat, very proudly, watching Joey play the piano in the orchestra. I noticed that no one played a castanet. It made me feel a little sad, but happy, too, and I took Irma's hand in mine and pressed it.

When we arrived home, Joey walked around the house, triumphant. He seemed to dance as he circled the Christmas tree and looked out of the window at the snow whirling down. Finally, he turned to me and said: "You know what, Dad?"

"What?" I replied.

"Well," he said, "I was playing the piano and Sister Theresa, my music teacher, looked at me . . . and you know what she did, Dad?"

I might have told him—but it was his moment of glory.

"She winked at me. Can you tie that, Dad? Sister Theresa winked at me."

Christmas Eve is here now, and in Monument Park it is always crystal, snowfall, and sleigh bells. It is a breathless moment caught in time, a moment you can almost hold in your hands as well as your heart. Christmas Eve is a tenderness, a dream, a sudden miracle. It is all those things when you are thirteen years old and love is a gentle whispering in your heart.

'twill Please again

Items Humorous or

Unusual on Matters of

Great or Little Moment

Gridiron Hijinks

► EXTRAVAGANZAS THAT WOULD do credit to Ziegfeld are today presented as added attractions on the football field, according to Robert McDowell, writing in "Sportfolio." Some of Mr. McDowell's observations:

No section of the country has a monopoly on gridiron added attractions. The East with its older rivalries offers songs and cheers that date back to the game's earliest days. The South often proves that lovely feminine cheerleaders and their twirling skirts can be more attractive than a 220-lb. center. The Middle West presents some of the nation's finest marching musicians, and smartly attired Southwestern aggregations originated the widely imitated swing music bands. And out on the Pacific Coast rooting sections bring "oohs" and "aahs" from the crowd with an amazing collection of stadium card stunts.

Cheering and intermission-time entertainment date back to ancient days. Pre-Olympic Greek athletic festivals included performances by jugglers, clowns, and acrobats. The historic Tailtean Games in Ireland, which go back some three thousand years, mixed poetry recitations and musical renditions with sporting events.

It has been in this country, however, that cheering and pageantry at athletic contests have reached organized heights. The *Encyclopedia Britannica* declares slyly that "rhythmic cheering has been developed to its greatest extent in America in the college yells which may be regarded as a development of the primitive war cry." . . .

And there's no end in sight to the flourishing rah-rah racket. Several universities grant band scholarships, and many a musical director pursues a promising musician with the zeal of a grid coach trying to land a star halfback.

Football entertainment has become a big business and it draws the paying customers. Student hijinks are putting that all-important jingle in the cash register.

He Starts Them Off

► JAMES V. O'GARA, JR., writes on Jack Lavelle, well-known football talent scout and track starter, in the "Holy Name Journal." A few paragraphs:

Next time you go off to a track meet, indoors or out, take a look at the man with the gun near the starting line. If he's bigger than the giants in weight throw, chances are you're watching America's ace track starter, 300-pound Jack Lavelle. . . .

A hundred pounds ago (circa 1926), Lavelle was a three-letter man at Notre Dame. He was best with the javelin and discus. He played guard on Rockne's second squad, but twice

broke his shoulder. "Rock" then appointed him a grid scout.

Probably his most spectacular scouting success came in 1943 when he, alone of all football sleuths, discovered a flaw in the ball-toting habits of the great Glenn Davis. Jack noted that an alert opponent could steal the pigskin from galloping Glenn. It was Jim White, N.D. tackle, who proved Jack right when the Irish played Army that year. White swiped the ball from Davis inside Army's 10-yard line. A minute later Notre Dame hit paydirt. . . .

It was during a track meet in Madison Square Garden a few seasons ago that Jack had an experience he'd rather forget. About to send a group of sprinters speeding down the boards, Lavelle got the athletes poised, then pressed the trigger of his blank pistol. Nobody moved faster than Jack when the gun went off. He had "shot" himself in the hand.

One wag, advised of the gargantuan gunman's misfortune, cracked:

"Shot himself? How could he miss?"

Easy Does It

► THE FOLLOWING PARAGRAPHS are reprinted from a "Journal of Living" condensation of a chapter from Dr. Wingate Johnson's "The Years After Fifty":

The late Dr. William H. Welch, known affectionately to successive generations of Johns Hopkins students as "Popsy," was fond of saying that he never took any more exercise than he had to. Inasmuch as it could be truly said of him until he died at the ripe age of eighty-four that "his eye was not dim, nor his natural force abated," his opinion is certainly entitled to respect. Chauncey Depew, who lacked eighteen days of living to be ninety-four years old, has been quoted as saying that he got his only exercise by acting as pallbearer for his friends who took exercise. It may be recalled that Walter Camp, who was for many years the very personification of American athletics and who claimed by his famous "daily dozen" set of exercises to have kept President Wilson and his Cabinet physically fit during the first World War, himself failed by several years to live out the Psalmist's limit. The only member of the Cabinet who declined to take this daily drill was Josephus Daniels, whose birthday is given in *Who's Who in America* as May 18, 1862. Now well past the four-score mark, he is still writing his usual vigorous editorials for his daily paper, the Raleigh, North Carolina, *News and Observer*. Mr. Daniels attributes his good health and active mind in part to the fact that he has always abstained from unnecessary exercise. . . .

The above observations are not intended to frighten the reader into abstaining from all exercise, but to encourage him to limit his physical activity to forms and amounts suitable to his age, nationality, and physical condition. Certainly

it is only the exceptional individual who should play a stiff game of tennis or engage in foot races after he has passed the age of forty. For the mature, golf is perhaps the most nearly ideal game involving physical exertion, but even golf may easily be overdone. . . .

Substantially the same warning applies to hunting, fishing, swimming, and most other outdoor recreations. If a hunting expedition means setting an alarm clock to cheat oneself of really needed sleep, walking until the limit of endurance is reached, and then eating a tremendous meal, it is probable that more harm than good is accomplished.

Doll Collectors

► *LITTLE GIRLS ARE NOT the only people who like to play with dolls. Many grownups collect and restore old dolls as a hobby. From an article by Beryll Dill Kneen in "This Week":*

How would you like to live in a house with from one thousand to two thousand dolls of all ages, kinds, and nationalities? Several members of the Dollology Club of Washington live in such a paradise for girls, and the dolls they own represent the art and workmanship and the love that has been lavished on dolls since the beginning of recorded time.

Dolls rank next to stamps as a hobby, though dollology has not received the publicity that philately has been given. In the collections owned by some thirty members of the Dollology Club may be found examples of the work of all the famous doll makers of the world, loving restorations and redressing of dolls by the members, carved wooden dolls, portrait dolls representing members of the family or famous characters of literature, drama, and history. In short—the club has dolls, literally thousands of them. . . .

One of the enterprises undertaken by members of the Dollology Club is the restoration and redressing of antique dolls. Mrs. Clara Fawcett makes considerable study of this. . . .

One doll in the Fawcett collection always appears in modern dress. This is Robert Ball, sold first at a Civil War Sanitary Fair, clad in the garb of a Union soldier. He visited the troops just before the battle of Antietam. The tradition is that Robert always wears the uniform of the current war and thus he has recently appeared as a GI of World War II.

Miracles With Clay

► *ORDINARY CLAY is helping industry to keep its products free from moisture, rust, etc. We quote Robert J. Sullivan, writing in the "Wall Street Journal":*

A special kind of clay that puts zip in gasoline will soon be keeping crackers crisp in the pantry and helping farmers grow their vegetables.

Laid down as volcanic ash in saline lakes forty million years ago, it's been used for years in manufacturing high octane gas and lubricating oils. Now scientists are turning its remarkable ability to absorb moisture into a variety of new uses.

Hard-candy makers, for example, are finding a small bag of the clay will keep peanut brittle and jaw-breakers from "balling" (sticking together). Cereal manufacturers are testing it to see if it will keep their products crisp till they reach the breakfast table. Dry cleaners are using solvents filtered by the clay to make it possible for them to turn out cleaner, odorless jobs. In such operations the savings to the public and industry range from pin money to thousands of dollars. . . .

Deposits of this clay, called mont-morillonite, are found in Arizona and Mississippi in nearly unlimited quantities.

This clay is strip-mined (scooped from the surface), then is washed in acid and baked to remove water. Packages of clay

to be retailed for household use will be wrapped and sealed in foil-lined bags to keep out moisture. . . .

The finished product looks and feels like small pellets of cement. They aren't easily crushed by physical might, but once in the ground moisture quickly separates the hard casing. It's this affinity to water that is leading to the use of the clay in packaging hard candy, shoes, and surgical instruments, and in the cupboard to keep crackers crisp.

In a limited space the clay will soak up any moisture present in the atmosphere. Crackers have an absorbent quality like the clay. In a pantry they pick up moisture from the air; that's why they go limp. A "tea bag" full of the clay desiccant in the box, however, more readily attracts moisture and keeps the crackers dry and flaky.

Your Crowning Glory

► *FROM THE COLUMN of Dr. Theodore R. Van Dellen in the "Chicago Tribune," these facts about human hair are reprinted:*

The hair can be stretched like yarn, especially when wet. By stretching a soaked hair and letting it dry in that condition, rewetting will cause a marked contraction. This is the basis of so-called permanent waving, a process that is accelerated by the use of alkalis.

The life of a hair varies from months to four years. The eyelashes have the shortest life span, probably lasting only 150 days. In youth, growth is faster than with oldsters and, like the flowers and grass, does better in summer than in winter. Contrary to fiction, the hair does not become longer after death but it may give that impression because the surrounding tissues shrink.

The quality of pigment of the cortex determines its shade. The hair receives its hue at the time it is being formed and is, therefore, deposited at the root. Blond is a mixture of red and yellow. Whether an individual has a brown or black tint depends upon the intensity of the black pigment. White or gray hair lacks pigment and the fundamental fault lies deep in the roots which, for some reason, do not receive the necessary coloring matter.

Snuff

► *SNUFF, THE OLDEST FORM OF TOBACCO, is still holding its own. Selected from an article on the subject by Herman E. Weiller in "American Mercury":*

Who takes snuff in America today? Its traditional home is the South, where 60 per cent of American snuff sales are made. Negro farmhands account for vast amounts of the product. But snuff knows no social or racial boundaries: the Irish in New York and Boston use it; so do the Scandinavians in Minnesota and the Dakotas, and old women of the Ozarks and Cumberland Hills.

Babe Ruth takes snuff; and we have the word of W. R. Brinson, doorkeeper of the House of Commons, that the son of the former Jennie Jerome of New York, the Right Hon. Winston Churchill, takes a pinch on occasion. A fashionable store in New York's Rockefeller Center sells 500 pounds a year; cigar stores on Manhattan's lower East Side sell it to orthodox Jews who are not allowed to strike a match on certain holidays. . . .

Snuff is made from a high grade of burley, a rich, heavy leaf that usually costs more than cigarette leaf and comes mostly from Tennessee, Kentucky, and Virginia. Its manufacture is one of the most tedious and difficult processes in the tobacco industry.

The snuff tobacco is packed away for two to three years and subjected to high temperatures before it is cut into powder. During the aging process, it ferments and acquires its peculiar, strong aroma. At that point it is flavored with "secret" scents, such as musk, lavender, or cloves.



She brought forth a son, her first-born, whom she wrapped in his swaddling clothes and laid in a manger

The story of the only human birth where-
in a child was born primarily to die

A Birth to Remember

by NORBERT HERMAN, C.P.

EACH Christmas season the world takes a holiday. It seeks a respite from the complications of commerce, the fluctuations of finance, the distractions of daily drudgery. Like a child who has grown tired at the end of a long day, it too, at the end of another fiscal year, wants to be lulled into the sleep of relaxation by telling of a story. Fortunately, the old story to be told is always newly refreshing, for its theme recounts the greatest birth of all times, the coming of God Incarnate to our own universe.

The story may be told thus: When a young couple, named Joseph and Mary, finally reached their destination, Bethlehem, they found the city already overcrowded. At first, as poor travelers might, they sought lodging in the civic khan or Oriental inn surrounding a courtyard. We need not picture a tragic and dramatic refusal of shelter to the saintly pair on the part of the innkeeper or his guests, because we know from history that the Jews displayed a warm regard for the virtue of hospitality. The simple fact was that there was no more room.

Without complaint they entered a nearby cattle dwelling, a cave or grotto hollowed out in the thick limestone of that

region. A manger stood inside, and it was this lowly barley bin which was destined to become the Christ Child's first bed. In the exquisite language of St. Luke, "It was while they were still there, that the time came for her delivery. She brought forth a son, her first-born, whom she wrapped in his swaddling clothes and laid in a manger because there was no room for them in the inn."

Thus the greatest of all human births took place in the most lowly of circumstances. Only a God could have thought of a cave, used as a stable, as the most logical setting for His entry into the world. Divine ingenuity disregarded human habitations to choose instead a dwelling not made by sordid hands but hewn by nature's art. In the hollow of the earth He made His first appearance as man, like the proverbial seed hidden in the ground. Thirty-three years later that Divine Seed would mature and bear fruit on the mighty tree of the Cross. Perhaps at no other time in history did men expect a God, if He should come, to arrive out of the heavens and land with a thunderous thud on top of the civilized world. The last place they expected to find Him was under the earth. Yet it was the first place He chose. There

it would be easier to cause an earthquake by disturbing the very heart of the world than by merely puncturing its rim. And God did come precisely to disturb all the elements, and by the sudden jolt of a birth and a death to restore again their primeval order. Anyhow, by being born in so lowly a place as under the earth, He would provide men with the privileged chance of gradually lifting Him up ever higher until He was in the divine position of drawing all things to Himself. So too, by the remembrance of that lowly birth men would be forever thrust down from the pinnacles of their own supposed greatness to find themselves each Christmas on the floor of the earth, playing with a Child!

It was night when God came to earth. The physical darkness only accentuated all the more the spiritual gloom which hovered over the world. Men lay asleep. It was not merely the slumber of drowsy bodies which hushed the earth. Silently, God who is life and light departed from heaven to enter man's home where death and darkness dwelled. The first cry of this apparently helpless baby was not heard in Bethlehem's crowded quarters, yet its vibrant tone pierced the heavens

LETTER TO A BRIDE

by JESSICA POWERS

*Her name is Candida of the Virgin Mary
And this is December eight, the day of her vows.
I write: O child, your name is your vocation
So be a bride of whiteness to your Spouse.
Be always a bride. Live in your snowy laces.
The soul has ways of wonder that possess
New youth and charm with each new holiness.
What favored bride of earth, O little sister,
Could spend her lifetime in a wedding-dress?
The World Who dwells within you has espoused you
In a white room so in that whiteness live.
Stay in your soul. Be always His and the Virgin's
Immaculate December adjective.*

and sounded the musical pitch that started an angel chorus singing "Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace to men of good will."

There would be time enough for progressive recognition by men of the Child's divinity, but for the most part only after the Child, once grown to man's estate, had been placed on universal display affixed to a cross. Then there would be another cry, louder and more meaningful, heard again not alone by heaven but by the world, the cry of tragic accomplishment, of temporal departure, of victorious defeat. Now was the time for seclusion and mystery, because a divine birth was so beautiful an event men would need no exercise of strained credulity to believe in its accomplishment. Years later, in the high noon of a Palestinian sky, a divine death would occur, an open spectacle, shameful to view and more shaming to realize, a tragic event which would tax all human faith. Christ's birth was not public; perhaps it was not God's mind that men make fools of themselves by first falling in love with a physically helpless child and then later rising in hate against a morally strong man.

The secluded setting of Christ's birth gives all the more prominence to the fact of the birth itself. Christ is ushered into the world without distracting pageantry. No one is present except Mary, His Virgin-Mother, and Joseph, His reputed father. It is a scene of stark simplicity revealing the genius of divinity which can limit its human needs to a minimum, which can tell a most impressive story in so few words, as a matter of fact in a single Word!

It is here that divine providence reveals most its amazing control of what men might call adverse circumstances. Here is truly a birth, but we see a Virgin tending the Child. Here indeed is a son, but we see

no resemblance of face or feature to the carpenter who stands near by and whom men will call the father of Jesus. Here is another child of the race of Adam yet One eternally prior in time and dignity to Adam and to all men. We see here the beginning of a new, lowly human life and yet not the surrender of an ancient and divine life. So too the poverty of the crib only displays all the more the riches of divinity. The open stable only emphasizes the startling realization that God is never adequately contained. The stillness of that first Christmas night when the divine voice was hushed by baby lips only makes the world tremble all the more, wondering what will be spoken by the child when He grows up to speak as God. His coming in the darkness of night, with a manger for His first bed, will ever indicate more vividly that coming of His, when He will emerge from His last resting place on earth, the tomb, and appear so gloriously in the newness of His Easter victory; when a softly radiant sun will rise for the first time in an unprecedented dawn not so much as the morning light of day as the golden-red halo surrounding the true light of the World. For the present the cave scene is like a primitive sketch of a master artist: it keeps curiosity seekers in a state of nervous expectancy wondering what the final canvas will be like.

IN the whole course of human history man has come into the world primarily to live. Birth has ever been the first struggle for initial human existence, the conditional entree into anything like a state of human endurance and permanence. The birth of Christ in Bethlehem was the first and only human birth wherein a child was born primarily to die. There was a divine fullness of life already enjoyed by the Second Person of the Blessed

Trinity before He came to this earth. It was not then so much life which prompted Him to come as death, for even though His human life was to be a partial meritorious cause of the world's salvation, yet His human death was to become the seal, the crowning point, the perfection of His meritorious sacrifice. Never were life and death so closely knit as in this wondrous Child. Never was a birth less the precarious beginning of life than the deliberate preparation for death. Never was a day of rejoicing so tragically "death's greatest holiday" for if ever human prey were assured, certainly it was now, this first Christmas, when God who is life came into this world willingly to die.

But the social significance of Christmas is clearly expressed in terms of life only. While it is true that a divine Child was born to die a human death, nevertheless both His human birth and death are the necessary conditions and eternal guarantees of mankind's spiritual life. While a tragic doom is pronounced upon this Child, a more tragic doom is lifted, like a somber pall, from the face of the earth. It is by His rendezvous with death that we are ushered into life's presence. The world's spiritual salvation is the fruit of His human destruction. The holocaustal fire of love which renders this Child a victim from Christmas to Calvary is the same fire which fans into flame our failing hopes; which illumines human minds like so many lighted and living tapers; which makes our human hearts glow like so many living coals of fire.

This indeed was the one birth to be remembered forever. The lowly scribe who first recorded that birth in the imperial register might well thereafter lay his stylus aside, for he had recorded the greatest birth in all history. Later, Abbot Dionysius will have all Christian calendars forget the mythical glory that was Rome's foundation to pay homage instead to this central birth of Christ which divides all time, like the open pages of a book, into two parts: the period "before Christ" and the period "in the year of the Lord." So too might every Christian hail this event as his own christening day when the world was baptized by the dew that fell from heaven. It was in Christ's birth that we were all potentially reborn. It was on that glorious day of peace, when the Roman Eagle rested in deference to the Dove of Peace that all men were guaranteed an eternal measure of spiritual tranquillity. It was in Bethlehem's stable that all mankind, as it were, sought lodging and rest, dreaming in a death-sleep, only to wake up in the middle of the night with a new vigor of life, when a newborn child uttered His first cry with the good news of salvation's start. It was at Christmas time, when God became a Child in the midst of apathetic men, that you and I and every man became children of God in the midst of marveling angels.

Woman to Woman

by KATHERINE BURTON

A Holy Christmas

FOR SOME YEARS a Christmas card has come to me, differing each year in its pictorial content, but the words are always the same: "Father M. wishes you a happy and holy Christmas."

That is just what I am going to wish all my readers. For no matter how happy the Christmas is, it is not really Christmas unless it is also holy. And if it is holy it must be of faith. To go a step further, if it is of faith it will be without despair. And that is why a wish for a holy Christmas is perhaps more important this year than it has been in the lifetime of any of us.

We must remember that the first Christmas—a happy one and a holy one—was a fact, not a dream or a vague promise. There are some to whom it is, as they phrase it, opium to lull people; there are some to whom it is a charming if improbable story, contrary to scientific research. These groups can easily know despair when they face the present condition of the world, even though they enjoy a happy Christmas. But those who know the Christmas story is truth, and holy truth at that, can find a happiness in this very fact, despite an unhappy world.

Of lesser importance to the Christmas story but no less valuable, is the fact that it was a joyous occasion. It was no lonely affair, no solitary matter. The angels were there and the shepherds came—representatives of the spiritual and the material. Pictures of the first Christmas usually feature a crowd. Pressing about the place where the mother and her Baby lay are depicted crowding shepherds, friendly animals. It was, one may almost say, a neighborhood affair.

The Christian faith is a family affair too, an extension of Bethlehem. No lone, aloof prophet speaking his solitary story. Just a family, the prototype of every Christian family.

There must be generosity and sharing in every family, and perhaps that is why Christians are so generous to others. When you are part of a happy family, you realize what a broken, suffering, hungry family must mean. You want to have others get what you have kept. And because I have seen such evidence of this Christian kindness to neighbors during the past two years I offer its results as a sort of Christmas gift to my readers.

Charity Returned

IT WAS ISAAC HECKER who said, in his prophetic way, that some day the aid, spiritual and material, which came to this mission country of America would flow back to the Old World. And much of that help in those days came from Germany, where a Catholic organization in Munich sent funds. I have seen the letters begging for help in the days of the forties and even earlier. Now after a hundred years Isaac Hecker's words come true. We in turn are giving help.

In those days the help was mostly needed for building little churches, for aiding poor settlers, helping a pioneer enterprise get on its feet. But this begging of today from the Old World—how sadly different! For we are asked to build again what was wantonly ruined, to feed stunted bodies, hurt in wars they did not will to happen. And always there are the children—the innocents. I have before me a folder from Catholic War Relief—pictures of children with a leg shot off, one sweet-faced little girl with no hands, tired babies being shunted over frontiers, children homeless and tubercular. And the circular says, "It

is on the gray faces of the little ones that the terms of peace are really being written."

These children have been overwhelmed by a flood of hate and cruelty that was man-imposed; they are hungry because of selfishness of men intent on conquest. Worst of all they are homeless, without family. And yet beside the cruelty, the selfishness, there is always that shining pity that is Christian, that new law of love that changed the world and even yet keeps changing it.

The letters still come to me, asking for names of convents, for names of children to send gifts to. The sums of money still come to Catholic War Relief. In fact, they had a file there called "Katherine Burton's money," and it was the sums sent by all of you who offered it through this page. For instance, from a convent in Rhode Island money has come, sent through a Sister there, collections from her friends and from her pupils, results of parties which have netted funds. So far from this one source the War Relief people have received \$335. A dollar bill comes to be sent to the German woman who wept with the Colonel's wife. There are requests too, but always help for someone else—a woman asking help for a priest relative who gives his points to the poor of his parish and who is ill from malnutrition, and another from a woman whose sister is a nun in a convent which takes care of many homeless children. To these, and others like them, go CARE packages, bought with the money sent by you and not marked for any special purpose.

To all the people who have sent through this page money and parcels either direct to convents abroad or to War Relief headquarters I send this Christmastide a Christmas greeting. The watches and rings, the elegant furs, the delicate bric-a-brac and *bibelots* which the shops urge one to give as gifts seem rather flat and empty things compared with such gifts as you have given. For back of yours is the love inspired by Our Lord who loved humanity and who was interested in bringing back life rather than causing death.

Parade for Peace

AMONG THE MANY letters I have received regarding woman's part in bringing about world peace came one from a woman who said she was foreign born, only a few years in this country. The charming hesitancy with which she writes in the tongue she is just learning only adds to the poignancy of her letter. She thinks that perhaps a parade might help to put over the idea that women are against war—"all the mothers of the whole world should parade against war, no matter what the religion or color or social stand. We all have to be together to say it to the few that want this new war that we do not want it. I think that it will be very easy to make the date with women in faraway countries through the radio, the newspapers, churches and so on. Here in New York we could meet at St. Patrick's Cathedral and walk along Fifth Avenue, without noise, just with dignity and confidence in our worthy cause. The Catholics and the Protestants, we shall be led by the flag with the Cross, the Jews with the Star, and so on. I am sure this will be of very good results."

Is not that the true solution? She proposes a unity of love so strong that it will dissolve a unity of hate. For, just as Christmas must be holy as well as happy, the world must be holy as well as happy if it is to destroy that hate and welcome that love.



1. Here an Irish workman, after filling his sack with peat, trudges across the bog to his cart. Notice the wild fern—an indication of bog or marsh land.



2. The old and the modern conveyances filled with peat line up at the weighting station in Phoenix Park, in Dublin. This fuel will be used in home and factory.

Ireland Faces Winter

THE Irish are busily engaged these days in the storage of fuel for the coming winter. For they remember vividly the big winds and record cold of last winter and are taking no chances. The coal shortage in Britain and in Europe has made it necessary to import boatloads of coal from the United States; also to gather all available wood; but it has made it especially necessary to rely heavily on the traditional fuel of the Isle—peat.

This ancient fuel which has burned in the hearths of Ireland for centuries, and seemed destined to be replaced by coal, is now being dug in great quantities. Turf would be a much more descriptive name for this fuel than peat, since it is largely composed of decayed grass and other vegetable matters that grow in marshlands. The great stores of peat shown piled high in Phoenix Park have been dubbed the "Irish Pyramids" by the local wits.



6. The workmen are shown at noon hour resting by the wood piles. The Irish Government is using all the wood as an emergency measure in the event of a long winter.





3. Here a young Irish lad helps to stack the peat which has just arrived from the bogs. It must dry for six weeks.

4. This is a general view looking down one of the roads in Phoenix Park. The peat is stacked in neat rows 20 ft. high.

5. Unable to buy coal from Europe for the first time in many years, the Irish store coal imported from America.



Books

Edited by Augustine P. Hennessy, C.P.

COLLECTED POEMS

By Sister M. Madeleva. 166 pages.
The Macmillan Company. \$2.75

G. K. Chesterton once made the statement that Sister Madeleva's poetry is the only poetry of a modern woman that had the power to stir him within, that it had the fire and spirit of a real poetic nature and inspiration. This is a valuable judgment, coming as it does from a literary dictator in his own right and a man representative of men.

The present collection reveals Sister Madeleva as the poet-of the Word that is Love—Christ, the center of all that is. Not only is she deeply conscious of divine love, but she is also extraordinarily aware of human love. With such an awareness she sounds the cry of every Augustine-like heart. Probably it is because this singing servant of God deals most knowingly with the theme of love that the effectiveness of her poems is assured.

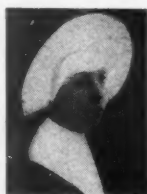
Sister Madeleva is likewise the dispenser of the word that poets use in their sculpturing. She plies the strong, simple Anglo-Saxon word—always the right one and the most musical one.

RAYMOND-ROSELEIP

PEGUY

By Daniel Halevy. 304 pages. Longmans, Green & Co. \$3.50

At long last we have the life of Charles Peguy in English. It is a splendid biography, too, written by the now elderly Daniel Halevy, who was close to Peguy in his lifetime. He tells us in an Author's Note that the study of Charles Peguy is still at the research stage. That may well be. For this peasant-editor of the famous *Cahiers de la Quinzaine* wrote, worked, and lived with prodigious dynamism. The volumes he produced cover an amazing variety of subjects. But it was his *Cahiers*, his fortnightly sheet taken up largely with the contemporary social panorama, that made him one of the most influential and original thinkers of the first two decades of the century.



Sr. Madeleva

He was a socialist. Superficially, he seemed a Marxist and they did what they could to enlist his genius. But although he knew *Das Kapital* by heart, his heart and head were deaf to Marx. If his socialism was therefore unorthodox, so also was his Catholicism. His position toward the Church of his birth and predilection was not made clearer by his unwillingness to accept the graces of her sacramental ministration. Still, shortly before his death in battle during World War I, he did attend Mass with great joy and satisfaction.

Chapter Sixteen of this fascinating biography is titled simply: "Addenda." In it the author gives us a sketched idea of the unexplored fields of research that must be examined and included before a definitive life of Peguy can be written. But for the present, we heartily welcome Daniel Halevy's animated account of his friend. It answers many of our inquisitive worries about our Catholic confrere, "the good sinner"—Peguy.

EUGENE FITZPATRICK, C.P.

UNDERCOVER GIRL

By Elizabeth P. MacDonald. 305 pages. The Macmillan Co. \$3.00

It is easy to see that Elizabeth MacDonald is a newspaperwoman. *Undercover Girl* is written in typically journalistic style. But it falls short of the excitement and danger implicit in the title.

Being a member of E. P. MacDonald the Morale Operations Branch of the Office of Strategic Services meant planning and carrying through the propaganda warfare aimed at breaking the morale of the home front in enemy countries, and the author found herself moving all over the Far East, from New Delhi to Künming, China, to carry out MO assignments. Some of her rather tame adventures are humorous. Apparently life was not hard for the MO workers who had transportation facilities, sightseeing, adequate quarters, servants, and many of the comforts of home. And although they thought up a great deal of fantastic propaganda for the benefit of the enemy (much of it dying in the



files), the thing they seemed to use most of was the taxpayers' money.

Despite the efforts of the MO, one feels that it played a very minor role in the surrender of the Japanese. And *Undercover Girl*, a faithful record of these efforts, one finds just like yesterday's hash, reheated but not too appetizing.

GLORIA TANASSO

A CATHOLIC READER

Edited by Charles A. Brady. 337 pages. Desmond & Stapleton. \$3.50

A Catholic Reader is a collection of Catholic writings designed to give the reader refreshment and delight. It is the kind of book one can take up or lay down at ease, taste, try, ponder, read over again. No small part of its fascination lies in the editor's forewords, little essays in themselves, which are often witty and charming.



C. A. Brady

One often feels the need for such a book, and if you are willing to accept the author's choices and ask no questions, then here is your book. But the charm is dispelled if you consider the basis of selection, for the works included in this volume are unequal in value and often not representative of the author at his best. Dryden was in and out of the Church, and, while it may be "the cream of the jest" that part of the poem quoted was originally aimed at the Catholics of Dryden's preconversion days, the reason for its inclusion is still not clear. Clare Boothe Luce and Evelyn Waugh, certainly not at their brightest best, are set down cheek by jowl with Cardinal Newman, Pope, William Roper, and Malory. Of course it isn't necessary to ask these questions, but if you do ask them you will be at a loss for the answer.

Selecting "The Star" and "Dr. Faust's Last Day" to represent the austere and fastidious taste of Maurice Baring was, I think, felicitous. In the first of these a Roman official ponders the world before him, given up to a crude sensationalism and to a shameless worship of wealth and novelty, and yet the world into which our Lord was to come. In the second piece Faust has lost his glam-

our and something of his epic thirst for knowledge and power and has become a man of rigid habits, saving every hour he can from time, in order to busy himself with false learning, a man so busy that he has no time for mystery, for asking or answering the great questions, and no time for repentance.

The book has many delightful short pieces which will send the reader off for other longer and perhaps more representative works of the authors.

N. ELIZABETH MONROE

THE ANGRY DECADE

By Leo Gurko. 306 pages. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$3.00

This is a book about literature. About books written in "the angry decade" between the Wall Street crash and Pearl Harbor. Mr. Gurko's work is a rather superficial example of that growing genre of literary criticism sponsored by the graduate schools of America. It illustrates their theory that the study of literature is an exercise of scientific research rather than of contemplation. The author is apparently a paid-up member of the school that believes that literature is best understood as a dimension of a larger social whole. His book, therefore, is a running commentary on the totality of American life in the 1930's. It says the least important things about the books that happened to appear from 1929 to 1941, without ever asking whether or not anything worth wise consideration was produced in that series of years. Although it affects to know *why* such books were produced, their innermost reason for being, both the critical method pursued and the unconvincing reasonings adduced leave the questioning reader intellectually unsatisfied.



Leo Gurko

Mr. Gurko attempts to discharge an impossible task with breezy confidence, born perhaps of his facility with literary and sociological jargon or of his great conversance with the American scene. His information is prodigious and the reader is justly indebted because he has been made to remember long-forgotten events which it may be helpful to recall now and all at once. But many a reader will be offended by the use of the vast information, for instance at the bracketing of Paul Elmer More's humanism and miniature golf as modes of escape in the dark days of the depression or the cool dismissal of Mark Van Doren, one of America's best poets, in a single line. Catholics will be disappointed or perhaps ashamed that Mr. Gurko makes no reference at all to their literary efforts during the "angry decade."

EUGENE J. MOLLOY

DEAR BISHOP

By Catherine de Hueck. 96 pages. Sheed and Ward. \$1.75

Katzie was a Polish girl who came to a boom city during wartime and found that for the utterly poor there are no booms. Living in a dreary boarding house; serving drinks in a cheap cocktail lounge; trying to balance a budget without resorting to the sale of sex; listening to the confessions of pickups and party-girls who someday wanted to be "respectable again;" growing bitter against the impersonalism of organized charity; getting a glow out of the genuine kindness found among the nearly destitute—all this was routine in Katzie's drab day. And in her struggle against hopelessness she had to open her heart to someone; so she wrote letters to her bishop. She wanted him to know about lost sheep who were too far gone, too thoroughly stripped of their dignity, ever to seek the shepherd—sheep who must be searched for and, when found, treated gently.

It is in the form of letters from Katzie

Clear Sailing

► Five-year-old William's parents belonged to a strict religious sect which believed that Sunday is not a day for play. One Sunday morning his mother found William sailing his toy boat in the bathtub.

"William," she said, "don't you know it's wicked to sail boats on Sunday?"

William was unperturbed. "It's all right, mother," he explained. "This isn't a pleasure trip. It's a missionary boat going to Africa."

—Michael E. Burns



Those Terrible Teens

VINCENT P. MCCORRY, S.J.

A book for the Catholic high-school girl—and for her parents and her counselors as well—which lets the readers in on what makes a modern miss tick. Lightheadedness and laughter, romance and responsibility, graciousness and grumbling, idleness and innocence are but a handful of the topics touched on with insight and happily discoursed upon in the style which made the author's *Most Worthy of All Praise* as great a success. \$2.25

Young Eagles

EVA K. BETZ

A rousing adventure story for the junior-high-school boy and girl—and those on either side of those years—of the stirring move toward freedom at the beginning of the American Revolution. The characters are full-drawn, the action fast-paced, and the dialogue effective. There are 24 striking illustrations by June Driscoll. \$2.50

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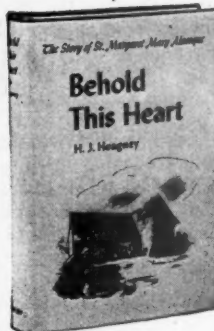
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225 Broadway New York 7, N. Y.

Kenedy's Christmas Book List

BEHOLD THIS HEART

by H. S. Heagney

One day mistress of a large estate, the next living on that same estate under cold, relentless tyranny—determined to enter the convent in spite of the fierce opposition of family and friends—misunderstood by her convent companions and superiors—this was the dramatic story of Margaret Mary Alacoque whom God had chosen for His own purposes. From authentic sources Father Heagney has fashioned a gripping narrative of a Saint in the making. **\$3.50**



STORY OF A FAMILY—by Stephan Joseph Piat, O.F.M.

The authoritative, definitive history of the family of St. Therese. The Author has included hitherto unpublished material by the Saint herself, as well as by members of her family. A companion volume to the Autobiography, this biography tells in detail of the forces and environmental influences that formed the character of a Saint. **\$3.50**

OUR BLESSED MOTHER—by Rev. Edward Leen, C.S.SP. and Rev. John Kearney, C.S.SP.

Just before their deaths, Fathers Leen and Kearney were collaborating on this book. After their deaths an editor was appointed to prepare the completed portions for publication. All that needs be said of it is that it is stamped with their genius and will rank as a standard work on the subject. **\$3.50**

ANY SAINT TO ANY NUN

Easily the most stimulating anthology of the season. Here are letters written by various saints to nuns on such widely different topics as: "The Decision to Enter", "Criticizing the Community" and "Tremendous Trifles". It is the kind of book you read with pleasure and decide to send to all your friends. **\$2.50**



LIGHT AMID SHADOWS—by Rev. William Regnat, O.S.B.

Father Regnat writes with the knowledge and understanding gained through many years as spiritual director to communities of Sisters. He knows the many problems, failures and successes of community life and faces them with a high optimism and gentle humor. Here is a new spiritual writer with a different point of view. **\$2.75**



THE PRIEST—by St. John Eudes

The Saint has made a lasting contribution to pastoral theology that should find its way into every priest's library. In the form of a reminder of the priest's duty to his flock, it is extensive in scope, human in its practical applications and sublime in its analysis of priestly love for souls. **\$3.00**

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by St. John Eudes

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that Catherine de Hueck fulfilled an assignment given to her by a member of the hierarchy. She was asked to find out what the underprivileged working class was thinking about religion and the Church. Her report doesn't paint a very rosy picture. Even allowing for a somewhat evident tendency to be overdramatic at times, the impact of the Baroness' message is undeniably powerful. It should make itself felt on any reader who sees the problems of the whole Mystic Christ as problems on his own hands.

DENIS O'FARREL

OUR CHILDREN ARE CHEATED

By Benjamin Fine.
Henry Holt & Co.

244 pages.
\$3.00

When a physician wags his head sideways, even unlearned beholders at the bedside know that conditions are critical. Informed that four hundred thousand public school teachers had abandoned their profession since Pearl Harbor, Dr. Fine, education editor of the *New York Times*, knew, without leaving his desk, that the patient was sinking rapidly. So, out he set with his little black bag to chart an equally black emergency. Back from a tour of the nation's schools, he has plenty about which to wag his head—and his tongue; and even the most unconcerned taxpayer can tell from the doctor's repetitious but well-documented report that conditions are critical indeed.

Dr. Fine rightly sees in a lamentable shortage of personnel, incompetency of substitutes, substandard instruction, mounting enrollments, lowered morale (professional and public), physical disintegration of plants and lack of equipment, a threat to our American way of life; for "only through an educated, intelligent electorate can we maintain a democratic system." Beyond that, he views this educational illness as a grave menace to civilization itself.

Inasmuch as the current epidemic has spared few communities, readers everywhere should welcome the facts revealed in Dr. Fine's analysis. Catholic taxpayers, incidentally, will find that the book indirectly reflects new glory upon their own educational system, maintained by heroic self-sacrifice.

One ardently wishes that the author could have extended the scope of his diagnosis to include a discussion of the internal disorders—spiritual, moral, domestic—from which the patient is undeniably suffering. Dr. Fine's treatment leaves this reviewer like one listening to a formulation of plans for the improvement and decoration of the sickroom, while the patient himself languishes from pernicious anemia.

FREDERICK J. FRAZER

THE † SIGN

THE TIMES OF MELVILLE AND WHITMAN

By Van Wyck Brooks. 489 pages.
E. P. Dutton. \$5.00

This survey of American literature outside New England from 1840 to 1890 reveals the sad fact that we produced little of any permanent value. Mr. Brooks surveys New York, the new center of journalism, where writing "was never a learned profession"; Philadelphia, pastoral and plain, producing only Bayard Taylor; the South, whose conventions were largely shaped by Scott and Froissart and whose style by Addison and Johnson; and the West, brawling, active, and picturesque, where, as a character of fiction put it: "Ideas is in the way—don't pay no interest."

There is an enormity of tenth-rate names: essayists and innkeepers, strolling players and local-color hacks, poetsasters and phrenologists, mountebanks and wastrels; less than half a dozen whose works are worth unearthing. The treatment of Burroughs and Muir is satisfactory; Cable and others are overpraised; Lanier fares miserably; and it is a bit difficult to accept Tabbs as "desiccated" and "overingenious."

Most space is devoted to Melville, Whitman, and Twain. The first stands out, probably because his opinions wear better. His respect for human dignity, his critical disillusionment, the "pathos of his isolation," his patriotism and anger at his country's incompetence are reminiscent of the best of Cooper's social and political thinking. Whitman, lover of Paine, Emerson, Lincoln, the common man, and above all himself, is presented admiringly, but there is enough of his childishness, rebelliousness, vanity, and of the confused floating opinions which passed for thought to please those who have no use for the "inbred loafer" who was a "prophet of new dispensations." Twain remains confusing: sentimental defender of Eloise, Joan of Arc, and Harriet Shelley; admirer of Ingersoll, Saint-Simon, and Casanova; effective satirist and humorist

who hit too often at things he liked; who could regret "civilization" in the magnificently nostalgic *Huckleberry Finn* and kick it into a medieval gutter in *Innocents Abroad*. Of the latter, in one of his better sentences, Brooks says: "To exalt the plug-hat above the plume was a way of burning down the house in order to roast a pig for the philistine public."

Strangely, these flashes of style are few and far between. There is vigor in local description, in the delightful rhapsody on Brer Rabbit, and in a few sharp critical paragraphs on the major figures. Generally, the writing is pedestrian, even downright boring.

JAMES EDWARD TOBIN

THOSE TERRIBLE TEENS

By Vincent P. McCorry, S.J. 184 pages. The Declan X. McMullen Company. \$2.25

Maybe it was just a precautionary gesture made to silence the shrieks of feminine teen-age indignation—but, anyway, Father McCorry begins his book by assuring the modern miss of seventeen or thereabouts that he subscribes in substance to the old nursery rhyme which maintains that little girls are made of sugar and spice and everything nice. But after acquitting himself of this gallantry, he proceeds with unharnessed frankness to tell the normal good Catholic high-school girl just where she falls short of real perfection. He rightly believes that it is "an excellent thing for all of us to realize that we can be a pest, a nuisance, and a menace without ever committing a conscious mortal sin." So he throws some well-aimed verbal darts at such sweet but silly ladies as the "Beautiful Dreamer," the "Leaning Tower," "Miss Helpless," the scatterbrains, and the sophisticates.

Father McCorry's wit may be flashed as suddenly as a rapier, but it never cuts. Obviously, he deeply admires the girls for whom he writes, and he wants to help, not hurt, them. In fact the straight-from-the-shoulder candor with

The Life of SIR THOMAS MORE HUMANIST AS HERO

By Theodore Maynard

"Sir Thomas More," wrote G. K. Chesterton, "may be counted the greatest Englishman, or at least the greatest historical character of English history." Dr. Maynard has done full justice to this "greatest Englishman" in the present biography. He has depicted him against the background of the court of Henry VIII together with portraits of the King, of Erasmus, of Wolsey, and of many other striking characters of fifteenth and sixteenth century England.

As a friend of the King, More received many royal favors, became Lord Chancellor of England and wielded tremendous power. But when Henry VIII, wearied of Katherine of Aragon, planned to marry Anne Boleyn, thus setting himself up as greater than the Pope, More refused to take the oath confirming the King's power. After a semblance of trial, he was condemned to be beheaded. More protested that he died the King's good servant, but God's first.

Thus perished a brilliant author, lawyer, Speaker of the House of Commons, Lord Chancellor of England—in defense of the Faith and of the Church.

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When in Rome

► Having made a cross-country trip, a New Yorker was reporting to a friend who had formerly lived in the West.

"I really enjoyed my visit to San Jose," she enthused.

Her friend corrected her pronunciation. "It's San Hosay," he said. "In that part of California, they pronounce the j's as h's. When were you there?"

The lady contemplated for awhile, then replied, "In Hune and Huly."

—Peter Quinn



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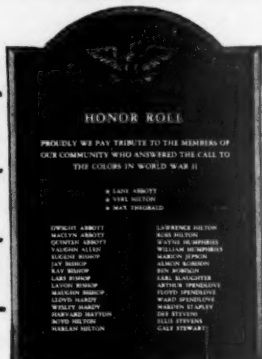
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which he discusses such matters as lack of courtesy, selfishness in the home, snobbishness, and envy is an indirect tribute to the girls themselves for it presupposes basic humility and a readiness to correct their faults.

"The Sign That Doesn't Signify" reveals a novel approach to a much-treated problem of adolescence—date behavior. And after a devastating satire on the nature of love as portrayed by Hollywood, soap operas, and pulp magazines, we find this nice observation: "Real love—not this romantic nonsense—is far more, and far less than this silly sighing. It is far less, because no one can live long in an atmosphere of technicolor dreams. It is far more, because, pleasant as the sweet words and looking at the moon and tea for two are, a great many more things are required. Love is not merely emotional gush; it needs mind and motive."

Those Terrible Teens is meant for teen-agers; but don't be surprised if the whole family wants to read it.

MARY E. SHIELDS

DECENTRALIZE FOR LIBERTY

By Thomas Hewes.
E. P. Dutton.

238 pages.
\$3.00

In *Decentralize for Liberty*, Thomas Hewes has written a courageous and iconoclastic book. His theme is that bigness is the enemy of liberty. Concentration in economic life has taken away the freedom of the individual to own productive property. Big business has produced by reaction big government and powerful labor unions. But these curbs upon economic autocracy have in turn further reduced the rights of the individual. Just to complete the picture, agriculture has gone in for bigness, both through corporate farms and the centralizing policies of the Department of Agriculture.

The author is not content to bewail. He has worked out with considerable detail a program for complete decentralization. He would split up economic giants, reduce the power of organized labor and agriculture, and simplify the functions of government. A definite blueprint is offered in each field. Thus he would restore the dignity and freedom of the individual.

In appraising this book, questions might be asked about the validity of his thesis and the feasibility of his proposals. Few informed persons would hazard a sweeping denial of Mr. Hewes' strictures upon present society. Bigness has lessened our freedom. The author may have overstated his case, but he has a case.

His positive program may not be so acceptable. Some would question it in

THE † SIGN

theory. It is individualist, and this often in the *laissez faire* sense, although some of his points are reminiscent of the present Holy Father's appeal for wider ownership. But even if his goal were considered desirable, it is doubtful that his proposed methods of achieving it would be fair or workable. As the elder Morgan said in this connection, it is difficult to unscramble an omelet.

Decentralize for Liberty is useful as a challenge to many current evils. It may also stimulate more moderate movements of reform than the drastic program presented by the author.

JOHN F. CRONIN, S.S.

SPEAKING FRANKLY

By James F. Byrnes. 324 pages.
Harper & Brothers. \$3.50

Mr. Byrnes served as Secretary of State a total of 562 days. Of these 350 were spent at international conferences. He had been at Yalta, and counting this, he made in all eight trips to Potsdam and Moscow and London and Paris, totaling some 77,000 miles in search of peace. In the end he did not find it. He did, to be sure, engineer with vast patience and much compromise five peace treaties—with Italy, Bulgaria, Rumania, Hungary, and Finland. But he himself calls them only steps toward peace. However, in that weary search Mr. Byrnes has learned much about what stands in the way of peace (and this is what his book is about), albeit it was not until January 1946 that he realized that Russia's purpose was "certainly to delay the peace in Europe and in the Pacific." Indeed he remarks somewhat wryly that he heard "Nyet," the Russian word for "No," so often "that I almost accept it as part of my own language." Of Molotov he notes, "He can say in English, 'I agree,' but so seldom does he agree that his pronunciation isn't very good."

With all the wisdom that comes from remembered mistakes and encounters and victories and defeats, two urgent warnings are the burden of Mr. Byrnes's meditations: First, be firm and patient with the Russians, letting them know we can be pushed so far, never any farther. Second, strengthen the United Nations, throwing our prestige and our might behind it. If the Russians will go along with us, splendid. If not, then all the United Nations who are willing will go along without them. And this holds especially for the peace treaties with Austria and Germany and Japan.

Many, perhaps most, will for the first time get a clear idea of what has gone on in this battle for peace from reading this invaluable account of Jimmy Byrnes, who has served his country so long and



Jas. F. Byrnes

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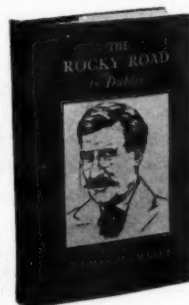
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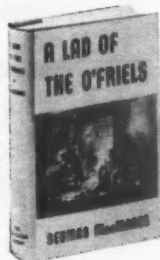
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DAVID BULMAN, C.P.

COMMUNITY OF THE FREE

By Yves R. Simon. 172 pages. Henry Holt & Company. \$3.00

To analyze the "confusion of conscience that has transformed so many worthy people into accomplices of the most hideous crimes" is the aim of the eminent French philosopher in this book. In 172 closely reasoned pages he looks beyond the everyday newspaper facts of life to lay bare the false philosophies that are subtly influencing the actions of decent and worthy people. He points out that error has been courted while truth is studiously shunned, and security is sought at the price of freedom.



Yves R. Simon

This confusion of conscience is very evident from Dr. Simon's treatment of racism, which is openly denounced but secretly maintained, as is proven by the "quota theory" in the professions, the "cheap labor" policy, and the persecution of minority groups.

To give a history of the growth of moral confusion, Dr. Simon gives a brief critique of modern philosophy, especially debunking the myth of absolute progress as expounded by the Optimists and the so-called cure of moral evil by knowledge alone, which is the theory of the Romanticists. He concludes this section with a realistic solution, which he, somewhat unhappily, terms "pessimism."

This pessimism, he states, is nothing else than "the depth of moral intelligence." In other words, a recognition of the inherent limitations of fallen human nature.

In the last chapter, he scores the laissez-faire philosophy in economics, which is still festering the minds of many, and asks for a careful balance of state socialistic legislation with the democratic way of life; a re-examination of the concept of wages and of poverty. This profound thesis is strong but nourishing fare for those who can digest it.

WILFRED SCANLON, C.P.

OR FORFEIT FREEDOM

By Robert Wood Johnson. 271 pages. Doubleday & Co. \$2.50

The dust wrapper describes *Or Forfeit Freedom* as "straightforward writing about the ethics of employment." The author does not attempt to be profound. But he has succeeded in writing interestingly about the industrial relations. He makes it clear throughout that he considers the laissez-faire system of Adams and Spencer to be immoral, ruthless,

and unworkable. One puts the book down with a notion that if most employers and unions followed the rather sound principles of General Johnson, manifestations of greed and disregard for the common good would be less frequent in the business world.

In a chapter called "The Goal Before Us" he itemizes the bills which every business must pay. He puts first the wages of his workers, recommending that payments for work "should be generous." A "living wage" is not one which only supports a single person. It must be "enough for a family."

After bringing in taxes and workmen's compensation, he concludes with a "statement of responsibility of business to its customers." The second responsibility is to the employees. The third responsibility is to management. The fourth is to owners and stockholders. "This fourth responsibility is the last—very much the last."

At the end of the book, he places a list of "business principles," widespread acceptance of which would unquestionably make a giant contribution toward the reduction of trouble in the field of industrial relations. GODFREY P. SCHMIDT

WHERE I STAND

By Harold E. Stassen. 205 pages. Doubleday & Company. \$2.00

His interview with Joseph Stalin has convinced Mr. Stassen that the fondest dream of Russia's leader features an economic crash hitting the United States within the next few years. To avoid that crash is, in Stassen's opinion, the most important problem of our time. And we shall avoid it only if we achieve a fair balance between free labor and dynamic capital. For out of this balance comes that steady productivity which not only assures the continuance of our own standards of living but also enables us to fulfill our role in counteracting the present world-wide drift away from freedom. This in brief is Mr. Stassen's credo.

Almost half of this slim book is taken up with the former Minnesota governor's testimony before the Senate Labor Committee which laid the groundwork for what finally became the Labor-Management Relations Act of 1947. It is Mr. Stassen's conviction that this Taft-Hartley Bill, while having defects, is essentially a good law aimed at keeping labor really free.

His hopes for the preservation of dynamic capital are not nearly so high. So he advocates a sweeping tax reduction program and a scheme for encouraging small business ventures.

A book which almost completely ignores international affairs is much too sketchy to be an adequate political credo. But what is here is at least stated clearly. AUGUSTINE P. HENNESSY, C.P.

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SHORT NOTICES

THE ETERNAL QUEST. By William
R. O'Connor. 290 pages. Longmans, Green
& Co. \$4.00. It is Father O'Connor's con-
tention that St. Thomas' teaching on the
natural desire for God has been obscured by
his commentators. Preconceptions brought
to bear by Banez, Catetan, Soto, and Sylves-
ter of Ferrara, together with the theological
tendencies stemming from the Scotistic in-
terlude between Thomas and his great com-
mentators, are responsible for creating an
apparent contradiction within the Angelic
Doctor's teaching on this point. The con-
tradiction is dissolved only by a close analy-
sis of the Thomistic texts themselves, after
ridding oneself of three false assumptions
which the commentators apparently took
for granted. Father O'Connor's conclusion
is that "the natural desire of God of which
St. Thomas speaks is not the perfect act
exercised by the will, nor even its imperfect
act, but the imperfect act of tendency found
in every created intellect as soon as the
existence of God is discovered."

THE LIVING WOOD. By Louis de Wohl.
318 pages. J. B. Lippincott Co. \$3.00. This
fascinating novel covers more than fifty
years of Roman history, from 272 to 326.
Mr. de Wohl is a skillful story-teller and he
succeeds, not only in recapturing the at-
mosphere of the times, but also in delineat-
ing clear-cut characterizations of St. Helena
and Constantine the Great. If magnificence
is the virtue proper to royalty, Helena as-
suredly stands out as a magnificent woman,
even when her repudiation by Constantius
reduces her to very modest circumstances.
Throughout the story, which culminates
with the finding of the True Cross, we see
a truly regal lady add stature to her native
virtue and rebuild it on a Christian basis
as she travels the rocky road to sainthood.

MOTHER SETON. By Leonard Feeney,
S.J. 212 pages. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$2.50.
Biographies are oftentimes tedious fare, even
when they are about unusual and very
saintly people. We must be very grateful
to Father Feeney, therefore, for this delig-
htful account of one of America's most re-
markable women. With charm and delicate
humor, with the keen appreciation of a
holy and learned priest, this gifted writer
narrates for us the spiritual saga of Mother
Seton. Upon closing this book after effort-
less reading, we shall discover that we pos-

sess a very accurate picture of one who was
wife, mother, convert, religious foundress,
and organizer.

MARY OF NAZARETH. By Igino Gior-
dani. 185 pages. Macmillan Company. \$2.75.
In *Mary of Nazareth*, Igino Giordani has
employed his vast knowledge of history and
keen understanding of Holy Scripture to
portray Mary in her role as mother of God
and of mankind. He has performed this
task with the patient accuracy of a scrip-
ture scholar. He first describes the important
scenes in Mary's life, and then explains
their mystical significance. In so doing he
succeeds admirably in showing Mary's place
in the mystical body of Christ. There are
many other features to recommend this
book: there are beautiful poems culled from
patristic and liturgical sources; a detailed
explanation of Mary's role of mediatrix of
grace, and a very timely section given over
to "The Madonna and Woman."

MORE INTERESTING PEOPLE. By
Robert J. Casey. 349 pages. Bobbs-Merrill
Co. \$3.00. *More Interesting People* is a
blithe breeze of bright kindly humor. It
parades a pleasant litany of comic incident
and personality. And no dearth of comic
incident has crossed the path of an ad-
venturous Robert Casey in his career as
scrivener and foreign correspondent. His
newspaper career includes and bridges the
gap between two world wars. And it is
heartening to know that one who has seen
so much of the grim and tragic can assert
such balance and detect so much brightness
and humor and reason for smile in a weary
world. Casey's book is a mentally recreative
romp. It locates the humor that loitered
behind many a familiar bit of headline
news.

REVIEWERS

JOHN F. CRONIN, S.S., Ph.D., is author of
Economics and Society and associated with
the N.C.W.C.'s Social Action Department.

N. ELIZABETH MONROE, Ph.D., author of
The Novel and Society, teaches English
Literature at Brooklyn College.

REV. RAYMOND ROSLIEP, critic and poet,
is Head of the English Department at Loras
College in Dubuque, Iowa.

GODFREY SCHMIDT, LL.D., formerly Deputy
Industrial Commissioner of New York
State, specializes in labor law.

JAMES E. TOBIN, Ph.D., taught English
Literature at Fordham University and is
now engaged in editorial work.

He Should Know Better



► A woman driver in a busy shopping district
was trying to park her car. She dented the rear
fender of the automobile ahead of her, then
backed up suddenly and knocked down a
pedestrian. Attempting to pull in to the curb,
she miscalculated the distance and sideswiped
a telegraph pole. The traffic cop on duty ap-
proached the car, book in hand.

Keeping a tight grip on his temper, he said as politely as possible:
"All right, lady; let's have a look at your license."

The woman glared at him.
"Don't be silly," she said disgustedly. "Who would give me a license?"

—Margaret Baron

FICTION IN FOCUS

by JOHN S. KENNEDY

The Dry Wood by Caryll Houselander

A View of the Harbour

by Elizabeth Taylor

The Tamarack Tree by Howard Breslin

Transfer Point by Kathryn Forbes

Fishers of Men

by Maxence van der Meersch

The Wedding Journey

by Walter D. Edmonds

The Dry Wood by Caryll Houselander

► This incisive and beautiful book is said to be a novel; it is that only in a very rudimentary way. It tells a story, but in a sketchy, intermittent fashion. The bulk of the text is devoted to direct discussion of many interlocked questions and the throwing of divine light into the dark places of modern life. The characters and the action are but pegs on which what the author has to say is hung. However, despite its thinness as fiction, it is a brilliant work not to be missed by any discriminating reader.

In a London slum an old priest named Father Malone has died. He was a saintly man, and his people's grief at his death is irradiated with joy, for they feel sure that he has gone directly to heaven and has left its door open after him allowing its glory to stream down on them and illuminate the dreary neighborhood where once he was in their midst. In that neighborhood all hearts are centered in Willie Jewel, a seven-year-old dumb cripple, whose pain-racked body is a kind of living crucifix. As death hovers over Willie, the people make a novena to Father Malone asking that the child be spared to them because of the good his presence does them.

These things have extensive repercussions. They bring vision and peace to many: a tipling Irishwoman, an uprooted Jew, a Protestant sailor, a Spanish girl going wrong, an agnostic journalist. For Father Malone has been as Christ to his people, and Willie has markedly increased the world's love.

There are scenes of tremendous power in this anomalous book, pages that sweep the reader to the depths, then to the heights, of life, chapters almost unbearable in their intensity and almost inexhaustible in their riches. The writing is exquisite, salted with wit and humor, poetic not merely in its diction but also in its revelations concerning whatever it touches. It is seldom that one encounters a work which, facing the

grimmet that there is in life, shows the splendor shining in even the murkiest and most fetid places, thanks to the Incarnation.

(Sheed and Ward, \$3.00)

A View of the Harbour

by Elizabeth Taylor

► Mrs. Taylor has the mastery of the novel form which Miss Houselander lacks. Curiously enough, she, in turn, while raising some of the same questions, lacks the ultimate, triumphant answers on which Miss Houselander has laid hold.

Her scene is an English resort town by the sea. Her method is to look into the lives of a number of residents and visitors, indicating how they impinge one on another, how these people are all groping after love and seeking to evade loneliness, only to be defeated in these complementary pursuits. An unhappy divorcee has a tormenting affair with the husband of her best friend. A mournful widow unsuccessfully reaches out for companionship. A crippled woman fights against her immobility and solitude. Her daughter is thwarted in her desire for release from servitude to the invalid. None of them attains the coveted objective. All of them are frustrated and domiciled with bitterness.

The plight of each is sharply pictured by a perceptive, extraordinarily articulate, and fastidious author in a work which, technically, is superb. But the verdict here passed on life is that it is perverse, empty, and probably meaningless. The shallowness and fallaciousness of this view is strikingly brought home if one reads *A View of the Harbour* directly after *The Dry Wood*.

(Knopf, \$3.00)

The Tamarack Tree by Howard Breslin

► In July, 1840, during the presidential campaign still renowned for its slogan of "Tippecanoe and Tyler, too," some twenty thousand people gathered on Stratton Mountain, Vermont, to hear Daniel Webster speak. The small, quiet, isolated town of Stratton had never experienced anything like this throng and tumult. The gathering itself and its effects on the little community are Mr. Breslin's subject.

It is a highly promising subject. The setting is novel, the event unique, and there is none of the pretentious pagantry which is the rigor mortis of the

historical novel. But, aside from catching the peculiar atmosphere of the Vermont village and some of the excitement of the rally, Mr. Breslin has done little of moment with his materials.

He has limned a large and varied cast of characters. But the paces through which he puts them are conventional. His chief concern is to point the decisive effects in numerous lives of the enormous concourse. Thus, the minister's daughter discovers at last the mind and heart of the man she loves; the wife of a sniveling sadist takes a lover and precipitates a double murder; a tyrannical miser gets his comeuppance; a bound boy escapes from his master; etc. The result is a many-threaded narrative; bright and brisk, but without probing or profundity. A serious flaw is the often bawdy tone and the frequent, frivolous, and (one suspects) commercially motivated emphasis on carnality with sensational accents.

(Whittlesey House, \$3.00)

Transfer Point by Kathryn Forbes

► The humanity and humor which graced the author's previous book, *Mama's Bank Account*, are found in this novel, more notable in its parts than in its entirety.

Allie Barton is a ten-year-old San Franciscan whose parents are separated. She lives with her mother in the boarding house run by the latter; occasionally she visits her father in his shabby apartment. In her travels to and from school, she waits at transfer points on the city trolley line until a crowd of passengers has gathered, in order to slip aboard without paying her fare. But the title is double-meaning, for it also refers to the transfer point in her life, from childhood to premature adulthood, which Allie has reached.

The book's pathos, never overdone, springs from the girl's aloneness. The security of a happy home is denied her. Her parents, still loving each other, are always at odds because of strong differences in mind and taste and also because of a tragedy in the past. Her grandmother is distant and keeps reminding her of her inadequacy. Her attempts to find and keep a best friend invariably fail. But gallant, daydreaming Allie is never crushed.

Aside from its affecting depiction of the child's situation, the work's most impressive feature is its easy, accurate evocation of the period (1919-1921) in which it is set. Miss Forbes highlights the precise, nostalgic detail which carries the reader right back to 1920.

(Harcourt, Brace, \$2.75)

Fishers of Men

by Maxence van der Meersch

► This is the work of a well-known novelist and is styled a novel, yet it is deficient by every canon of fiction, which

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fact does not prevent it from being a gripping, haunting book. Its subject is the Jociste movement in a French industrial city. It plunges the reader into the slums where live the factory workers, vividly communicating the poverty, squalor, and hopelessness of existence in such a place.

The narrator is Peter Mardyck, nineteen, who has nothing to look forward to but a drab, necessitous routine. He is drawn into the local Jociste cell, a weak organization imperiled by those who distrust lay action, those who want to make the cell into the usual sterile social club, those who look on their Catholicism as a devotional matter for Sunday mornings and wholly unrelated to daily life, those who hate and fear the force of authentic, aroused, pervasive Christianity. But Mardyck, with the assistance of a few other understanding and hardy souls, sets out to make it work as it was intended to work—as an irresistible power for transforming the lives of the masses by channeling Christ into them and through them.

This is no sugary fairy tale. It is frank, occasionally harsh. It searchingly depicts a great segment of contemporary society, showing the degradation to which man is condemned in our swarming, ugly cities and the elements exploiting him. It does not portray Jocism as facile magic, but as a splendid idea which makes headway slowly because of incomprehension, opposition, and heart-breaking failures. It cannot be too strongly recommended.

(Sheed and Ward. \$3.00)

The Wedding Journey

by Walter D. Edmonds

► When, in 1835, Bella Vincent of Albany married Roger Wilcox, the young couple made their wedding journey to Niagara Falls by canal boat. The consummation of their marriage had to wait until the end of the trip. The finality of the wedding ceremony caused disquiet to Bella. Was not Roger a stranger? She had never before been away from home. The world was to her alien, menacing. A complete change had taken place, and she was uncertain that she could meet it. But during the days on the boat she learned to make necessary adjustments, to know herself better, to know Roger, to know people, the latter often being different in reality from what first impressions and old prejudices would lead one to believe. When finally Buffalo was reached, Bella was far better prepared for marriage and the new regimen it would involve than she had been as the packet left Schenectady.

This is the substance of the deftly wrought trifle, shot through with the color and charm of upper New York a century and more ago, which Mr. Edmonds now adds to his works.

(Little, Brown. \$2.50)

Christmas and Children's Books

by ANNE THAXTER EATON

NOW begin the enchanted weeks when Christmas secrets are in the air, when children dream of reindeer on the roof and the tinkle of camel bells as the Three Kings start on their journey from the East. Dolls and games, trains and boats and airplanes, skates and sleds are all part of the Christmas joy, but there is another gift not to be forgotten, for a worth-while book, thoughtfully chosen for a boy or girl, will last not only through the holiday season, but through the year, perhaps through a lifetime.

In making this selection our problem lies in choosing wisely from among the abundance—one is tempted to say superabundance—of volumes which pile the bookshop counters at this season. No review can do more than touch the high spots, but many libraries arrange exhibits of the outstanding children's books of the year, thus giving practical help to parents and others in selecting that best of all Christmas gifts—a book.

Beginning with the youngest, William R. Scott, the publisher who specializes in books for the preschool child, offers among other simple books two lively picture books for the two-to-three-year-olds, *Nothing But Cats, Cats, Cats* and *Nothing But Dogs, Dogs, Dogs*, by Grace Skaar, (\$1.00 each). Tall cats, short cats, fat cats, thin cats (or sad dogs, happy dogs, lazy dogs, busy dogs) follow one another across the pages with clear, simple outlines, zest, and humor. Margaret Wise Brown in *Good Night Moon*, with pictures by Clement Hurd (Harper \$1.75) gives us a picture book with a peaceful quality to be cherished in these overstimulating days. *A Little Book of Bedtime Songs* collected by Jeanette Brown, containing sleepy sounding verses set to simple tunes, is published by Abington-Cokesbury at fifty cents. In illustrating a new and appealing edition of Stevenson's *The Child's Garden of Verses* (Oxford \$2.50) Tasha Tudor has caught not only the imaginative quality of the poems but suggests

ANNE THAXTER EATON established an international reputation as a reviewer of juvenile books for the "New York Times." Miss Eaton is an alumna of Smith College and author of "Reading With Children," etc.



the little Robert Louis of long ago and the times in which he lived. *Gospel Rhymes* by various authors, illustrated by Jeanyee Wong (Sheed and Ward \$1.50), is a new edition of a book to be cherished for family reading not only when the children are young but through the years. *An Angel in the Woods*, by Dorothy Lathrop (Macmillan \$2.00), expresses the Christmas spirit in lovely drawings of animals and the little Christmas angel who flew to the woods to help them keep Christmas Eve.

When children are ready for longer stories, *The School for Cats*, by Esther Averill (Harper \$1.50), in the small-size volume children dearly love, tells a second story about Jenny Linsky, the shy little cat heroine of *The Cat Club*. Jenny now goes to a school in the country where cats can have fresh air and learn manners and co-operation. Five-to-eight-year-olds understand Jenny's problems and delight in the way she solves them and in her happy summer. It is good to welcome back in print Edward Ardizzone's *Little Tim and the Big Sea Captain* (Houghton \$2.50) with its beautiful drawings and its adventure story planned for four- to seven-year-olds. In the new book by H. Rey, *Curious George Takes a Job* (Houghton \$2.50), that enterprising monkey is as entertaining as in the author's previous books. Dr. Seuss, author of the well-loved *To Think That I Saw It On Mulberry Street* and *The 500 Hats of Bartholomew Cubbins*, has written in McElligott's Pool a rollicking rhyme about fishing, with lively drawings, for practically any age (Random \$2.50). *The Little Red Ferry Boat*, by Russell Porter, with drawings by Marjorie Hill (Holt \$2.00), the tale of an irrepressible little ferry boat

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is a good slogan, especially if the books are at a price Catholic parents can afford! We think few *Sign* readers can not afford these:

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by Charles Brady

Illustrated in color by Rosemarie Renkis

One Christmas Eve (so the author tells us) the great cat Hinse spoke to Walter Scott's little son, told him this enchanting Christmas Story and purred a carol and a lullaby which, with their music, are given at the end of the book. \$2.00—Ages 6 to 10.

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who went off all by herself on a vacation, will please six- to eight-year-olds with their growing interest in the world about them. Two books which appeal to seven- to ten-year-olds and are appreciated by parents because of their understanding of child nature and the humor with which they describe the everyday happenings of home life are *Little Eddie*, by Caroline Haywood (*Morrow* \$2.25), and *Two Hundred Pennies*, by Catherine Woolley (*Morrow* \$2.00). *Faraway Holiday*, by Eula Long, tells with warmth and understanding of Lupe, the little Mexican girl who tried with such loving care to make her flower wand worthy to be carried in the Festival Procession in honor of the Virgin of Guadalupe.

Fairy tales, folk tales, and legends are an important part of a child's experience. Among the new collections we have *More Tales from Grimm*, retold and illustrated by the gifted artist Wanda Gag (*Coward-McCann* \$2.75), and 13 *Danish Tales*, retold by Mary Hatch, with drawings by Edgun, a Danish artist (*Harcourt* \$2.50). One of this year's most striking volumes is *Polish Folk Tales*, translated by Lucia Borski and illustrated in three colors by Erica Gorcecka-Egan, a young American artist of Polish descent who grew up surrounded by traditional Polish art. (*Sheed and Ward* \$2.00). Here we read of kindly St. Joseph and other saints who walk



the earth giving help to mortals, and the lovely tale of the little angels who frolicked with the down pillows and coverlets the good St. Anna was preparing for all the inhabitants of Heaven, until a coverlet was torn on a star and spilled its white down to the earth, thus making the first snowstorm. *The Wolf*, by Mary K. Harris, tells an absorbing story of a snowbound family and the help that came to them in a moment of desperate need through the intervention

of a saint (*Sheed and Ward* \$2.00). *Cat Royal*, by Charles Brady, illustrated by Rosemarie Renkis (*Sheed and Ward* \$2.00), is a tale told to Walter Scott's little boy one Christmas Eve by Master Cat Hinse, a story handed down through many generations from one of Hinse's ancestors who attended the Three Cat Kings when they came to Bethlehem to adore the Child and offer Him gifts. Against a background rich with folklore, this tale is told vividly and with touches of humor and human nature. The author's music for the cats' thirteenth-century carol and for the lovely "Lullaby in Purrs," which Hinse's ancestor made in memory of the Child, is given.

An Army in Battle Array by Sister Mary Jean Dorcy tells in readable fashion the life stories of ten Dominican Saints, beginning with Michael who became Pope Pius V and ending with St. Louis de Montfort. The book is illustrated with the author's original silhouettes. (*Bruce* \$2.25).

A new and delightful saint to be enjoyed by boys and girls from twelve on and by their elders, figures in *Twelve Tales of the Life and Adventures of St. Imagus*, by Frances Margaret McGuire (*Sheed and Ward* \$1.50). The adventures of this lovable saint which carry him through space and time and show him equally at home with lions, stockbrokers, and bricklayers, are told with zest and a quiet, irresistible humor. *The Other Side of Green Hills*, by John Keir Cross (*Coward-McCann* \$2.50), is a beautifully written, deeply imaginative story for children twelve years old and on, of mystery and magic, adventures half real and half unreal. *Sky High, or The House That Flew* by C. Walter Hodges, tells with originality, humor, and the logic of true nonsense, of a house that rose into the air and flew away as a result of Uncle Ben's experiments, taking Uncle Ben and two children with it.

Elizabeth Orton Jones's *Big Susan* (*Macmillan* \$2.00), is the story of a doll house that came to life on Christmas Eve, reminding us of other doll classics, such as *Floating Island* by Anne Parrish, that delightful book about a family of dolls shipwrecked on a tropical island, of Rachel Field's *Hitty*, her *First Hundred Years* and of *Miss Hickory*, by Caroline Sherwin Bailey.

Real life stories are loved and needed. Little girls will enjoy *Lisbeth Holly*, by Ruth Barlow (*Dodd* \$2.50), telling of a happy summer spent by a family on the shore of Lake Michigan, and both boys and girls will like *Jared's Island* by Marguerite de Angeli, a natural, interesting tale of a little boy's adventures with Indians and colonists on the New Jersey coast in the 1760's, with many beautiful drawings by the author. *Racing the Red Sail*, by Alice Geer Kelsey, grew out of the author's experiences while

doing relief work in Greece and these tales full of courage, enterprise, fun, and loyalty make the Greek children very near and real. Jean Bothwell's *Star of India* has an excellent plot, an appealing child heroine, and as background the India the author knows and loves. *Treasure Was Their Quest*, by William H. Bunce (*Harcourt* \$2.25), deals with a lively group of small-town boys, a haunted house, buried treasure, and a monkey, a book for fathers and sons to laugh over together. *Judy's Journey*, by Lois Lenski, illustrated by the author, has a high-spirited little heroine and gives a true picture of a migrant family who pick vegetables and fruit from Florida to New Jersey.

Animal stories are always popular, and this year brings a number of good ones. Among them *Pit Pony*, by Nina Lloyd Banning, is a warmhearted story of a boy and a pony who worked with him in the coal mine. It emphasizes fair play and genuine courage (*Knopf* \$2.00). An excellent dog story for younger children is *Mr. Doodle*, by Sally Scott (*Harcourt* \$1.75). *Miss Kelly*, by Elizabeth Sanxay Holding, with fine pictures by Margaret Johnston (*Morrow* \$2.00), is a cat story with a new and imaginative turn, for *Miss Kelly*, a beautiful tiger cat, not only understands, but can "talk human." Told with a straight face and a feeling for fun, it is also full of suggestions for a kindly and intelligent attitude toward animals. No list of animal stories would be complete without *Mr. Peck's Pets*, by Louise Seaman, illustrated by the Haders (*Macmillan* \$2.00). This is the tale of the succession of pets—dogs, horses, chameleons, Chinese geese, guinea pigs, raccoons, Welsh ponies—which the Pecks, inveterate animal lovers, owned in city and country. Here is the true story children so often ask for, beautifully written, with a wise understanding of human nature and never-failing humor. A book the whole family can enjoy together.

There is space to mention only a few of the books for older boys and girls. In *Three Without Fear*, by Robert DuSoe (*Longmans* \$2.25), a boy shipwrecked off Baja, California, drifts to shore where he and two orphaned Indian children make their way up the coast, with a resourcefulness under difficulties that suggests Robinson Crusoe. *Red Treasure*, by Bernard Martin (*Viking* \$2.00), is a well-written, stirring adventure tale of the Far East, hidden treasure, and hairbreadth escapes. *Armstrong Sperry's Danger to Windward* is a whaling story with a Nantucket setting. Henry Gregor Felsen's *Bertie Comes Through* is a satisfying tale of a likeable boy who though not cut out to be an athlete nor an outstanding student, won the affection and respect of his schoolmates by his honesty, determination, and team spirit. For girls Martha Gwinn Kiser's story of

Rosanna tells how the gay and pretty heroine who did not really want to go away to learn to be a teacher, found romance and happiness and a useful life at home, and describes with zest the parties and housekeeping of the early nineteenth century. *Once On Esplanade*, by Frances Parkinson Keyes (*Dodd* \$2.50), shows how people lived and how girls grew up in fascinating New Orleans of the 1880's. *Running Waters*, by Covelle Newcomb, is not fiction but a story biography of Mary Catherine Josephine Friess who became a nun in the Congregation of the School Sisters of Notre Dame



and eventually foundress of her order in America. Laura Benet has written in *Thackeray of the Great Heart and Humorous Pen* a warm and sympathetic biography of a great writer and a very human and endearing personality. It is illustrated with many photographs.

The new and beautiful edition of *The Wonderful Adventures of Nils*, by Selma Lagerlöf which Pantheon has just published with two hundred illustrations by Hans Baumhauer (\$5.00) reminds us that the splendid books of the past should not be allowed to slip out of mind. *The Wind in the Willows*, by Kenneth Grahame, is a book every family should own and read together. *The Hobbit*, by J. R. Tolkien, with its mixture of adventure, humor, magic, and folklore, is a rare experience for a ten-year-old and one that his older brothers and sisters also find fascinating. A book planned with children in mind, though it is also sold as a book for adults, is *The Song of Robin Hood* (*Houghton* \$5.00). For a whole year Virginia Lee Burton, that outstanding illustrator of children books, worked on the more than five hundred drawings and the decorative borders, for eighteen of the Robin Hood ballads which Anne Malcolmson has adapted into one long poem, telling Robin Hood's story from beginning to end. Done with exquisite workmanship, the drawings have a fine flavor of the Middle Ages, and music for fifteen of the ballads has been arranged from old sources by Grace Castagnetta. After a child has come to know Robin Hood through Howard Pyle's *The Merry Adventures of Robin Hood*, a book which has stood the test of time, it will be a wonderful experience for him to follow Robin's adventures in these beautiful pictures and to read in ballad form these stories which are part of our heritage.

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LETTERS

(Continued from Page 2)

goes to an Irish cousin who was educated in a Passionist school in Bradford, England, but this month's, because of the *Time* article, I'm sending to one of the news editors on the staff of the *Glasgow Observer*, diocesan weekly of Glasgow.

So even if I am unable to afford gift subscriptions to others, as I would like, I do see that they get *THE SIGN*—second or even third hand.

Brooklyn, N. Y. FRANCES HENNESSY

"... Parents We Spank"

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I would like you and Mrs. McCadden to know that I enjoyed and benefited by "Now It's The Parents We Spank." It says what some of us have thought but were unable to express. The cart will not pull the horse, nor will youth be able to guide civilization as the pink tea-ers would have it. We are asking the parents of our students to read, yes, study the article.

Chicago, Ill. SISTER M. PAULA, R.S.M.

"For Twenty Cents"

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I feel it my duty (although I dislike writing letters of this kind) to tell you of my reaction to certain remarks by John C. Cort in his article, "For Twenty Cents," in the October issue. I refer particularly to the following:

"The vicious antilabor Hartley Bill."

"Cynical union-busting arrogance of the A.T.&T."

"Barrage of propaganda in favor of the Republican party and all the heresies of ... capitalism," and finally his glossing over labor unrest.

Without going over the merits (or demerits) of his diatribe, I feel (as I think other Catholics will) that a fine magazine such as yours should not lend its pages to such expressions of individual ideas, as it is surely un-Christian to say the least and very likely tends to engender class hatred. Maybe your censor was away at the time the October issue was made up.

It reminds me of the unjust steward in the Gospel of October 19.

Evanston, Ill. GEORGE D. CASGRAIN

Information

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

In the October issue of *THE SIGN* your "Sign Post" Editor wrote: "As far as we know only two American churches rank as basilicas. They are the Cathedral in Baltimore and Our Lady of Victory church in Lackawanna, N. Y."

As a matter of fact there are five Minor Basilicas in the United States. The first in the order of time is the Basilica of St. Mary, Minneapolis, Minn. The rescript is dated February 1, 1926. The second is Our Lady of Victory, Lackawanna, N. Y.; the third is St. Josaphat's, Milwaukee, Wis.; the fourth is the Cathedral, Baltimore, Md.; and the fifth is the monastery Church of Conception Abbey, Conception, Mo. All these churches are listed as basilicas in the Catholic Directory.

RT. REV. JAMES M. REARDON, P.A.
Minneapolis, Minn.

More on "Prince of Darkness"

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

May I enter the lists in which the jousts are taking place about Powers' *Prince of Darkness and other Stories*? I liked Miss Caliri's review of it better than any other in the Catholic press; in fact I was sort of fed up with the high, slightly saccharine praise bestowed on it. Mr. Powers is a stylist—yes. His work is of a fine and sharp nature, like an etching. Nevertheless, as Catholics, we cannot think of any literature which is written about any group almost exclusively without expecting the writing to be a true reflection of that group, as a cross section. For instance, we could read about a group of doctors from the Park Avenue specialist with nothing but shekels on his mind to the hard-working country G. P., going about, leading a really Christ-like life. Any right-thinking and well-balanced person would expect the gamut to be run, in order to be true to life, to be realistic. For we know, if we have attained any years at all, that it takes all kinds of people to make up this world.

It was the monotony of Mr. Powers' concept of the priesthood to which I objected. We of the faith who venerate our priests think of them as men of such high calling that their vocation would give them most of the time that inner light, that sense of the dignity of their priesthood which would sustain them in moments of sadness and disillusion. We are not so stupid that we think of them walking around on clouds or conferring with the angels all the time; neither do we relish having them depicted as being covered with a dull gray patina as if they were in some mundane occupation such as an insurance agent or a used-car salesman, as most of Mr. P.'s clerics were.

To me, the standard for writing about priests lies in the writings of Bernanos and Miss White, especially the *Diary of a Country Priest* and *To the End of the World*. Human, fallible, one could weep for them at times and for their crosses but the fact and the majesty and the dignity of their priesthood are inherent in them: men blessed and honored above the common lot of man, in their touch with the infinite, their closeness to Our Lord.

So three cheers for Miss Caliri, says I, Abigail Quigley McCarthy to the contrary notwithstanding!

(MRS.) JOSEPH F. LAMB

New York, N. Y.

A Change of Heart

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Several months ago there was an exchange of letters in your columns on the subject of conversion stories. At the time I was sympathetic with the reader who was nettled by the tendency of so many neophytes to look upon themselves as Newmans or Chestertons who simply had to get an account of their conversion into print.

After reading the first installment of Gretta Palmer's "Why I Became a Catholic," I've had a change of heart. If every conversion story could have the punch and the provocativeness of that one, I'd like to join with those who say "Let's have more of them." In the meantime, I'll be anxiously awaiting the second installment of Gretta Palmer's story.

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While reading this article I couldn't help thinking about the way we Catholics underestimate the fund of wisdom which is ours almost from babyhood. Miss Palmer is undoubtedly an erudite woman. She has delved into sociological and psychological works which would be away over the heads of most of us. But a simple remark on the reality and mischievousness of original sin was completely unintelligible to her. A born Catholic would consider the knowledge of original sin a very fundamental requisite for either a sociologist or a psychologist. But we forget that such knowledge is ours only because we have an inheritance handed down to us by Catholic teaching and Catholic tradition.

JOHN S. PARKER
Brighton, Mass.

A Suggestion

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Perhaps it would be starting a new trend to request that an article be written on a given subject, but I know of a great many readers of THE SIGN who would welcome an article on the parochial school system and think it would be a topic of general interest to all. Too many times we hear it said that parochial schools are "behind" or "unprogressive" in their methods of teaching or subject matter offered. We whose family members or friends attend or have attended parochial schools know the falsity of this, but it would be well to have on hand some cold facts and convincing principles with which to refute the arguments of these obdurate defamers (to put it mildly) of parochial schools.

VAL JACOVANTIERO

Jersey City, N. J.

Instruction By Mail

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

We conduct a free correspondence course in the beliefs and practices of the Catholic Church, and also courses in Marriage and the Mass. During the war, we were engaged mainly in instructing service personnel. With the cut of the numbers of those in service, we find that we can now handle conveniently many more applications from civilians. We would deeply appreciate it, therefore, if you would publish this notice in your correspondence column.

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EDWARD L. McDONALD

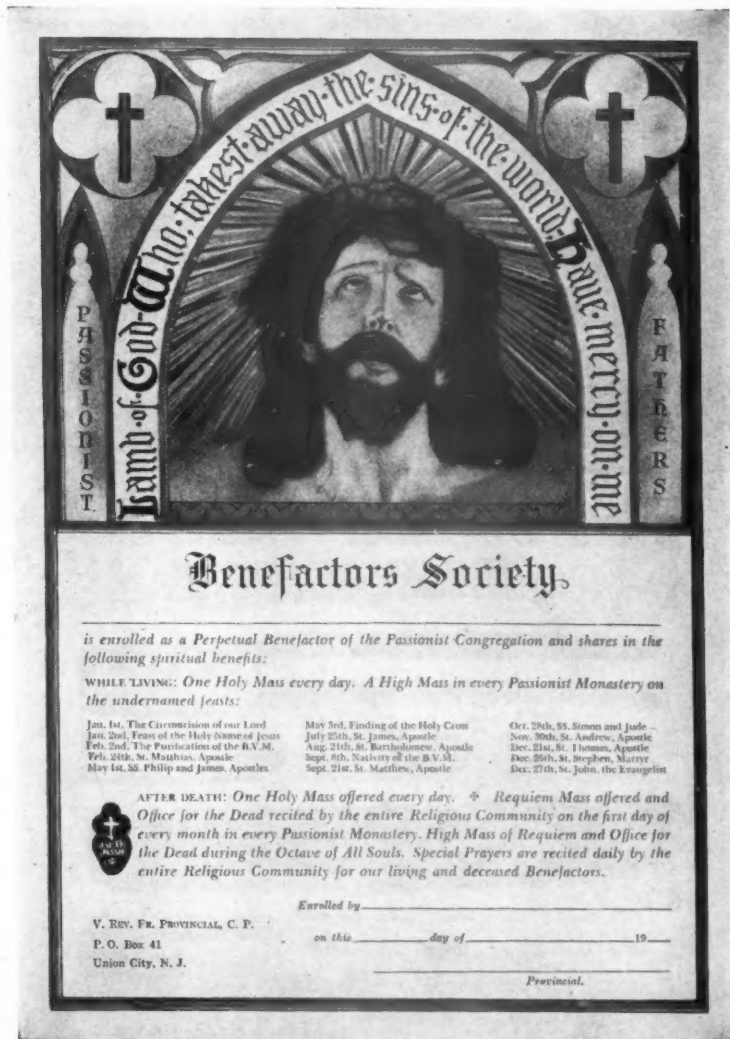
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Letters should as a rule be limited to about 300 words. The Editor reserves the right of cutting. Opinions expressed herein are the writer's—not necessarily those of the Editor. Comment concerning articles or other matter appearing in the pages of the magazine is welcomed—whether for or against our viewpoint. Communications should bear the name and address of writers.

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